THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 7

AUG. 13, 1927

5c. the Copy

Charles Francis Coe—Horatio Winslow—Richard Connell—Floyd W. Parsons
Eleanor Mercein—Thomas McMorrow—Day Edgar—Joseph Cummings Chase

DEL MONTE *Peaches*

~frozen in the can ~just one of many simple peach desserts

Cool as an ocean breeze, DEL MONTE Peaches, frozen in the can, make summer desserts a pleasure. Easy to prepare—delicious in taste—and always refreshing!

Just pack an unopened can of DEL MONTE Peaches in equal parts chopped ice and salt (directions at the left), then forget them for three hours. If they're DEL MONTE Peaches, you know they're rich enough to freeze perfectly—sweet enough to taste right, without other addition, right from the can.

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2 Let stand 3 hours. Take out can. Dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top as shown below.

3 Turn out a firm cylinder of frozen fruit — ready for tempting, convenient service in many new and unusual hot-weather dainties.

Cool-tempting-easy

THEY HIT THE SPOT THESE SUMMER DAYS

Del Monte BRAND QUALITY PEACHES

Halved or Sliced

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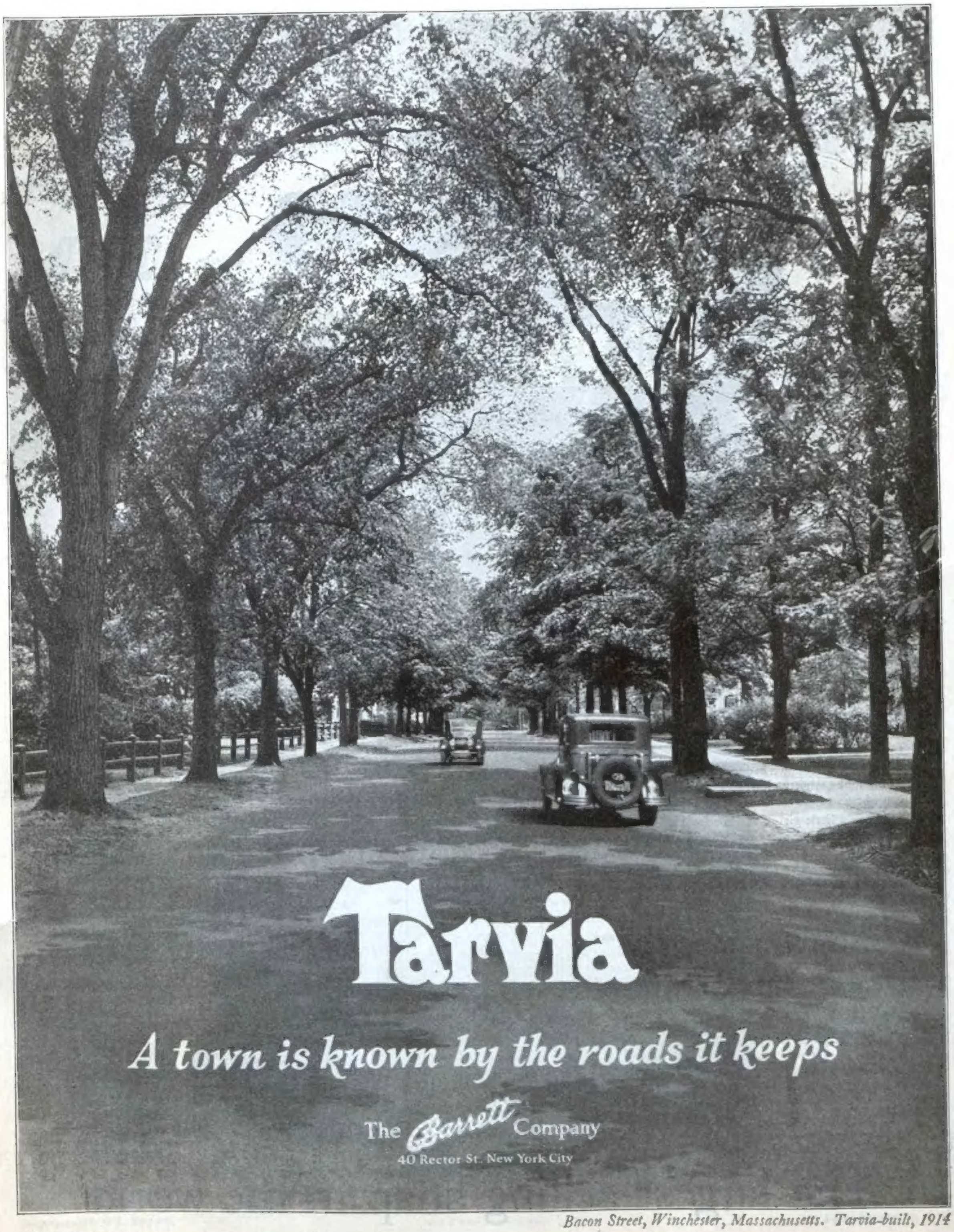

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28 little spotless outfits every week

[not to mention Peter, the cat!]

Procter & Gamble,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Gentlemen:

The little girl shown in one of your recent advertisements looks mighty clean and nice; but her mother can't begin to use as much P AND G as I do.

I have a little girl of six in school and it takes a clean dress for her every morning. I also have twin girls, three, and a boy, two, and it takes clean clothes from the skin out for them every day. I used to make enough clothes for them to change each day, but they outgrew them so fast that I am trying another plan now.

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P AND G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price lower, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

The largest-selling soap in the world

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ME—GANGSTER

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

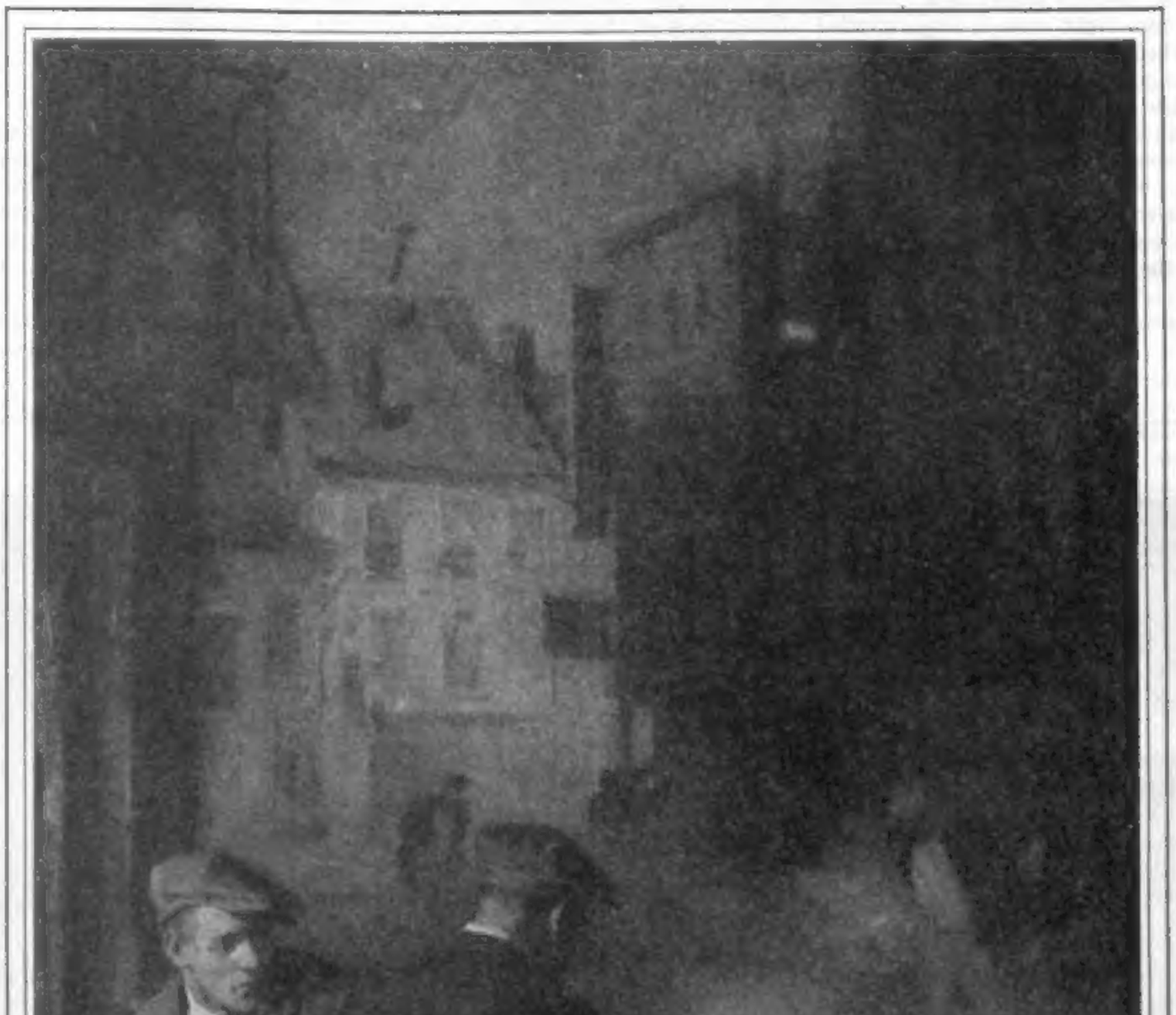
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

THE first thing I ever stole was an apple. I stole it from a fruit stand that stood on the corner of the street where I lived. The Italian who owned the fruit stand saw me take the apple. A lot of the kids on the street had been stealing from him and I guess he was pretty mad about it. I happened to be the first one he chased. He came out of the store and almost caught me before I could get started away. I was not expecting a chase. But I was quick and could run once I got started. In later days that speed of foot meant a good deal to me. There was one time, in a gang war, when it saved my life. But that is ahead of the story, and if this thing must be told, it ought to be told exactly as it happened. So let's go back to the apple and the Italian.

I was getting away, the apple inside my shirt, when I came to a corner. Just as I went by, a cop turned the square and I ran straight into his arms. I knocked some of the breath out of him, I guess, but I was just a kid, and not a very big one at that, so it did not hurt him much. But he saw the Italian chasing me and knew that something was wrong. Someone was always being chased along the street where I was born. The cop just threw his big arms around me and held me tight. I squirmed, but it did no good. I was caught.

A Stolen Apple

THE Italian came up all out of breath and he was shouting something in his native tongue that nobody could understand. Italians who run fruit stands are apt to be that way. After a minute the cop quieted him down and got the story. Then he shook me and asked what I had done with the apple. I was scared to death, I guess, but not so scared that I would give that Italian his apple. I said I had dropped it when he started chasing me and the cop shook me pretty hard and told me never to steal anything again and finally let me go. From that I knew that cops are not as smart as kids think they are.



Right Away Guns Were Out and Bullets Flying. It Was My First Time in a Gun Fight and I Was Scared Blue

I went around the corner and ate the apple and then I waited until the Italian came back toward his store. When he was almost there I threw the core at him and took him right on the eye. That squared everything. I still get a lot of satisfaction out of that recollection.

The street we lived on was cobblestones, and the sidewalks were old, and tipped in places when you stepped on the square stones. For that matter, everything on the street was old, even the big gas house that was half a block away from our house down toward the river.

The Corner Saloon

DURING the day we never could play a whole lot, because the docks were busy and the street was filled with big trucks that hauled stuff away from the river. The drivers never paid any attention to us kids, and if we got in the way we got run over. I knew a kid that was trampled on by horses that way, and after I saw what he got I kept out of the street.

There was a little while after five o'clock each day when we could play ball and kick the wicket, but just as soon as the sun went down back of the gas house, we used to be afraid to play. Right across from the tenement I lived in was Old Man Martin. I guess he was a tough old egg. He used to come home drunk and once he kicked me in the stomach. That was because he said I hollered too much. After that I kept away from him. But he was not the only one. Most of the men on the street worked on the docks and they used to be in the saloon on the corner from quitting time until about six, when they went home to dinner. They were all right going into the saloon, but sometimes they were pretty hard on kids when they came out.

It was a funny thing about the old gas house. The sun always sank behind it and it cast a big round shadow over the street and up the face of the tenements. It was almost like a curtain.

We used to watch it, and now that I have grown up and

can understand such things better, it seems to me that I used to think of the shadow as a hand that was groping up the face of the buildings and making everything dark for the fellows that came out at night.

Inside the tenements there were women who used to sit by the windows and wait. My mother was like that. She used to wait for my father, and the longer she waited the more worried she got. My father worked on the docks and he was a strange man. Lots of people used to laugh at me because I was Jim Murphy's kid. Of course, I am not naming real names—not with my reputation! That was in the old days, before my father got elected a district committeeman. After he got that job he did not work on the docks and we lived better. Nobody laughed at me then, because he had a big pull and I used to be safe from the cops.

But I am ahead of the story again. I told you about the apple, because that was the first thing I ever stole. There were plenty more things to come that were not just apples. After my father got his political job the cops were afraid to bother me much and that made it easy to steal.

When Father Got in Politics

MY FATHER was too busy drinking and talking big with men who still worked on the docks to bother much about me. Even when he was on the docks making only two dollars a day, he used to lend money that he needed to feed us and he used to drink all the time. He was known as a fighter. I saw him fight a man once right outside the saloon, and even after he was knocked flat on his back he got up and sailed in and licked the man. I was proud of that. He used to wheel a truck on the docks and his hands were the biggest I ever saw, and the hardest. He used to lick me pretty often before I had sense enough to run and I knew just how strong and hard he was.

The second thing I ever stole was an apple too. I guess I stole a hundred of them, and all from the same Italian. I used to eat them and then throw the cores into his store, just to make him madder than ever. Pretty soon the other kids got as much nerve as I had and we swiped a barrel of that poor sap's apples, I guess.

My father always said I did not need any education, so when I was fourteen I quit school and went to work on the docks. I was a checking boy. I carried a board with a list on it, and when the foreman called out how many cases of certain things they loaded onto a truck, I marked the number down on the paper. I felt pretty big, but I made only six dollars a week.

My father tried to get me a heavier job, but they said I was not strong enough to push one of the trucks, and I was glad they said that. Even for twelve dollars a week, I knew I never would be a laborer. They were just like the horses hitched to the bigger trucks that scared the kids down the street. But I did not say anything about that. I knew how big and how hard my father's hands were. I just kept it to myself and schemed what I would do when I was big enough to get twelve dollars every Saturday night.

Out of the six dollars I earned, I had to give my mother five. That was because we were very poor, my father said, and boys should help at home. But he went right on drinking at the saloon, and I used to hear men talk about how drunk he got and what a good spender he was. A dollar a week was not very much. I used to smoke about two packs of cigarettes a day and that took most of the dollar. But it was all right, I guess, until I met little Mary Dix. You know how kids are. I sure loved Mary. She used to wear a little red dress and a brown hat and she used to tell me how she mended all her own clothes and stockings and hats. I loved her. I guess she liked me too.

The movies were just beginning to come out then, and I used to take her down to the show. It was four blocks from where we lived and we used to walk down and back. It cost ten cents each to get in. I needed more than a dollar a week and when I asked my father for another dollar he almost hit me. Said I had to keep away from Mary too. I knew I never would do that. I knew my father was not as good as I was.

Right about then, when I was fifteen, the foreman came to me one day and showed me how to make more than a dollar extra each week. He said all I had to do when we were loading cases was to put down two more than what he called out each time and he would give me ten dollars a week. So I did that. I knew we were stealing, all right, but it was no worse than the apples, so long as the cops did not come around. After that I took Mary lots of places and even bought a suit for myself, and when my old man asked about it, I told him it was my money that bought it, and he winked and laughed and nothing more was said.

Right after that my father was elected committeeman. That changed everything. Instead of ten extra each week, I got twenty, and there was no more talk about me being a laborer. The foreman seemed more friendly to me after election. The old man quit his job on the docks and used to spend a lot of time in the saloon and tell men how big he was and how well he knew the governor and the mayor. Everybody seemed to like him then. He got to be the best-known man in the district and he spent money faster than ever.

Mary Dix

Prosperity

I HEARD him tell my mother once that he always knew what he was doing when he spent money and that he had proved it by getting this new job with no work and plenty of pay.

We moved out of the tenement a year after the old man was elected the first time. We took a single house two blocks away and there was a yard behind it where a little grass grew. My mother used to be out there most of the time when she was not cooking or washing. But after we got the servant in the house she was out there even more. Men and women used to come to the house and ask the old man to help them out of trouble. They called him a

(Continued on Page 149)

"I'd Rather Have You Mean That, Jim," She Said in Weak Tones, "Than Talk About Sending My Boy Away"

NOSTALGIA

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT IS a queer and unaccountable affliction when it comes, like seasickness; one moment the ocean, far as eye can see, is all sunny breaking lights and color and rhythmic movement; the next it has become a menace, an unreasoning terror, a hideous dread in the centers of being.

So it was with Emily; one moment life spread about her serene and cool and secure as the high meadows among which she dwelt; the next, some passing flight of birds, the chug-a-chug of a motor along the Route des Pyrénées—perhaps the faint insistent calling of a violin from a gypsy camp below the hill—set up in her so strange and sudden a longing that she was aghast. Not a longing for any place she had once called home or for any person she had once loved. Her mother she could not remember; her father, charming as he made it his business in life to be, was more so in the retrospect than in the flesh. Emily always found it difficult to love where she did not admire. Her heart, she would have said, was most securely anchored here where her husband belonged, her children. And yet ——

It is the places which never were one misses most; the people one has never known, the things which will never happen now, thought Emily, dismayed; and muttered under her breath, "What next?"

The baby Léocadie lay heavy and fragrant with sleep upon her knees; about her in the late summer evening cavorted her son Wally, with clumsy-puppy antics directed to the pleasing of his parent, and the postponement till the last possible instant of the evil approach of bed. Near by, like some dark and patient fate, awaited the negress Angélique to take her children from her; even her servants, thought Emily rather wildly, were mere souvenirs of things which had passed—Angélique, inherited from Pilar de Maytie, who could have been her friend; Anatole from Wally, who was her friend. She motioned Angélique to take the children; for the moment she had had enough of children.

What was to keep her now? Emily asked herself rather strangely. What was to prevent her, for example, from going straight down over the hill to the gypsy camp yonder, and the violin that was calling, calling, into the dusk?

Had Esteban been within reach she would have run to him for protection from this queer mood, would have flung herself into his arms and clung to him without a word; and whether he understood her or not, he would have taken her, held her close—he always understood how to do that—kissed her until she forgot everything but him, and gave him back kiss for kiss, ardor for ardor. Yes, Esteban always understood how to do that.

But he was not within reach. For the first time, almost the first hour since he came to her in Miss Dibbs' little garden by the sea, Esteban was not within reach. He had taken his young brother 'Nacio away to be alone with men awhile, which was good for him; and he had left his young wife to be alone with herself, which was not good for her. She felt as if she had been released suddenly from some spell, some curious high enchantment. She was Emily Weldon once more; no longer Esteban Urruty's wife, his woman, mother of his young. The knowledge excited her.

"But what do I want to do with Emily Weldon?" she asked herself under her breath. The sole answer was the calling of the violin from the gypsy camp.

Bette was listening to it also, leaning against the door beside her; a slim, serious young girl in her awkward teens, who managed always to be as near to her beloved sister-in-law as possible.

Music was a passion with Bette, who could not make it. "It makes me remember—things I have not known, like wind in the rigging of a ship or sleeping amid dry leaves *à la belle étoile*," she said dreamily; "or—or being loved with the eyes, as 'Steban loves you, *belle-sœur*, when he thinks nobody sees."

"The Boy Was Mad About Her of Course. I Found Them the First Day Embracing"

"What ho, we are growing up!" thought Emily, and drew the young girl close to kiss her cheek.

Bette always received a kiss from this source as if it were a sacrament, solemnly and gratefully, touching the kissed place afterward with reverent finger tips to make sure the treasure was still there.

"Some day some man is going to love you quite terribly, you dear little girl," said the older one, with a sigh.

Bette nodded sedate acquiescence. "I hope they will find me a handsome husband," she confided. . . . "But the music makes you also remember things, *belle-sœur;* that sees itself. What things?"

What things, indeed? Emily, in her queer state of coming to out of the trance of the present, found herself classifying them: A café, somewhere near water, where the Hungarian orchestra was playing *csárdás* that drove one a little mad; two alone on a dark terrace outside—not Esteban, of course. Who was it? Oh, yes, the Egyptian, Prince Abdul, who was half Turk. . . . Another little *boîte de nuit* in Paris, not a very discreet one, where she had gone to dance once with the handsome English husband of a school friend, who suddenly wanted her to bolt with him. Odd how often Englishmen wanted you to bolt with them—and people called them cold! But he was hard to resist; any man was hard to resist with music like that. She had kept on dancing, dancing, not daring to stop, till the moment passed and she could laugh at him.

She was startled to realize that she had been uttering these not too creditable reminiscences aloud, to the wide-eyed fascination of young Bette, who inquired innocently, "Were all the gentlemen you remember in love with you?"

Emily laughed, not without embarrassment. "Otherwise I should not remember them, probably. I am afraid I made them be, darling. It was a sort of game I played. Everyone plays it more or less, out there."

Bette nodded comprehendingly. "As at the casinos one plays *rouge et noir*," she commented.

But it had been a better game than *rouge et noir*, thought Emily; more at stake than mere money; all the cards on the table, Emily Weldon with the world as croupier; wits, instinct and a sort of watchful recklessness, to be played against the invincible determination of all mankind to get something for nothing. There had been more thrill to it than one found in the casinos; there had been adventure, danger, the freedom of the Romany trail, the tilt carts. And here she was, hobbled, staked as they stake a horse upon the grass to keep him from nibbling more than his share of succulence! She hated herself for the disloyal thought, but it persisted.

She went suddenly into the *salha* and lighted candles on either side of a tall mirror that hung there. The Emily who looked back at her from its dim depths was rather a surprise—a pleasant surprise.

Matrimony was becoming to her, certainly; the figure had taken on the softer, more gracious contours so much preferred on the Continent to the angular boyish lines which prevail elsewhere. The pallor of the skin had a new bloom, there was a poignancy of expression about lips and eyes, that unmistakable look of a woman who has been deeply loved. Even into her clear voice, always one of her charms, had come those deeper, richer tones which the wise recognize as cradle notes, but which the unwise find peculiarly seductive.

Emily was accustomed to take stock of herself at times, candidly and critically, herself having been for so long her only possession. Now she remarked to her reflection in the mirror, "I must say you do seem rather wasted on a hill village, my good girl!"

It was a propitious moment for the Comte des Luynes to arrive, and he did so. He did so, in fact, as frequently as possible, having been left during Esteban's absence as a sort of special chargé d'affaires; and she turned to him with a sigh of relief.

"*À la bonne heure*, Tubal," she said. "I am boring myself to death. I think I shall run away."

He smiled his absent, courteous smile and made a little bow of acquiescence. "But perfectly," he replied. "Why not? When do we go?"

She laughed. "Not quite so fast, my friend! I fully intend to desert home and children and behave myself as badly as possible for at least a fortnight, but not in your company. You have a reputation to sustain, if only for fidelity. Esteban will doubtless choke me with fists on his return—cave-man stuff. But you he must not kill; you are too valuable to letters. No, I shall elope alone; and alone I shall return, a sadder but wiser woman, let us hope; and nobody'd better ask me any questions about it, or I'll tell them the truth!"

"Desperate woman," he murmured politely. "Unfortunately, I have been instructed not to let you out of my sight during the absence of my friend Esteban, who doubtless foresaw some such contingency. But do not alarm yourself, *chère madame;* I also have my moments of ennui in high places. Let us by all means go and encourage our lower natures at the cafés and bathing beaches of fashion."

The Comte des Luynes was always a comfort to her—the only person in that vicinity who understood her language without fail. He made, as he stood before her, in his shabby well-cut garments of yesteryear, touched off

oddly by the native *béret* and white canvas *espadrilles*, rather an attractive figure of a man, despite the scant gray hair at his temples and the quizzical, remote little smile on his lips—the smile of one who has seen too much life to take any personal interest in it.

"I wonder," said Emily, in the mood of devastating frankness which was upon her, "how Pilar de Maytie ever managed to resist you, Etcheverray? You are so distinguished and so beautifully casual. Probably I shall flirt with you desperately before we are done. Take warning!"

"I shall be most flattered," he replied with his amused little bow; but Emily was suddenly ashamed of herself, and held out her hand in friendly fashion.

"Forgive my idiocy. I don't know what's the matter with me tonight; I feel dangerous somehow—dangerous to myself. Probably because I haven't heard from Esteban for a week, except a telegram saying '*Je t'aime*'—as if I didn't know that already—and another saying he was quite well. My husband is no letter writer. . . . Do you really think he will regard your presence on this expedition as an addition to the proprieties?"

Des Luynes shrugged. "I am not so lacking in conceit. But it happens that I have relatives on the seaboard whom I must visit occasionally because I hope to inherit their property; and when a lady of degree takes the road, is she not usually accompanied by some sort of equerry? Also ladies in waiting, of course. With myself and Anatole the chauffeur and your maid Angélique, and possibly the excellent Miss Dibbs ——"

"Good heavens, it's a sortie I'm planning, not a campaign! I had not intended to deploy the artillery. Miss Dibbs has gone to England—fortunately. Somehow I do not see dear Dibby in this picture. And Angélique will be needed here with the baby people."

"There remain," said the count imperturbably, "only Anatole and myself then—with possibly Bette for *dame de compagnie?* Bette, I fancy, would be sufficient duenna for even the most desperate of ennuied ladies."

Emily had to laugh. "She would, indeed! A combination of Esteban in starched petticoats, and *la madre* with a telescope. Nothing would escape that large and candid gaze. Not that I was thinking of taking her. But—why not? Do you think we might really go down to Biarritz, she and I, and amuse ourselves for a little, while we wait for Esteban's return?"

"Could anything be more propitious? Under the eye, too, of your delightful stepmother," murmured Etcheverray.

"You really find Suzanne delightful?"

The count made his courteous little inclination. "I find all women delightful—when they wish to be. Madame Duval always wishes to be." Which was not an inept description of the former Mrs. Blodgett-Weldon.

A letter had arrived from Suzanne only that morning which may have had its share in Emily's sudden attack of nostalgia. Not for the things of Suzanne, surely; only for the things of which her stepmother served as reminder. Madame Duval had settled down as completely as was possible for one of her balloonlike tendencies, having, she wrote, completely lost control of her figure.

"Really, darling, the table here is almost too good—all the subtleties of a French cuisine combined with the ocean's best, and the rich, high flavoring of Spain," she lyrically expressed it; so that Emily was able to picture her stepmother a dirigible at rest, but tugging gently at its moorings to the passing breeze. Suzanne speaking:

My darling child: Not that you act very much like a child to me, I must say, considering that we are only a day or so apart by automobile. However, no hard feelings. Live and let live, and don't ask questions, is my motto. Still it is about time for the honeymoon to be over now. I may not be so clever as you, precious, but honeymoons are a thing I do know something about.

I hear you are looking lovelier than ever—*tout à fait formidable*, some Frenchman told us who had seen you recently. I hear also that your dashing Basque has dashed off somewhere with a lot of men in his yacht. Really, I wouldn't encourage him too much in that sort of thing; they get out of hand so easily. But meanwhile here I am, ready—your own, or at least your only, mother; and one of our best suites happens to be vacant at the time. I promised your father that I would always do my best by you. [Emily felt a twinge of compunction over this; Suzanne had always done her best by her, such as it was.] And Armand would be glad to let you have the suite at very special rates—not that money is any object with you now, I suppose.

However, Armand wishes to show his friendliness in some way; he always felt that you misunderstood him, somehow; that you did not really care for him very much; when all the while, there in London, he could have warned you not to be too hasty about Sir Harry, because there was a chance to get young Urruty back after all. But you wouldn't listen, so that was that. Anyway, it's all over now. Sir Harry has married an actress, quite a horrid sort of person, and I really do think for your father's sake you ought to come and see how well my new marriage is turning out.

Duval isn't faithful, of course; that would be too much to expect. But he tells me all, and we are so congenial in every way—absolutely soul mates—and really the table is too wonderful.

By the way, the Principessa de Trastavare is here—you remember that smart Milanese who made such a fuss over your poor dear papa? Not at our hotel—I never can understand why during the foreign season so many of the best people seem to prefer that dismal old place up on the hill, all salons and no bathrooms, practically. But she's brought an aeroplane—flying is very much done now—and her husband is the famous ace, you know; and she has, of course, her usual following of young men. She says she used to know your Esteban very well, indeed. But I never believe these professional beauties myself; they always seem to have known everybody's men very well, indeed; and really I don't see how they could have had the time, do you? So don't be jealous, darling, but come along and take away one of her young aviators and you'll be quits.

Ever your loving and forgiving, SUZANNE.

It was like a voice, not from the tomb but from some previous æon of existence; and Emily more than suspected that she ought to reply to it: "Get thee behind me." But instead she told Madame Urruty the next morning that she was thinking of paying her stepmother a visit during Esteban's absence, and that she would like to take Bette with her. Their neighbor Etcheverray, she added, thought of accompanying them.

The matriarch nodded careless approval; her reactions always held for Emily intriguing possibilities of surprise. "A most sensible arrangement," she commented. "Our poor Tubal is excellent company, once he emerges from his books, and to travel without a man is inconvenient. Bette," she continued thoughtfully, "is, of course, far too young to be seen anywhere without her mother; but having the sort of mother with which my son has chosen to provide her, she may as well begin to accompany you into the world. You will take her," she added, eying the young girl more critically, "to a good *corsétière* in Biarritz, if you please. It is time the child was making a figure."

"Figures," murmured Emily, "are not being worn any more, *madre*."

"With us," commented the matriarch calmly, "it will always be desirable to know which is the *devant* and which the *derrière*."

Bette, having spent two winters at a convent boarding school, had ceased to look like an illustration by Boutet de Monvel and was growing tall; a straight young thing, with two long straight braids of hair down her back, who did not quite know as yet what to do with her arms and her feet, but at whose eyes people invariably looked a second time in passing. She had not beauty, but she had more—a quietly compelling force, a quaint intelligence that proved her the descendant and worthy successor of the matriarch herself.

"You think," added Madame Urruty questioningly, "that Esteban will permit you to visit a so worldly resort as Biarritz without him, my daughter?"

Emily's small proud head lifted a trifle. American wives, she said, hardly found it necessary to ask their husbands' permission about such things.

"But," Madame Urruty reminded her, "you are not an American wife—you have married a Basque. I think it probable Esteban will disapprove. However," she shrugged, "that is not my affair."

Emily leaned to kiss her cheek—one of the small, affectionate gestures Madame Urruty never encouraged in her, but manifestly enjoyed. "Anything that concerns me is your affair, *madre*, if you will let it be. My husband must not forbid me things; but you may, if you wish."

The old woman's eyes softened. "When a young horse begins to be restive in the paddock, I give him the run of the pastures. Otherwise he may do himself an injury by attempting to jump the bars."

The Loud Whirring Drone of the Motor Had Suddenly Ceased. Esteban Sprang Across the Terrace, Crying Out to Her, "Do Not Look, My Emily, Do Not Look!"

Emily laughed and kissed her again. "Even if the horse is a mare, *madre?* I wonder if you ever attempted to jump any bars yourself."

Madame Urruty replied sedately, "A cart horse does not make a good hunter; but it is conceivable that a hunter may learn to pull a cart with the best."

Suzanne's welcome to her was touched with a pleasure so genuine that Emily was ashamed not to be able quite to reciprocate. "To think," said Madame Duval, slightly sniffling, "that it is months, if not years, since I have seen you! And my darling child grown into an elegant young matron, with a string of pearls which will make all the women here simply green with envy. People won't believe they're real—although there always was a sort of genuine look about you, darling. You always could wear strass and make other people's diamonds look cheap. Such a gift! And why, pray, this Count des Luynes? But you needn't answer—of course you needn't answer! I hope, darling, that your Suzanne is the sort of person whom you never need answer—unless you want to. . . . So wise of you not to bring the babies. Much as I yearn to see them—I have simply a passion for other people's babies—I always do feel that the place for growing children is in the nursery, out of sight, and the girl is quite enough. You are sure you won't find a plain little *jeune fille* sister-in-law—Basque, at that—rather cramping to the style?"

"I never seemed to cramp your style particularly, dear Suzanne," smiled Emily.

"No; though I must say you did your best. But then you were never really a *jeune fille*, you know. You and your young playmates used to make me feel at times quite prudish and Queen Victorian by contrast."

"So bad as that? According to the latest biographers, however, even Queen Victoria had her moments ——"

Emily spoke absently, her eyes busy with the pretty curve of beach which would always be for her the place where she and Esteban had found each other. It wore a different look from any she had known before; no longer blessedly deserted, as in the days of their idyl, nor yet crowded with fair-haired children and tall blond women and men, as during the English season, all burned to a healthy rosiness, all frankly attired for the sport of swimming.

Now the feminine bathers went shrouded to the very edge of the tide to divest themselves, with many shrinking coquetries, of elaborate capes left fluttering on racks while they hurried to conceal their persons in the enveloping deep.

Dark young men, hastening to remove pajamas from fine bronze torsos uncovered except for a few inches of trousering and a strap across one shoulder, did not venture into the sea from the same place as the ladies—modesty forbade—but once entered, the commingling of sexes seemed to be quite general.

Distinctly, this was not the English season at Biarritz, but the Continental one, when, sun and summer being at their height, a heat-loving world seizes the occasion to make the most of both.

Overhead, soaring and swooping out across the bay like a gigantic sea gull—or possibly like a great white bird of prey—an aeroplane added its note of modernity to the scene.

"Humph! That's the Oie Blanche, with the principessa driving it—advertising her wares as usual!" commented Suzanne, with unusual acridity. As a rule she was rather lenient toward other women, practicing her motto of live and let live, and ask no questions.

Emily chuckled suddenly over the name of the aeroplane, a white goose being, to French-speaking people, the symbol of all that is innocently simple. The irony of it pleased her. As she recalled the Principessa de Trastavare, the *oie blanche* had no place whatever in her environment.

"How do you mean—advertising her wares, dear Suzanne?" she idly inquired. "If I remember, they never needed advertising."

"She sells them, you know—aeroplanes, I mean. Or rather, the principe does; but everybody says she really has the business head of the firm. They've gone through most of their money, it seems; and no wonder, the way they carry on!"

Emily was interested. Here was something very up to date in the way of noblewomen; the descendant of a great Milanese house, married to a Sienese of equal rank, who had both won high honors during the war—and going into business now, like everybody else! At least, she thought with a certain relief, they are not selling hats and lingerie. Secretly, in her maiden thoughts, Emily had been wont to regard Giulia de Trastavare as a sort of heroine to model herself upon; an erratic, fascinating creature, beautiful in her dark and haggard way as one of Leonardo da Vinci's oddly diabolic Saint Johns; utterly lawless; more than a little unbalanced, some thought—there is much insanity among old Milanese families. She represented at its acme the sort of life which had been at one time Emily's own ambition; for Donna Giulia was, as Emily's father had once remarked, despite her eccentricities and odd immoralities and even odder fidelities, a very great lady. She never lied, she made no pretense at virtues she had not got—nor, indeed, at anything; she gave as generously as she took, but she always took what she wanted; a very aristocratic trait, indeed, as Archibald Weldon was careful to intimate—except perhaps in the case of her own husband. Him she had never got; which was, so people said, a source of some chagrin for a while to the irresistible Giulia.

Yet it had been a famous war marriage of Emily's young girlhood; romantic because of its very suitability, but also a *grande passion*—intense as only the Italian variety of *grande passion* can be intense. The prince, already cited for gallantry in the air, had demanded on the eve of a concerted advance to fly to the near-by hospital camp, where his fiancée was serving with the Red Cross, and the marriage had taken place at once, he returning immediately afterward to the Front.

But with that one gesture, romance had apparently retired from the scene. His career as an ace continued. She also was cited for gallantry in service; the men in the wards adored her. Men continued to adore her elsewhere; her amours became presently as frank and famous as her husband's indifference to them. There were rumors of a

(Continued on Page 37)

"But How Delicious He is, Our Esteban! I Had Forgotten"

ONE MAN'S BATTLE

By Corporal Joseph E. Rendinell and George Pattullo

A RETURNED war correspondent met two elderly ladies from Massachusetts on Fifth Avenue in midsummer of 1918, and they backed him up against a wall and commanded him to tell them everything.

"And all the dreadful sights you saw, too," they said. "Isn't it awful what those Germans do? We've just been reading about the way they treated some of our boys they took prisoner. It's hard to believe human beings ——"

"What've they been up to now?"

"Why, they kicked some of our boys who were prisoners!"

"Oh, well," remarked the correspondent tolerantly, "things like that are apt to happen in war, you know. Everybody's doing it. It's dog eat dog."

"What?" they cried in horror. "Our boys act that way? Oh, we'll never believe it! They're too noble!"

That is the way the nationals of every country regard their own soldiers when patriotic fervor reaches boiling point. And a sentimental people will carry the illusion to the *n*th degree of absurdity, exalting their youth to a plane impossible for mortal men. They expect them to be pure and earnest—bright, gleaming young knights like that Galahad pest—they expect them to fight like terriers, but display at all other times the sweetness and virtues of Little Rollo.

Now my acquaintance is rather extensive, but I have met few noble youths in my life and they never accomplished much. The men who did the world's work were all of sterner stuff. And in war—well, war is a foul, knock-down-and-drag-out business, however righteous the purpose for which it is being waged. It requires men of rough, tough fiber. "Noble" young men seldom figure prominently. Of course the public usually puts a hero on a pedestal, but it is the narrative of his achievements which exalts him, and actually his most valuable asset for the job was the primitive fighting instinct that prompts a bulldog to shut his eyes and hang on to the finish. And whether in war or everyday life, this quality is the greatest and highest. Whatsoever the prattlers say, there is no virtue to rank with courage.

The average American soldier was simply the average young American in a uniform, disciplined and toughened both physically and spiritually. And who would call our average youth noble, or expect of him the edifying traits of a bedtime-story hero? He was hard and practical, and when it came to rough stuff, those Continentals seemed boyish in comparison.

But this I want to emphasize as regards our fighting men—they are sentimentalists of the deepest dye when it comes to home and mother, and they possess a capacity for loyalties which sends them willingly into the face of death for friends or country.

Of course loyalties are provincial nowadays and the butt of our more highly sensitized thinkers who yearn over all mankind. Loyalties still hold the world together, however, and men capable of them build the human race's progress.

This glimpse of overseas service shows the American soldier in rest sectors and in battle. In a previous article, One Man's War, Corporal Rendinell told in terse diary entries what his outfit went through. Here he tells how much of a battle the soldier in it sees.

GEORGE PATTULLO.

AT BREST, we seen the U.S.S. Finland in drydock with a hole in her side made by a U-boat.

I growed a mustache aboard boat and I thought it was a dandy till we landed in France when a Chink in the French colonial army went by and Pvt. Kerr up and says, "Gee, Joe, that's just like yours." So I shaved mine off.

BORDEAUX, NOVEMBER 20. Our first liberty in Bordeaux I went in to buy me a pair of sox. I could not make the French girl understand & could not show her what I wanted because I had my leggins on. So I did the next best thing & reached down and touched hers. She said I rubbed them. She went away & brought me a pair of women's stockings. It took me 20 minutes to get what I wanted.

Four of my buddies picked up a swell French blonde apiece one night and of course the skirts steered them into a swell restaurant. My, how those girls did order food. They must of been starved waiting for the Americans to get to France. Then they topped it off with four bottles of cognac. The bill those birds got must of been the number of U.S. troops in France. Between the four of them marines they had exactly 27 francs, so they told the girls to wait a minute, they would be right back. I am wondering how long they waited.

On the way back to barracks one night a bunch of the boys got on a little dinky street car. A frog was motorman and conductor too. He tried to collect fares from a gang that was broke.

He would not move his car. They had to be back at barracks by 10:30, or the guardhouse for them. They put the frog off & operated their own street car & it was the fastest run ever made on that line.

JANUARY 12, CHAUMONT-A-VILLE. My birthday. We are in barracks & they moved 10 men out, with me in charge, into a French barn that used to be a chicken coop & pigpen. It was a sight. We all turned to and cleaned it. Got it fixed up fine. Even built a fireplace in there out of mud & rocks. Every billet allowed so much wood from the company supply, enough to burn one day if you're stingy with it.

Our billets had plenty, believe me. Never mind where we got it. We have real American barbecued chicken every night too.

We are miserable in this training area. Gee, we'll all be glad to get to the Front. Our feet are nearly frozen all the time. Our company commander makes us take our shoes off and rub our feet with snow to keep from getting chilblains. I have to keep moving all the time to keep warm.

FEB. 7, 1918.

MY DEAREST SISTER MARY: Having reread your letter I was sorry to hear you were sick. Honest, Mary, I feel sorry for you. Gee, I wish I could be of some help to you & the children. Well, I hope & pray you are in the best of help forever. Sister dear, I am feeling fine and in the best of health, thank God. Just think, Mary, I have not missed a drill from sickness for the last 7 mths. Some record, don't you think? I better be knocking on wood. How is my dear mother & father getting along, also little sister Liz? Hoping they are in the best of health, like

PHOTOS FROM SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.

Marines En Route to a Rest Camp. In Oval—German Prisoners
At Top—Joseph E. Rendinell (on Right) as a Rookie, 1917

yrs truly. Gee, I would like to see you all again. I will soon be along in the near future and then when I do I surely will be a happy boy.

I have been away from home 8 mths today and it don't seem that long. Gee, the time certainly passes fast.

Last Sunday I went to church & after I came back my old Pal Dave Felch came over and seen me. I surely was surprised to see him. When we met we were two long lost brothers. We had a long talk. He told me he was in the hospital for eleven days and got out about 2 weeks ago.

He told me I was getting fat, of which I am. He is going to try & get transferred in my company. I surely would like to have him, although, Sister dear, I have plenty of nice friends, more than I ever had.

There is ten of us fellows bunk in a house in this town and it is a home without a mother. We have an old time fireplace just like the French and they cook their meals on. A couple of little French kids come over every night and we teach them to speak English and return teach us to speak French. They are brothers. Their dad is in the army. The youngest boy had a swollen toe so we took him over to the sick bay and the doctor cut his toe to let the puss out and put medicine on it. The doctor expected to hear the kid cry, but he never did. I believe if a man had his toe cut into like that kid did he would cry.

The women here have to work for a living. Most of the women wash our clothes. They don't charge much either. Two francs (40 cts) for all the clothes you give them. Last week I sent some of my clothes and she charged me 6 cents. Every town around here has a public wash house and there everybody does their washing. Well, sister, this country is not like U. S. A. and have everything in the houses. Gee, sister, I will have a million and one things to tell you when I get back. This expedition is one of greatest experiences of my life and never to be forgotten.

Mary, how does Mother feel about me and does she worry & cry? If so cheer her up. That is all she needs. Tell her it won't be long till we will all be back home again.

Well, give my love to Mother & Father, Liz, Bill, Big Mary, John, Dom, Camela, Jim, Rose, Chas & lots of love to you, my dear sister. Lovingly your

BROTHER JOE.

P.S. Tell Bill I want a black wedding suit made as soon as I get back, and for him to have the goods ready, no kidding. JOE.

FEB. 12, '18.

MY DEAREST MOTHER & FATHER: Having nothing to do tonight so I'll write to you. How are you & dad, also all my brothers & sister? Hoping you are all well, the same I can say for myself. Mother & Father, dear, I am getting along fine. I went up for exam last night for corporal & passed. I expect to get my warrant soon. Gee, I am happy now and believe me I am going to try my very best to make good. I got a squad of hand bombers.

P.S. Afterthought. Wait for me on the next train arriving home on the B. & O. Don't you wish it was true? It will be some day. I'll be with the bunch that comes back. JOE.

DAVE FELCH AGAIN

FEBRUARY 17. My buddy, Dave Felch, come over to see me. His company just got paid. And by the roll he showed me he must of had it all. Dave is a real good crap shooter.

FEBRUARY 20. Out for a morning drill. I chew tobacco now & again in ranks. The lieut kept watching me close & I could not get rid of it. My mouth was full & I wondered would he ever move. He stood right in front of us for about 20 minutes pretending to give us a little lecture. He was watching me all the time. Finally I had to swallow it. Gee, I was sick for a couple of hours.

What a hike we had yesterday. Our sgt called Sick Call. "Outside, all you sick, lame & lazy!" My feet were as sore as a boil. I thought my arches were broken down so I fell in line with the rest of the boys for sick bay. I might as well stood back in the barracks for all the good it done me. I dine on C.C. pills. The doctor said, "What's the matter with you marines anyhow? Can't you take a little hike of 20 miles without getting sore feet? I made that hike yesterday too & you don't hear me complaining." Sure he did—on a horse. I wish he would carry a 60-pound pack, rifle, baynote, machette, trench knife, .45, 220 rounds of ammunition.

The weight grows the further you go till it bends your back like a U. When our lieut gives a command Fall out on the side of the road, we drop and never move a muscle for 5 minutes. We curse the Army, the French & the Germans, and most of all the General who called for hikes.

FEBRUARY 23. I told the sgt what happened in ranks the other day. He knew about it all ready because the lieut told him he was going to break me of the habit of chewing in ranks. Yesterday I had a wad in my mouth again and of course the lieut seen me. He stood right in front of where I was and watched me like a dog at a rat hole for about half an hour. He never took his eyes off of me. I guess he wondered why I did not swallow that. Then he walked off. The wad in my mouth was paper this time.

FEBRUARY 24. On wood detail. There is a general order you can not hit a horse or a mule. Coming out of the woods, the two lead mules turned right around and just stared at us right in the face. They would not budge. We tied them to a tree and busted that order with a trace chain.

Mail From Home

MARCH 1ST. We were sent to load manure for the frogs. We thought we would make a little something on the side out of it. Who would give us the most cognac, we would do the work for them. One old Frenchman promised us a bottle so we loaded up his wagon first and went in his house to get the bottle. Nothing doing. He turned us down. We went out & unloaded the wagon.

The captain sent for me. "What the hell's the matter over there?" "What is the trouble, sir?" "Why, a frog says you loaded his wagon & then unloaded it." "Oh, that! We thought we must of loaded the wrong wagon when he hollered so, so we unloaded it." "That'll be all from you," the captain says.

MARCH 14. We got orders to go up to the Front. All of us boys went out visiting these French people in town. We told them we were going to Verdun because a lot of them have brothers & kin folks there. Some cried, so we cried too. We sure put on a good act because they kept fetching out the wine & cognac. I guess I must of cried at every house in the village.

The town crier here is sore at us. He comes out & stands in the street to spread the news & every time he stops he rattles his drum. So the boys always turn out & sing Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here. He did not give us any wine or cognac when we told him we was bound for Verdun.

MARCH 28. Verdun sector. These rats are terrible. We cant lay down without them starting in to nibble at our legs. They are nice & fat from eating dead Frenchmen & Germans. Now they want American meat. Those babies will find it pretty tough, I bet.

The company P. C. is in the bottom of the ravine and yesterday I was on gas watch up on a hill above the P. C. Every time a shell would come anywheres near I would throw a rock and hit the P. C. and the old top kick would make a running dive for the dugout.

(Continued on Page 66)

A Mobile Observation Balloon, Attached to a Motortruck

PHOTOS FROM SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.

Squad of Company A, 131st Machine-Gun Battalion, Waiting Out Hostile Machine-Gun Fire Near Juvigny, August 29, 1918. Corporal Allen H. Hanson, Who Took the Photograph, Was Shot Through the Arm as the Shutter Clicked, and Invalided Home When He Left the Hospital

SIC SEMPER—

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

Dorothea

THEODORE CAMERON, striding along a sunny gravel path sprinkled with yellow leaves, was quite unawed by the audacity of his errand. In freshman and sophomore years such an errand would have badly frightened him, and even as a junior he had still retained his old fear of the dean. But the slow years had brought maturity, maturity had brought its cares; and now, as he turned into a low stone archway of the administration building, Mr. Cameron's emotions were those of a man of consequence about to confer soberly with an equal.

Resolutely he ascended the hollowed stone steps of an ancient winding stairway; from the landing at the second floor he entered a large rectangular waiting room lined with red doors and opaque windows. As he moved confidently to a door on his right it pleased him to know that he was observed; for the half dozen freshmen and sophomores on the mourners' bench, uneasily awaiting their interviews with the dean, looked in unison toward him and were visibly impressed by a senior who could, without waiting in line, rap casually upon the dean's door.

Through that door came a muffled answer in a woman's voice. Cameron entered, traversed the secretary's office, then stopped uncertainly on the inner threshold. "How do you do, dean?"

The dean, at his desk, turned with the amiable smile which thousands of undergraduates had not yet succeeded in curdling. "Hello, Cameron," he said. "Sit down there. I'll be through with this gentleman in a minute."

Bowing, Cameron lowered himself into a chair and nodded to Stumpy Frothingham, a sophomore of his acquaintance, who stood by the dean's desk; as the interview proceeded Cameron listened alertly, for here he found another manifestation of the menace he had determined to eradicate.

Stumpy Frothingham, because a recent ruling denied the use of automobiles to the freshmen and sophomores, was seeking official permission to keep a car; and, to Cameron's indignation, his attitude was that of a boy asking a favor instead of a man who demands his rights.

"How are you as a student, Frothingham?" the dean was saying presently. "Are you pretty good?"

Frothingham smiled ingratiatingly to show he understood that the dean would have his little joke. "Well," he said, "when it comes to the books, dean, I guess you know I'm no Phi Bate."

"How did you stand last term?"

"I should've got a fourth group," replied Frothingham, "but one of my profs rooked me—I won't mention his name."

"He deserves the obloquy, I'm sure," said the dean with a wave of the hand. "But what was your actual mark?"

"As a matter of fact," admitted Frothingham, shifting his weight to the left foot, "they gave me a fifth group."

A shadow of pain passed over the dean's sensitive face, but he nodded sympathetically. "How many cuts have you?"

"Well, dean, I don't think I could say offhand."

"How many would you say at a guess?"

Frothingham wrinkled the pink forehead which he tilted in thought toward the ceiling. "Why, about eighteen or nineteen," he said reluctantly. "Maybe an even twenty."

For several seconds the dean looked inscrutably at the sophomore; then his manner became that of a man who has been sorely wounded by a friend, but who is determined to bear no malice. "Stumpy," he said in gentle reproach, "how can you come in here and ask me to let you keep a car? Your standing is away below grade, and you've been cutting far too many classes."

"Yes, sir."

"Now you can see the embarrassing position you put me in," continued the dean as man to man. "Either I must refuse the request—and it never gives me any pleasure to refuse a friend—or else I must grant it. And if I do grant it this is what happens: I make myself directly responsible for your flunking out of college at midyears—and I could never forgive myself, Stumpy, never forgive myself."

Frothingham uneasily hitched at his voluminous white flannels. "A car would help get me to classes on time," he said weakly. "And I thought a good drive every afternoon, dean, would clear my head, sort of make it easier for me to concentrate at night."

"If your car were parked just outside the window," said the dean inflexibly, "do you suppose you'd concentrate at night—you and five or six of your friends?" He held up one palm in a forestalling gesture so final that Frothingham, smiling apologetically, backed to the door and vanished. The dean relaxed, his manner, Cameron saw, becoming one of complete and natural ease.

"These sophomores!" the manner implied. "It's a relief to turn now to an adult intelligence." This suggestion of equality between two men of affairs was strengthened by the way in which the dean extended his package of cigarettes and tilted back in his swivel chair.

"That was a forcible editorial you ran this morning," he remarked. "I fancy it made my colleagues in the Economics Department squirm."

Cameron was pleased; "forcible," now that he thought of it, just about described his style. "I let them off as lightly as I could," he said. "But, dean, if my editorial column doesn't take the part of the undergraduate, who will take his part?"

"Quite so."

"The fact is," pursued Cameron, "that edit this morning was merely the opening gun in a campaign I've planned, and that's what I came to talk to you about." He cleared his throat and stiffened slightly in his chair. "Dean, it becomes increasingly apparent to me that the university is attempting altogether too much regulation of the student body."

"For instance?"

"Well, take anything you like—take Commons, for instance. Why in the world should undergraduates be compelled to eat in Commons the first two years? They're men—they should be allowed to eat wherever they please."

"Even in soda fountains?"

"Sure, if they want to—that's their business! Or take these compulsory courses they make us take. What good's a man going to get out of a course he has to take against his will? Or dogs—even such a trivial matter as dogs."

"Dogs?" said the dean in a bewildered tone.

"Yes; but don't misunderstand me, dean. I hold no brief for dogs; but at the same time, if a student owns a dog and wants to keep it in his room he's got a right to keep it there. I grant you, sir, this dog problem is a small matter, but nevertheless dogs are straws that show which way the wind blows."

"Yes," said the dean ruminatively, "dogs are indeed straws."

"I could mention a dozen other examples that illustrate my point, but the whole thing is summed up in one word—'paternalism.'"

"Paternalism," repeated the dean, nodding. "Yes, I've heard the term."

"And automobiles are the worst example of all," added Cameron. "Take that case of Frothingham just now."

"If I let Frothingham keep a car here," said the dean bluntly, "there's only one thing other than his flunking out that could happen. That's a bad accident—like the one we had Friday night—that might kill Stumpy and several of his friends."

"I'm not talking about individual cases," said Cameron quickly; "I'm talking about a principle. If a man can't stand on his own feet let him drop out of college."

"You can't hold graduation exercises unless you have men to graduate."

But Cameron brushed the suggestion aside. "It's the principle of the thing," he said. "How's a fellow going to prepare himself for the world if you don't give him a chance for independent judgment? Why, dean, the university's present attitude is simply nothing more or less than an assumption that the undergraduate is incapable of managing his own life!"

For several seconds the dean looked anxiously at Cameron; the statement had obviously alarmed him. "Do you honestly think," he asked with infinite solemnity, "that the rules are open to that interpretation?"

"No question about it!" exclaimed Cameron positively. "And it isn't only here that you'll find this trouble, dean. You know, we exchange papers with colleges all over the country, and I make it a rule to glance over the editorials every morning to keep myself well informed. Dean" lowering his voice dramatically, Cameron leaned forward and tapped the desk—"would you believe that the students in every one of those colleges are struggling against some form of paternalism?"

The dean nodded. "I can easily believe it," he said cheerfully. "But wouldn't you think that out of the lot there would be at least one college—just one—where the students were too busy taking advantage of their privileges to spend time fighting for their rights?"

"I concede to this college and to any college but one proper function," said Cameron, quoting from his editorial for the morrow, "and that is the rôle of teacher. Beyond supervising his purely scholastic work, the college, I contend, has absolutely no authority over or responsibility for the undergraduate."

The dean's gaze, moving to the window, dwelt upon a gray squirrel that scurried up and down the trunk of a large elm. "That would be a heavenly college," he said enviously. "If they ever start one like that I know where they can get a darn good dean for his board and clothes."

Cameron again leaned forward and tapped the dean's desk; then, just as he would have launched another excerpt from his editorial, the dean's secretary, holding a sheaf of letters, appeared in the doorway and waited in a significant manner.

Annoyed, Cameron rose. "Well," he said, "I thought I'd let you know in advance, sir. The university authorities

The Tramp Upon Waking Made Several Overtures Toward Better Acquaintance

can't say that I didn't give fair warning of my plans in this matter."

The dean, his eye straying toward the waiting letters, nodded gravely. "It was the fair thing to do," he said. "Let us off as—as lightly as you can."

Cameron, bowing himself out, had already resumed thought upon his editorial for the morning: it was to be one in which, if the thing were humanly possible, he would raise even his own standard of forcibleness. He still pondered over this task as he walked to his club for supper; and his preoccupation while he ate was noticed by the three men who shared his table. It was even remarked upon when, with a little exclamation of delight, he jotted down on an envelope a clever thought which had just occurred to him.

At this Eddie La Farge, his roommate, raised a warning finger and in a gesture of exaggerated awe indicated Cameron with his eyes. "Hush, men!" he whispered hoarsely. "No noise with the soup, please. Horace Greeley's thinking again!"

Cameron smiled indulgently, but when he withdrew a little later he was reflecting that Eddie La Farge, like most of the students, had not one serious thought in his head. As if for illustration of this, he found in the smoking room the usual groups of men who burned after-dinner cigarettes while they assembled into cliques for the nightly migration to the motion pictures. They all had no desire, Cameron saw, beyond their own choice of fun: and when several of them hailed him with invitations, he experienced, in refusing, a sense of martyrdom that he found distinctly pleasant.

His sense of consecration grew as he walked up the wide street set with upper classmen's eating clubs. Both sidewalks, lit by softly gleaming lamps that winked among the trees, were boisterous now with the shadowy forms of students. They were all pleasure bent, Cameron reflected; only he was treading the stern path of duty.

This path led his footsteps, ringing hollowly, beneath a wide brick arch; guided them, briskly crunching, along a gravel walk, and drew them into the old building which housed the offices of the several campus publications. From the dim hall he turned into a brightly lit, untidy room wherein a dozen freshman candidates, working diligently in a competition for the editorial board, glanced up mechanically from their assorted typewriters; and to Cameron there was something ineffably refreshing about the constraint that his entrance wrought upon them.

With a friendly nod he passed into the smaller room where the make-up editor, a sophomore with horn glasses and rolled sleeves, revised typed copy with a pencil.

"Hello, Ken," said Cameron genially. "How's it going?"

"Fair, Cammy—only fair."

"What's the new gang like out there?" The editor in chief slanted his head toward the candidates' room. "Any balls of fire in the competition?"

"No balls of fire," said the other gloomily. "But there's one kid that shows promise—if he'll only learn to cut down on his adjectives."

"Well, do all you can to develop him," ordered Cameron briskly, moving to the side door. "I'll go in and hammer out an edit for you."

In his small private office, surrounded by framed photographs of editorial boards that had graduated and gone away, he pulled the black cover off his typewriter and sat down. From his pocket he took an envelope covered with scribbled notes, and after a half hour of mountainous labor he brought forth an editorial. He stuffed the carbon copy into his pocket and paced about the office while he read the original aloud. He found the work good—better, in fact, than it had seemed during the composition; and this, he reasoned, was a pretty exacting test for really good, forcible prose.

He strode into the make-up room, tossed the editorial across the table and scribbled on a scrap of paper. "Be sure to send the proofs out to this address, Ken," he ordered the sophomore. "I'll be there when the candidate shows up."

Stopping on the steps outside, he looked up at a dark stormy sky, and with an exultation undulled by several months of editorship, thought of the flight his philippic would take on the wings of the morning. It would fly to the breakfast table of the president himself, to the dean, to the faculty and to all the undergraduates; it would hurry by train to the reading table of the university's club in a hundred cities; some copies would even cross the seas to alumni in foreign countries.

But there was one individual whose estimation of his work weighed most heavily. That person, as it chanced, did not subscribe to his paper, did not read his editorials—had, in fact, no need to read his editorials. For he read them to her.

"'Lo, Dot," He Said Awkwardly

II

HIS heart while he stood in the large living room suddenly began to act as if he were still a freshman: for her heels had started clicking rhythmically down the stairway beyond the thick portières.

Swiftly he stepped to the oval mirror. He adjusted his tie, he twitched the protruding corner of his handkerchief and brushed a grooming hand over his bright red hair. A moment later, again standing negligently by the table, he waited for a pause in the approaching clicks. Then he turned, and his heart promptly rippled off a series of grace notes in tribute to the tableau made by Dorothea—lovely Dorothea of the mauve cheeks and the bobbed black hair.

Her dress was white, and against a background of wine-colored portières she stood in an attitude of glad surprise. Her large brown eyes were opened wide; one shapely white hand had flown reassuringly to a whiter throat, and the other, daintily clinging to a fold of the portières, completed a pose that was to him infinitely charming, wholly unaffected.

"'Lo, Dot," he said awkwardly.

"Hello," she replied, and a silence fell while they seated themselves.

"You certainly look fine in that dress." He turned on the large sofa to regard her. "White certainly looks fine on you." She bent a pleased but belittling glance upon her lap.

"This? Oh, I got this simply a-ges ago." And she gave the brief skirt a twitch at the knee that produced an effect of primness without concealing an additional silken thread of her gleaming fawn stockings. Because the awkward silence returned, he thought eagerly of the sheets of paper in his pocket; and hesitating to draw them forth unasked, he was delighted when she presently gave a little familiar start.

"Oh," she exclaimed brightly, "did you bring the article with you?"

"What? . . . Oh, let's see." Experimentally he slapped several of his pockets. "Here it is," he said in a tone of relief. "I was afraid I'd forgotten it."

He shook the papers open, leaned nearer the light and with a final clearing of his throat began to read. Once under the spell of his own prose, all self-consciousness left him, and it was in an elocutional voice that he declaimed the final paragraph:

The issue, in a word, is whether paternalism or student government shall prevail, whether we shall have the dominant voice in our own self determination or shall continue to be swaddled about with medieval rules which deprive us of the rights of maturity. For us there are two courses of action open. The one is to supinely bow beneath the paternalistic yoke; the other is to ——

Here, without dropping his voice, he stopped dramatically to show that the editorial left the other course of action darkly to the imagination; then, folding the sheets, he raised his eyes expectantly to hers.

"Splendid!" she exclaimed quickly. "I think it's awfully clever, Cammy."

"I believe it's about the most forcible one I've written so far," he suggested.

"Exactly," she agreed. "That's just what I was thinking—it's forcible." And there were no more awkward silences now.

He became so interested in explaining his program of reform that he forgot all about his expected visitor until he heard a distant buzz of the doorbell. There followed subdued voices in the hall, after which the white-jacketed butler ushered into the living room an embarrassed freshman candidate, who blinked unhappily in the presence of his chief and his chief's lady. The chief, his tongue making ticking sounds of good-natured impatience, rose leisurely from the sofa.

"Why, they needn't have bothered to send it out here," he said, and his glance at Dorothea implied: "Can't they get along for even an hour without disturbing me?"

He held the galley under the halo of the yellow lamp, and here Dorothea bent with him above the printed editorial. His inspection discovered no errors in the proof, perhaps because a wrong font or a misplaced letter would have been such a dull matter when compared to a fragrant shoulder lightly touching his own, or to an ear of surprising pinkness that was revealed to his sidewise gaze because the tilt of Dorothea's head swung forward her bobbed hair so that it hung in glossy blackness about her eyes.

"It's fun to see it printed, isn't it?" she said as they straightened.

"You get used to it, though," he replied indulgently; and after scribbling his approving initials across the top of the proof he handed it to the freshman, who departed wordlessly toward the press.

(Continued on Page 90)

ONE WONDERFUL LESSON

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGE

AT THE stroke of the gloomy hour of midnight, about six weeks after Bob Lambert had swum the Minniwaska Rapids, two dark figures might have been seen standing at the top of Indian Cliff. One of these dark figures might have been recognized as Fulbert Harringwell, the newspaper correspondent of Pleasant Point, and the other as the writer of these lines.

"Well, Norman," said Fulbert, "at your request I have tagged along, packing my camera and flash-light gun, and if you would like to give me a few explanations, I will light a cigarette and listen."

"Fulbert," I said, "here is the explanation. There is no moon in the sky. Am I right?"

"You are right as far as I can see with the naked eye. What is the next surprise?"

"We are standing on the upper edge of Indian Cliff, that is well known to be unscalable, and no mortal man has ever climbed down it except the original redskin, who probably never existed. Am I right again?"

"You are as right as a geography, Norman, and you have got me so excited I can hardly roll my cigarette. Tell me the rest before I go into nervous prostration."

"Fulbert, here and now in this moonless night, using nothing but Nature's tools, I am going to climb down the bare face of Indian Cliff."

Instead of Calling on Geneva Every Night I Would Walk Past the House Where She Lived, With a Different Girl on My Arm

Lighting a match Fulbert held it up to my face until it burned out.

"Either you have gone nuts, Norman, or else you are trying to have some fun with me. Maybe you can climb down the first thirty feet to the ledge without growing wings, but nobody except a snake could negotiate that last sixty feet; and if any Indian ever did it they had to call the medicine man and the undertaker after he got to the bottom. Don't let Bob Lambert make you act foolish."

I was glad it was dark, as I could feel my cheeks getting red. Saying nothing further, however, I merely tightened up my shoe laces, buttoned my coat, and began pulling on a pair of heavy leather gloves.

"Wait a minute, Norman, before you do anything rash. Isn't it a fact you are doing this because Bob Lambert made a hit with Geneva Werle by swimming the Minniwaska Rapids?"

"Fulbert," I said, "I have my own reasons and I don't wish to discuss them. I have asked you to come here and see me accomplish this feat, because everybody knows you are fair and square, and when you say a thing is so everybody in Pleasant Point knows it is so."

"All right, Norman," he answered after a minute, "you know what you want to do and you can bet I will give a fair, square account of it. Stand back and let me snap you. There. Now I will take a last flash just after you get your legs over, and then I will go down by the side trail and be waiting to snap you from below. But I would just like to ask one favor of you, Norman."

"What is that, Fulbert?"

"If you feel yourself slipping, think of Geneva Werle and hang on for all you are worth. But if you find it is no use, let out a loud yell, so that I can get my camera ready, and then try to fall away from the cliff. If you do that, maybe I can snap you when you are falling. It won't make any difference to you, and I could sell a unique picture like that for big money."

The second flash light having been taken, I started my descent of the cliff, and going slowly and carefully, reached the ledge thirty feet below without incident.

"Everything is O. K., Fulbert!" I called down.

"Norman, you old son of a gun, I never thought you had it in you," Fulbert's voice from the base of the cliff was full of enthusiasm and altogether different from the discouraging tones which he had used on me before I started.

"I am going to make it, Fulbert."

"You're darn tooting you're going to make it, Norman. And I'm going to do the rest. I'll put you in the Famous Club along with Christopher Columbus and George Washington. You'll have your picture in the New York papers. Girls will go crazy over you. People will pay money to hear your story and the boss will raise your salary just to have you around the office."

"Quit your kidding, Fulbert."

"I'm not kidding. Look what happened to that fellow who jumped off Brooklyn Bridge. Norman, you're going to be famous."

The kind indulgence of the reader may be necessary to help him believe what I am about to state; but I am prepared to take my oath before any court in the land that when I started to climb down Indian Cliff it was with no thought of making a hit in any direction except that of Geneva Werle. I had no thought of going on the stage or selling my autographs or any thing similar. I had always wanted a good education, but I had never had any desire to be famous. But when Fulbert made the statement above quoted and when, for the first time, I saw all the possibilities ahead, new ambitions began to awake in me. And they awoke so fast that for a moment I became dizzy and had to hold on to a piece of stone. All those ideas of becoming famous hit me, as you might say, and knocked me sidewise.

"Fulbert," I said as I started down the ledge, "I hope you have got the right dope. I have never been famous in my life, but I think I could stand a little of it. How about some snaps while I am making this last sixty feet?"

"Leave that to your Uncle Fulbert. Boy, you will get the best kind of publicity—publicity that proves the story. You are quite a ways up now, but I am going to try one using some patent flash powder I mixed myself and ——"

The next minute I thought I had been shot.

There was an explosion that seemed to come near enough to scorch my ears, while a flash like a bolt of lightning lit up the cliff. At that same minute the rock I was hanging to broke off and I began to slip.

I have never had much experience falling off roofs, and so forth, so I cannot link up the sensation I enjoyed at this minute with anything previously undergone in the past. But I can give a faint idea of the way I felt by stating that when I tried to yell my lungs acted as though they were frozen, and it seemed to me I could hear the hairs on my head crackling as they turned white.

Why I didn't lose my grip altogether I don't know even yet, because below the ledge the cliff went down almost perpendicular. I couldn't see. All I could do was to grab with my two hands and my two feet and my two knees and I kept all six busy. By the time I had checked myself my gloves were torn through and my face ached as if it had been acting as a brake, and I guess it had.

And worst of all, I did not know where I was.

This may seem strange, but I will ask the kind indulgence of the reader while I explain that, though I had not mentioned the fact to Fulbert, I had prepared myself very thoroughly for my present feat. I had begun six weeks previous, immediately after Bob Lambert had swum the Rapids, and had kept up daily secret practice. In the early morning hours I had gone out regularly to Indian Cliff, letting myself down by a rope and tackle until I had traced out a path from the summit to the base. And I had gone over this path so many times and so carefully that I could follow it with my eyes shut. It looked impossible, but, as a matter of fact, anybody with nerve and muscle and a knowledge of where to look for the next hold could have done same. And I had picked out midnight as the time to accomplish the feat, not only because it would seem harder but because nobody would be present to see just how it was done.

And now I was hanging to the rock without any idea whether the arranged route was to right or to left. I could not see much more than the hand before my face and I was scared stiff.

Shutting my eyes I tried to get a little encouragement by thinking of Geneva Werle, but in spite of the fact that I was deeply in love with Geneva, recalling her sunshiny smile did not seem to have any effect on my nervousness at all. My hands were slipping and probably I would have shot away into space if I had not abruptly recalled what Fulbert had said about getting to be famous and enjoying all the rights, privileges and immunities of that state.

"I will not fall," I said. "I will come down safely and enjoy the reward of the feat I have accomplished. The girls will all be crazy about me." Here I opened my eyes and with my right hand took a hold lower down. It seemed as though this move woke me out of my nightmare. "The boss will raise my salary just to have me around the office." Here I reached out with my left foot, very cautious, and found a little projecting jag of rock. "Strangers will pay money to see me and I will sell my autographs at a dollar a crack." With this, I finished the move by changing myself altogether to the new position. "I am going to be famous and I dare anybody to tell me different."

Then, after resting a few seconds, I started again: "The girls will all be crazy about me."

If I wanted to, I could not fully describe the way I descended down that sixty-foot drop without falling. It was a real feat, because I never got back to the path I had lost. I had to blaze a new route in the dark, and how I did it is still a mystery to me and I would not attempt to repeat same for all the gold in the United States Treasury.

All I can say is that by scrambling, scraping, biting, gouging and having one hairbreadth escape after another, I negotiated about fifty of those sixty feet before I saw my way clear to a safe landing.

"Fulbert," I said, clearing my throat and for the first time talking above a whisper, "what is the matter with you? Here I am practically down the cliff and you only took that one snap when I quit the ledge. Take one of me the way I am now."

There was no answer.

I yelled a couple of times without response and then slid rapidly the rest of the way to the river bank below.

A dark form was lying directly before me. "What's the matter, Fulbert?" I said, shaking him by the shoulder. "Are you asleep?"

There was no answer but a heavy groan. On the little sandy beach Fulbert Harringwell lay unconscious beside his camera.

II

I WILL ask the kind indulgence of the reader for not going into particulars as to the various devices employed before I finally worked the unconscious form of Fulbert Harringwell to the top of the cliff. He was heavier than myself and if it had not been for those six weeks of training I would never have got him up that side trail, which, though not exactly perpendicular, was not any Lincoln Highway. A telephone call brought the ambulance, and at 2:30 that morning he was in his own bed and under the care of Doctor Porrit. He did not seem to be seriously injured; there were no signs of burn; and whether the shock had been caused by the explosion of his patent flash-light powder or whether Fulbert had been struck by a falling stone Doctor Porrit was unable to determine.

Fulbert's mother was beside herself, but Doctor Porrit said: "There is nothing to worry about, Mrs. Harringwell, because he is breathing easily and his heart is beating almost as it would under normal conditions. The stupor may continue for some days, but as long as Fulbert takes his nourishment as he just did, there is no reason to get excited."

Meanwhile the very fact that Fulbert had been laid out added to the speed of the process by which I became famous. Because, as the newspaper correspondent from Belmore remarked, "It made a better story."

This correspondent, who had helped Fulbert out in the past, came down and developed the pictures Fulbert had snapped, and copied down a long interview with me at the same time. The first two photographs snapped by Fulbert were most striking, though the third did not represent anything at all; the result, probably, of the flash-light powder, which seemed to have exploded all at once in front of the camera.

One of the pictures with the original interview was published in a Milwaukee paper; the other, with the words of the interview changed a little, was published in a Chicago paper. Then a correspondent of another Milwaukee paper came from Madison and took my photograph and a couple of photographs of Indian Cliff and wrote a very long piece giving the entire history of my feat and also mentioning the Indian in the case, who was supposed to have done the same thing in 1836. Next a weekly magazine in New York sent to the Belmore correspondent for the original snaps, which they published, together with another portrait of myself, over the line, Midnight Climber Risks Neck Descending Precipice.

"Norman," said the Belmore correspondent to me, "the world is eating out of your hands."

Well, that is the way it looked to me, too; and the process had begun even before the stories in the papers came out.

"Hello," I said to one of the girls in the office the day after it happened, "what is your hurry?"

"I ought to be catching that 5:10 for Belmore," she said, "but if I can walk down the street with a real hero I will gladly pass it up. Norman, I don't see how you ever had the courage to climb down that terrible cliff, and at midnight too."

If one girl talked like that, there were twenty of them. And when I saw this I made up my mind to teach Geneva Werle a lesson she would remember. So, instead of calling on Geneva every night I would walk past the house where she lived, with a different girl on my arm, and it did me good to see the way she would try to act unconcerned and as if she did not notice anything.

One afternoon I met her on the street alone. She turned red and tried to pass by without speaking.

"What is the matter, Geneva?" I said with a little laugh. "Don't you remember your old friends?"

"Yes, Norman," she said, "and perhaps I remember them better than you do."

"Well," I suggested, "how is Bob Lambert getting along? Has he been swimming any more rapids lately?"

"When you speak like that, Norman, I don't care to talk to you. Kindly let me pass."

"Well, I will let you pass all right, only I want to say something to you first. When Bob Lambert swam the Minniwaska and pretty nearly drowned his fool self, he was the big noise and I was not good enough to go around with. Now he doesn't seem so much, I suppose."

She threw back her head and looked me in the eye. "Norman," she said, "understand once and for all it would never make one iota of difference to me if Bob Lambert swam the Atlantic Ocean or if you walked down the Rocky Mountains on your hands. I respect people for what they are and not for their parlor tricks, and if you had not been touchy and jealous you would not have sulked like a baby when you saw me

(Continued on Page 126)

I Was Unpleasantly Surprised to See, Away Down Below at the Base of the Cliff, a Gang of About a Hundred and Fifty Loafers Gathered Around an Ambulance

In New York the Rich Man is Sure of Himself Just by Virtue of Being Rich

Philadelphia's Few

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"There were over twelve hundred people at that dance!" the Philadelphian's wife declared. "Your cousin told me so the next day. How could you all have been intimate friends?"

"Well, we were!" he insisted.

"Then everybody in society must have grown up together."

"That's more or less true. Philadelphia is like a small town in that regard."

He tried to maintain, as most of his fellow citizens who have been born into the few who comprise society maintain, that the social climber has a more difficult task in the Quaker City than in any other place north of Mason and Dixon's line.

"In Philadelphia it's who you are that counts!" they say. "Money isn't important. Family is our standard of measuring people's worth."

"Yes?" queries the skeptical outsider. "I suppose it's family that has given the Blanks their position in society?"

The native will not be perturbed by this glaring example of the power of sheer money to crash down the high and sharply pointed fences which separate the elect from the outsiders.

"Oh, the Blanks!" he will say. "They're one of the exceptions that prove the rule."

If the inquirer's curiosity is keen enough, he will go on to other people who are prominent in the contemporary social order and whose names signify wealth and commercial achievement but not aristocratic lineage.

The true Philadelphian, however, will say calmly about each one that he is an exception.

"Money doesn't really count with us," he will repeat, no matter what facts are mobilized against him. "Family is our standard."

Such imperturbability is irritating, but it represents a tremendous force in the molding of society.

The Social Freedom of a Duke

THIS attitude is shared by many of the newly rich who have penetrated Philadelphia society by means of a spear of gold. It justifies the contention of those who have been firmly established for generations, that they themselves rule society.

"In fact there is no one who regards old families so seriously as the one-generation man," an Englishman declared, in speaking of the analogous situation in London today. "A really secure person may associate with anyone he or she fancies. But a person who isn't sure of himself will pay a great deal of attention to families and titles and all that."

In New York the rich man is sure of himself just by virtue of being rich. He feels that he can buy anything he wants. Now, there are, to be sure, certain circles into which money may not buy him admission, but these are circles into which he has no desire to be admitted. On the whole, he can go where he wants to go, and when he entertains he asks the people he wants. He does not stick to the prescribed lists of the traditionally correct. He exerts the social freedom of an English duke. He listens to no nonsense about old families. If his wife is more easily impressed, he tells her to cure her timidity by inquiring into the origin of these venerated old families.

Money is the Root of All Titles

"YOU will find that every one of them is based upon the same thing—money!" he will declare. "The same thing is true of the European nobility. How do you suppose the Medici got their start? By being smart business men and making money. And the Colonnas and all those great Roman families? They all started being great because they had power—fighting power—which in the old days meant that they could grab other people's land and castles and so on and become great property owners. They got revenue from this land. They collected tribute from their weaker neighbors. It was always some form of money that made them powerful. They weren't important because they were intellectual or refined or cultured. Art was only discovered by later generations who had been living on their inheritance so long that they'd become effete. It was usually discovered just a decade or two before the family name disappeared from the history books."

If this argument, based upon the historical past, seems unconvincing to a lady whose friends insist that certain contemporary families merit courting, her husband will toss aside modern claims to aristocracy with even greater joy.

"Take the names that are looked up to with awe in New York. There isn't a single one of them that was ever heard of before some ancestor or other made a lot of money. And lots of times they made it in very questionable ways too. But if there's enough money and it holds out for several generations, its origin is glossed over. I'll bet the people

(Continued on Page 144)

NOT long ago a Philadelphian and his wife, who had been born in New York, were arguing about the comparative decorum of society in their two respective cities. The Philadelphian was astonished at the difficulty he encountered in trying to convince her that the social order of his birthplace was much more staid and conservative than that of New York City.

"I thought everybody knew that," he said at last. "It can just be taken for granted."

"Not by me," she answered with matrimonial briskness. "I was born and brought up in New York and came out there and know something about it. You think it's gay. But I can tell you that I never saw anything one-half so gay as that dance your cousin gave us in Philadelphia just after we were married."

A reminiscent smile curved his lips. "That was a good party! I shall never forget ——"

"Before you review the details, just answer one question. Did you ever go to a party in New York where people acted like that?"

"Oh, no!" he protested. "Of course not. But we wouldn't have acted that way either if we hadn't been among intimate friends. We all grew up together. Of course, we could do what we wanted to in that group."

"Do you know how many people were there?"

"No, but I know they were just our crowd."

"Men Do Their Part in Seeing That Their Guests Enjoy Themselves, Too, More Than They Do in Other Places"

A COOK'S TOUR

By GEORGE RECTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

I Like the Bright, Sparkling Palaces of Southern Cafeteria. They are Immaculate, Everybody Smiles, and it is an Indoor Picnic

A FRIEND has often told me that the only difference between Eastern and Western hospitality is three thousand miles. Furthermore, he states that ocean breezes, the Mona Lisa and Western hospitality are three greatly overrated commodities. He claims that this brand of community sociability started in Wyoming, when houses were seventy miles apart and a man could get lost without food or water in his own front yard. The old frontier suburbanites might go for years without seeing a stranger, and when one did show up, he was as welcome as an iron hat in a counter barrage. There wasn't a chance of the visitor getting away without running the hospitable gantlet from beans to corn-husk cigars, for the ranchman was determined to entertain his man if he had to shoot him first.

My friend may be right, but Western hospitality dates back further than that. The first Westerner was the plains Indian, and though he had no keys to the city, you could always press the night bell on his wigwam. Friend or foe, you could crash his gate, and he first fed you before asking whether you were a pal or an enemy. You could eat with your knife or your tomahawk, provided that you didn't start swinging them until after the meal was over. Even California has no finer hospitality than that, and the native son figures his state at least fifty degrees more sociable than the rest of the nation. He even exceeds the Spaniard in welcoming the incoming guest, for, though the Don offers you food and his entire house, the Californian gives you both, and tops it off by throwing in his porch, his athletic club and his garage.

The First Stage of Western Restaurants

I WILL say one thing for the Westerner, and that is, he knows how to eat when he is hungry. There are no pampered appetites to be cozened with humming-bird wings and rose petals. They scoff hearty out where the West begins and they cease eating where the vest stops. When you speak of Western food you must start with the Indian, whose knowledge of good things to eat was amazing. We get our succotash from him, even though we do not add bits of pork and fry the beans and corn in fat. Maple sugar was added when the tribes were able to secure it. Johnnycakes and the Southern pone bread are lineal descendants of the Indian ash cake, which was corn meal and water mixed to a stiff dough and salted to please the primitive palate. It was molded into thick cakes and baked in the cinders and ashes of the camp fire. The hoecake is another grandson of the ash cake.

The East first heard of pemmican when Doctor Cook claimed to have lived on that food, with a dessert of gumdrops. The big chiefs have eaten pemmican for centuries, making it from buffalo and venison. The meat was dried and then pulverized with a mortar and pestle which were carved out of rock. Corn and beans were then ground up fine with other vegetables, added to the pulverized meat, and the mass was jammed together in steaming bear fat. The result was remarkably like our own Bologna and lasted for a long time. The Indian ate it on the warpath or at home, and dined on pemmican *frappé* or pemmican broiled over the fire. If you have ever had fun at the annual barbecue of the second panel of the sheriff's jury, you can also thank the Indian for that, as he barbecued fish and meat in holes lined with red-hot stones and filled with water.

The first resident American knew the value of salt and pepper, and was also familiar with culinary art, even though he had no iron pots or metal kettles until the white man arrived. Three harvests of corn a year are proof that he was an intensive farmer. Crab apples, elderberries, yellow squash, Indian maize, beans, persimmons, wild rice, game birds, salmon, trout, mussels, rabbits and turtle eggs were some of the delicacies which needed no apology when served in a restaurant which utilized the sun, moon and stars for an electric sign. No Indian ever in those days starved, for in times of famine he grubbed the moss from rocks, gathered the acorns from the woods and shelled the seventeen-year locust. He sucked the raw eggs of the turtle and raided the nests of birds. When he was at home he loved to cook the eggs of the large wild birds about a day before the eggs were ready to hatch, a practice which still survives in many a restaurant and café in the East.

The college boy has shed his shaggy raccoon cocoon and has emerged as the beautiful campus butterfly. The Indian could stake him to pointers on shaggy coats, for he chased the beaver and the buffalo, both for his meat and his overcoat. The prized steak of the buffalo was the hump, but the buffalo tongue ran it a close second on the prairie menu. The rest of the animal was generally left for the coyote and the wolf. Claims that the Indian never killed more than he could eat seem to be wrong, for he slaughtered a ton of meat to secure a few pounds. He was also destructive to fruit trees, waiting until the fruit was ripe and then chopping down the tree to secure it.

Restaurateurs With No Delusions

THE second stage in the Western restaurant arrived with the gold rush in 1849. It was not an improvement, except that it was moved indoors under rough plank boards and tar-paper roofing. The first white chef west of the Mississippi had the same idea about a steak that an incendiary has about a barn. He burned it to a cinder and then shouted, "Come and get it." He was too smart to want it himself. The essence of pioneer cuisine was contained in the remark of the Cripple Creek hotel owner who, when asked for a good sirloin, retorted, "If there was a good steak in this joint I would eat it myself."

If we can believe the signboards of the prairie café, then we know that the proprietor suffered no delusions of grandeur concerning the merits of his establishment, for the Last Chance, the Dirty Spoon and the Living Skeleton cheerfully invited their patrons to "Eat here and die at Home."

Food was as plentiful as suds in a laundry, and rough eating for lumbermen averaged about fifty cents a meal, while the service was conducted on the theory that fingers were invented before knives and forks. Then the gold rush started in earnest, and food became as scarce as sidewalks in the desert. I have not been much interested in market

(Continued on Page 99)

"Take My Advice," Said Fewster

TAKE MY ADVICE

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

AS THE train left Tulsa I scrambled aboard. It was jammed with oil men and Indians, but I found a seat in the smoker. My old traveling bag bulged with my belongings. I boosted it up to the baggage rack, but it stuck. I could not wedge it in. I smothered an imprecation.

"Try turning it upside down and slipping it in at an angle," said the man who was sharing my seat. I did, and it worked. I thanked him.

"Good advice," I said.

He laughed a dusty laugh. "Advice!" he muttered moodily, staring out at the oil wells we were passing. "Where you from?" he asked presently.

"New York."

"Then you wouldn't know Emery Fewster, of Peterstown, Indiana."

"No, I wouldn't."

"Guess you're lucky."

"Why is that?"

"Listen."

I listened. This was the West, remember. Things like that don't often happen in the East. In the East, where men are mum, if a stranger speaks to you, you can be reasonably sure he is moved to do so by one of four motives—(a) he wants to make a touch; (b) he plans to lift your watch; (c) he wants to know if you know where he can get a drink; (d) he wants to sell you life insurance. This does not always hold good, once you cross the Mississippi. Out that way men frequently talk just for the sake of talking. So I listened to the small, neat, faded man in the seat beside me.

This Emery Fewster—he said—should have been a lawyer. He wasn't. He sold cream separators. Did well enough. He had an impressive sort of way with him. You know, solemn and earnest, so that when he fixed you with an eye and said in a grave voice "It's going to rain today" you went right home and got your umbrella.

He hadn't always lived in Peterstown. Came from Duluth originally and moved to Peterstown when he took a job with the cream-separator company there. He didn't know anybody when he first came to town, but it wasn't so very long before everybody knew him. The first person he made the acquaintance of was Ike Burrus, the station agent.

Fewster got off the train and asked the way to the United States Hotel, and Ike pointed down Main Street and made a noise like a sea lion.

"Got a bad cold, haven't you?" asked Fewster.

"Terrible," croaked Ike, rubbing his chest.

"Take my advice," said Fewster, "and when you go home tonight rub capsicum petroleum jelly on your chest, drink a quart of hot lemonade, take a couple of cascara pills, go to bed under plenty of covers and sleep ten hours. That'll fix you up."

Ike thought Fewster was a doctor and took his advice. The capsicum nearly took his hide off and the lemonade made him queasy, and he was as mad as a wasp at the stranger that night; but in the morning he woke up—cured

At the United States Hotel, where he stopped, Fewster, of course, met the proprietor, Jed Harvey—met him immediately, in fact. Jed spun the register round and handed Fewster the pen, and Fewster was just about to sign, when his eye lit on the hotel safe in the little office behind the registration desk.

"Old safe, isn't it?" said Fewster.

"Belonged to my grandfather," said Jed Harvey.

Fewster shook his head ominously.

"My grandfather had a safe just like that," said Fewster, "and my dad inherited it. One night a burglar dropped into dad's hardware store and tapped the old safe to the tune of thirty-four hundred dollars. Opened it as easy as you'd open a can of baked beans. Now if I were you I'd lose no time in getting a new one—a modern up-to-date affair that can't be opened with a hairpin."

Jed Harvey thought Fewster was a detective or some sort of expert on safes. Fewster, you see, looked as if he might be almost anything, and he had such a positive way that if he talked about aeroplanes you thought he was an aviator, and if he talked about eggs you thought he was a chicken fancier. So Jed got worried, and next morning he went out and bought a brand-new safe, and not a week later a yegg was caught in the act of trying to drill it open. The yegg was pretty bitter about it. Said he'd been tipped off by a friend that it was an old-fashioned box, and so he hadn't brought along the right tools to open a new safe. Seemed to blame Jed Harvey for double-crossing him. Naturally after that Emery Fewster stood ace high with Jed, and they began to go round together a lot. Jed introduced Emery to the people of the town, and soon Fewster was being asked to dinner and to play bridge, and was made a member of the two-by-four country club.

People rather liked Fewster, although some of them thought he was pretty free with suggestions about things which weren't really any business of his. Jed Harvey and he got to be great pals. They were driving out to the links to shoot a round of golf one day when Jed Harvey said, "I'm going to get a new car. This old boat of mine has the heaves and hardening of the arteries."

"What make are you thinking of getting?" Fewster asked.

"I like the looks of that new little Hyperion Eight."

Fewster wagged his head and looked dubious. "I don't," he said.

"What's wrong with it?" asked Jed Harvey.

"A friend of mine who runs a garage was telling me it's a poor job," said Fewster. "Nowadays it's usually safe enough to buy a car in its first year. People are pretty motor-wise these days, and the manufacturers wouldn't dare put out a car that hadn't been thoroughly tested; but this Hyperion seems to be the exception to that rule."

"It looks mighty sweet to me," said Harvey.

"Oh, it looks all right," agreed Fewster. "It's a flashy little job. But a car can't run on its paint. My friend says they spent so much jack making it look snappy that they skimped the motor. Its trick new ignition system, he says, won't stand the gaff. After a few thousand miles it will go blooey."

"Grover Norton just bought a Hyperion," said Jed Harvey, "and he likes it fine."

Fewster looked sad. "And I told Grover just what I'm telling you," he said. . . . "Oh, well, suit yourself, Jed. Now if I had that much money to sink in a new car I'd get one of those new Jupiter Sixes. They've got an old-established firm behind them, and they're well built, my friend in the garage was telling me."

"Well," said Jed Harvey, "I'll think it over. You haven't given me a bad steer yet, Emery."

Jed Harvey had a real hankering for one of those slick-looking Hyperions. Grover Norton had one, and for some time Jed had kept up a sort of friendly rivalry—which wasn't always as friendly as it looked—with Grover. They were considered the two most eligible bachelors in town. Grover Norton was the town's leading dentist and considered himself a great hand with the ladies. Why is it that dentists and barbers nearly always are?

I said I did not know, and my fellow traveler continued.

Grover Norton—he said—was the first man in Peterstown to own a top hat, and as soon as Jed Harvey saw it he had to send to Chicago for one too. When Grover broke a hundred at the country club, Jed Harvey was miserable until he went round in a hundred too. It followed that when Grover Norton went gliding down Main Street in his new pea-green Hyperion roadster, Jed Harvey began to find fault with his three-year-old boiler and to crave a Hyperion. However, by now Jed was thoroughly sold on Emery Fewster as a friend and counselor—looked on him as a sort of oracle, in fact—so he heeded Fewster's words and bought a Jupiter Six. At first Jed was sore at himself and at Fewster, particularly when Grover used to sail by

"After Mamma Came, I Was Simply a Humming Bird in a Cage of Owls"

"Oh, Come Out of It," Said Emery Fewster. "Why Should You Yip?"

him up Long Pine Hill; but one day before the summer was over, just as Grover in his Hyperion, with Coralie Soper riding beside him, was passing Jed in his Jupiter on Long Pine Hill and handing him a polite ha-ha, there was a sound like a wildcat having a fit inside a grand piano. The Hyperion stopped dead, with no more ignition system left in it than a wheelbarrow. Jed had to take Coralie Soper home, and the next day Grover Norton sold his Hyperion at a loss. Jed's Jupiter continued to give him good service, and of course he was grateful to Emery Fewster.

One day, a month or so later, Fewster dropped into Jed Harvey's bedroom in the United States Hotel and found Jed sitting in front of a bottle and a glass with a woebegone look on his face. The bottle had been fuller, and pretty soon it was even less full. Jed let out a long sigh.

"What's the matter?" Emery Fewster asked.

"Look round you," said Jed Harvey, waving his hand about the room. "What do you see? Desolation, emptiness. A brass bed, a picture of some horses, a pile of dirty shirts—and that's all. My home! No touch of a woman's hand to brighten it. No cheery mate to share my joys and sorrows. No patter of little feet."

Drink took Jed that way. Made him sad and eloquent.

"Oh, come out of it," said Emery Fewster. "Why should you yip? You've got a going business, your health and a new car. What more can a fellow of thirty-six expect?"

Jed began to sniffle. He was given to tearful buns. "I'm a lonely man," he bawled. "Nobody loves me. Love makes the world go round. Without love, a man's gold is mere dross. Without love, a man's food turns to ashes in his mouth. What doth it profit a man if he has a dozen new automobiles, if, when he comes back from a ride, he has no fireside to sit by, no gentle hand to smooth his careworn brow, no little ones to cluster about daddy's knee? Answer me that!"

"What are you getting at?" asked Fewster.

"I want a li'l' 'fection," blubbered Jed. "I want co-nooble bliss. I want a loving li'l' woman to sit on my lap and sew buttons on my shirts. I want to marry and settle down, that's what I want."

"Oh, you're tight," said Emery Fewster.

"Be that as it may," said Jed Harvey, "tight or not, I know what I want. I often think of it, cold sober. This bachelor business is all wet. You might as well be a hobo. Emery, old pal, it's me for the altar and one of those nice li'l' bungalows up on Homestead Road with chintz curtains, and home cooking, and a partner to give me a li'l' 'fection."

"You make me tired," said Emery Fewster. "You don't know when you're well off. Marriage is for very young people who are all full of rosy notions about life. A man who hasn't married by the time he's thirty never should marry at all. Jed, you've kept your freedom so far; why not keep it the rest of the way?"

"Em, you may know a lot about most things, but what do you know about marriage?"

"I know all about it," answered Fewster. "I was married—once."

"You were?"

"Yes. I don't admit it often, but I was," said Fewster. "Twelve years ago. Girl in Duluth. I was twenty. She was still in high school, and I guess if we hadn't eloped she'd still be in the senior class. Pretty little thing with dimples. But dimples don't make a happy marriage. Mine lasted four years. First two years—fine. Third year not so good. Fourth—fierce. She'd always been a bit bossy and at first I thought it was cute. It got less and less cute. She got more and more bossy. She ran me ragged. Did everything but put in a buzzer system to buzz for me when she wanted her galoshes. She doled me out five bucks a week to run wild on. I couldn't go out with the boys any more to play penny ante. It was a case of mamma goes where papa goes or papa don't go out at all. She managed everything. Told me what to eat for lunch, picked out my neckties—pale blue and pink, mostly—and ordered me when to get my hair cut, and how.

"You know how I like to speak up and be listened to now and then. Well, I had less to say around that house than the Airedale. If I put in a bid for a quiet evening at home we went to the movies. I kicked a little at first—tried to assert myself. What a chance! A guinea pig can't battle a tiger. My wife knew all the tricks. She knew when to storm and when to boo-hoo. She knew all she had to do was turn on the tears to make me feel like a brute. I didn't win a single decision in four hundred and forty-one bouts.

"Then her mother came to live with us. A sweet-faced little old lady she was, and gentle as a wolf. She had only two bad habits—eating and picking on me. She couldn't eat all the time. After mamma came, I was simply a humming bird in a cage of owls. My rôle was to play the meal ticket and stand round waiting to be punched. I had less free will than a freight car. It couldn't go on, and it didn't. My mother didn't raise her boy to be a doormat. They stepped on me once too often, we had a big blow-up, and my wife and her precious mamma went off to Oregon in a huff. She got a divorce from me and married a big apple man out there, and all I hope is that he is a game guy."

"But," argued Jed Harvey, "your case doesn't prove marriage is a washout. You picked wrong, that's all. You were only twenty. Besides, maybe you weren't any blue-ribbon husband yourself."

"I don't claim I was," said Emery Fewster. "I tried hard, though; but I didn't have the chance of an alley cat at a bench show. For some people marriage may be O. K. But you take two people with wills of their own, who like to get their own hair cut when and how they want it, and tie them together, and unless one of them is willing to knuckle under and yes the other, there's bound to be fireworks. Now you're a good egg, Jed, but your great-uncle was a Missouri mule, and you've always run your own show pretty much as you yourself wanted it run. A fellow on his way to forty is apt to be set in his ways, so I warn you, as solemnly and earnestly as I can, that if you go and get yourself spliced to some little lady with a tongue and temper of her own, who wants what she wants when she wants it, mark my words you're going to wish another war would come along so you can get out of the bungalow and into the trenches."

"Em Fewster," said Jed Harvey, "I trust you. I guess you ought to know your scallions. I do sort of want a wife and a home though. Marriage can't always be the bunk. Some of the biggest men in history have fallen for it. Look at Napoleon and Washington and Julius Cæsar and Shakspere and—and Brigham Young."

"Listen," said Emery Fewster. "Maybe they all did. Maybe they were glad they did, and maybe they weren't. I don't know. I left school before we got to them. But when I hear that a friend of mine is thinking of taking the big jump I always tell him what my boss told me when I informed him I was going to be married. 'Emery,' he said, 'I've been married pretty near fourteen years. I've got a nice wife, three dandy kids, a sedan and a house with only a small first mortgage on it. I wouldn't take a million dollars cash for them. But if I had it to do over again I wouldn't take a million cash to do it.' The more I see of married men, the more I'm inclined to think well of his sentiments.

"Jed, I stand ready to bet a month's pay against your old brown hat that if you ask the next ten married men you meet if they are glad they are married, nine of them will say no, or hedge. That is, if you feed them a few drinks and reduce them to a state of comparative honesty.

"Why do you suppose most women were and are against the saloon? I think I know. They found out that when friend husband took one on

(Continued on Page 53)

"Now See Here, Coralie, Nobody Hates You. I Was Just Trying to Do What I Thought Best"

MATTER OF UHLENHUTH

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"We'll Prove Undue Influence," Nodded Little Amby. "We Won't be Too Nice About it Either. It's Perfectly Evident That They Crowded the Old Gentleman Away From His Money"

ON SATURDAY evening, April 16, 1910, the New York Psychiatric Society met in the Hotel Vandergroot, which is on Lexington Avenue below the Grand Central Terminal. At ten minutes after ten the meeting was duly adjourned; the attending physicians, any one of whom could have found a sinister Latin name for vacillation, dawdled about and tried to make up their minds to go home. A small and thin gentleman, elderly, with white but plentiful hair and a ruddy complexion, entered the room and walked swiftly to the presiding table. He said, in a light and lisping voice, and speaking rapidly, "Is Doctor Brown here this evening, may I ask, pray? I am Doctor Fairbrother."

"If you mean our president, Dr. Brimhall C. Brown," said the secretary, "he's not here tonight."

"Oh, dear," said Doctor Fairbrother, clasping his hands to his breast of neat but rusty black, "this is most unfortunate. I wanted Brown to witness a will—the will of Frank Uhlenhuth, the wealthy brewer. Mr. Uhlenhuth's attorney, who is drawing the will upstairs now, asked me to suggest an alienist of standing, and I could think of no one I'd rather oblige than my old friend Brown. Too bad for Brown."

"If you're a friend of Brim Brown's," said a round-bodied, jolly-looking alienist, "I'll be your witness. Do you want another? Bob Christison here will sign anything but a check."

"This is Doctor Anstie—and Doctor Christison," said the secretary.

"I hope you gentlemen know Mr. Uhlenhuth, at least by sight," said Fairbrother, going with them from the room. "No? I see. But you know the proprietor of this hotel, I'm sure?"

"Lew Akers? Oh, yes. For years."

"I was at his table last week at the dinner celebrating the reopening of the hotel," said Christison. "What's the matter with your patient, doctor?"

"Heart," said Fairbrother in a hissing whisper.

"Is his condition serious?"

Doctor Fairbrother answered this by rolling his eyes heavenward, pursing his lips and shrugging his shoulders. He bowed them into the elevator; they rode to the fifth floor and entered a corner apartment.

Mr. Uhlenhuth, liking elbowroom and privacy, and willing to pay for them, had taken four rooms and two baths for himself and his valet. The rooms were spacious, high, old-fashioned, decorated vigorously if badly, very comfortable.

The new wall paper, which still looked damp, was green as emerald, the lights of the heavily molded plaster ceiling were touched with Roman gold; the bathrooms were as large as sleeping chambers in the new hotels. The Vandergroot had stood forlorn and tenantless for nearly two years, when Mr. Lew Akers, an experienced hotel man, had taken it on twenty-one-year lease. He had put all he could raise and beg and borrow into restoring, redecorating and refurnishing it, and had just opened it with a loud crash.

He was in the reception room of the suite; Fairbrother left the two physicians with him. He was a middle-aged man with flat, pale and fleshy face, a small red mouth, and eyes of dark and amiable blue—a man of small force but some persistence, and with a real talent for sincere and shallow friendship. He went up to Doctor Anstie, who had nodded to him in careless liking; he put his warm soft hand on the physician's forearm and said:

"Just a sick man's whim, don't you think? He has trouble with his heart, you know. His heart, doctor. People like that are always feeling alarmed and thinking up something to be alarmed about. You'll look in on him and see that he's all right, won't you, doctor?"

"Certainly not," said Anstie. "Speak to Doctor Fairbrother."

"Oh, yes—Fairbrother," said Akers, and he sighed.

The gentleman named returned to the room and said, "Now, if you will, please?" The proprietor preceded the alienists into the sick chamber.

A gentleman was sitting in bed, amid pillows. He seemed to Anstie to be at least six feet in height, but poorly built; fleshy and small boned, paunchy and narrow shouldered. Gray side whiskers showed below his nightcap; he wore gold-rimmed spectacles.

Akers said to him, "Good evening, Mr. Uhlenhuth. You're looking ever so much better. This is Doctor Anstie and this is Doctor Christison. But you are really wonderfully improved by the complete rest and quiet you have had here; I haven't seen you looking better in all the years I've known you. Let the doctor feel your pulse, Mr. Uhlenhuth. . . . Do, doctor."

The sick man put forth his left hand and Anstie was constrained to take it by the wrist. "Where the mischief has Orrin got to?" said Uhlenhuth in a strong voice.

"Your man?" said Doctor Fairbrother. "I sent him for that prescription, Mr. Uhlenhuth."

On the second finger of the hand whose wrist had been committed to the custody of Doctor Anstie was a large green brilliant of extraordinary fire, set in a wide band of gold. Anstie knew little about gems and cared less, but his gaze lingered; the stone and ring, it seemed to him, were meant to conceal the fact that the ringed finger was artificial; it had a dead look. Uhlenhuth put forth his other hand at once in a guarding gesture, whereupon Anstie released the wrist. He had found the pulse strong and slightly irregular; the patient's hand had been cool.

"No fever there, doctor, eh?" said Akers.

"What was it, Akers?" said Uhlenhuth querulously. "Good night, my dear fellow."

"Pardon me?" said the hotel man. "Oh, of course, good night, Mr. Uhlenhuth, and I trust you'll have a real rest. . . . Good night, gentlemen, good night."

"Inquisitive nuisance," said Uhlenhuth.

He scowled at the alienists. "I have asked you gentlemen to step up here and witness this will because it's a will that invites a row. I'm giving my money to my valet and friend, Orrin Loemer, who's been with me many years, and to my dear friend and attorney, Harrison N. Leppold, who is here in the next room. I may outlive them both, but I am facing the facts of human experience. I'm a sick man, and I might go out—like that. I won't provide more than bare subsistence for an ungrateful and disobedient young loafer. If this will gets into court it will be said that my nut was not screwed on right, that my wits were wandering, that I didn't know what I was doing."

"That's easily determined," said Anstie. "What have you to leave, Mr. Uhlenhuth?"

"I am worth in the neighborhood of a million and a half, rather more than less. The indefiniteness is caused by the real estate, which is worth what it fetches."

"You are cutting somebody off?"

"In effect. I'll leave him enough to keep him out of the county home, where he's heading. He is my only blood relation—my sister's child. His name is Ralph U. Moore. He's in the graduating class in Yale University in New Haven."

"Why are you cutting him off?"

"For marrying against my wishes—I told him not to." The sick man's eyes closed wearily.

"You know he's married?"

"I have a letter here from him, asking my blessing."

"He knows what he's doing fast enough," said Doctor Christison, with a trace of impatience. "Let's get along with it. If there's a will to witness, let's witness it and be off. It's a privilege to represent Doctor Brown and to be of service to one of his friends."

"I think you've been lovely," said Doctor Fairbrother. "He's coming now, doctor. Ah, this is Mr. Leppold, gentlemen."

The attorney brought in the document that he had been preparing. He was a long-faced man of about forty-five with heavy and drooping features. He smiled brightly and briefly, and nodded. The smile lifted the lower lids of his green eyes and enlivened them; their expression in repose was unpleasant.

He sat on the bed, put a sustaining arm about the sick man's shoulders, and said, "I'd better read this aloud, Frank."

"Go ahead, Harry," said Uhlenhuth, closing his eyes The attorney read the document. It was filed for probate in the Surrogate's Office, New York County, so it is possible to give an exact copy:

In the Name of God Amen: I, Frank Uhlenhuth, formerly of Milwaukee, but now of the City of New York, being of sound and disposing mind but mindful of the uncertainty of this life, do make publish and declare for my last Will and Testament as follows:

I direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid.

To Ralph Uhlenhuth Moore, son of my deceased sister Meta, I give and bequeath the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars. Provided, however, that if the said Ralph Uhlenhuth Moore oppose or procure to be opposed in any way the probate of this will, the said bequest shall fall into my residuary estate hereinafter disposed of, and the said Ralph Uhlenhuth Moore shall take nothing whatever hereunder

My residuary estate I give devise and bequeath to my true and loyal friends and companions Orrin Loemer and Harrison N. Leppold, being my valet and attorney respectively. They to divide the said residuary estate in equal parts, one half to each. And I do appoint the said Harrison N. Leppold sole executor of this will, with all customary emoluments and fees, but to serve without bond. . . .

"Stop there a moment, Harry, please," said Uhlenhuth, without opening his eyes. "I have decided to make a slight change, giving three-quarters of the estate to Orrin and one-quarter to you. Make it that way, Harry, please."

"What's that?" exclaimed the attorney with some natural evidence of discomfiture.

"And also," said Uhlenhuth, "I will have Orrin made an executor with you, to serve also without bond. But any fees paid to either of you must come out of your own share. Make it that way, Harry, please."

Leppold was staring hard at him. Uhlenhuth opened his eyes now and met the look fairly, staring his lawyer down. Leppold blushed, rose from the bed and went back into the next room.

"Pretty good evidence that the gentleman makes up his own mind," murmured Anstie.

Leppold brought back the corrected draft and tendered it for signature. He put a suitcase on Uhlenhuth's knees and supported him while the sick man traced a signature. The pen was Leppold's fountain pen. Leppold had been poising a blotter; he clapped it over the signature at once, and over the initials with which Uhlenhuth had marked the alteration.

"Do you ask these gentlemen to sign as witnesses of this your will?" he demanded formally.

"I do," said Uhlenhuth, lying back. Doctor Anstie and Doctor Christison then signed as witnesses and initialed the change.

"I trust that it will be many years before we are called on to testify to our work here," said Anstie, rising. Uhlenhuth did not answer by word or motion.

"The effort was a strain on him," said Doctor Fairbrother in a hushed tone. "I must give him his medicine now. Good night, gentlemen."

He bent over Uhlenhuth, offering him a cup that he had brought from the bathroom. Doctors Anstie and Christison left the apartment. They spoke to a night watchman who was punching a time clock in the hall outside Uhlenhuth's door, and the time was thus fixed; it was exactly half-past ten.

At half-past seven in the morning of April 17, 1910, a muddy car of racing type disgorged in Lexington Avenue a pretty girl in a dark blue sweater and a tall young man in a fur overcoat. They ran into the Vandergroot. There may be football fans in whose loyal hearts the memory of this young man is still green—he was the then-famous Rummy Moore. Football fans will not need to be told that his nickname had been given to him solely because his initials were R. U. M.; we use the disreputable old nickname this once, for purposes of identification.

Ralph Moore shook the elevator boy awake; they rode up to his uncle's apartment. Orrin Loemer, his uncle's man, opened the door to them. The valet's eyes were red and much swollen.

"We got your wire," said Ralph.

"Last night, at about half-past twelve," said the valet, sighing tremulously, like a man exhausted from weeping "He went out—like that. Come in, Mister Ralph. The doctor has just gone. . . . Yes, it was his heart."

They passed the short pudgy figure of the valet and hurried through the reception room.

II

ON A MORNING in May, 1910, a pretty young woman dressed in a dark blue tailored suit of the quaint and voluminous sort that was then in fashion was walking on Centre Street in the city of New York. Her light step slowed as she approached the Tombs; she came to a stop across the street from it and looked about her inquiringly.

Behind her, and so confronting the grim city prison across the way, was a shabby little brick building pinched between a Raines Law hotel and a brass works. Signs in gold and black, signs in black and white, signs of different sizes and displayed at varying angles, announced that the little building was a law office, was the office of Counselor Ambrose Hinkle.

On the front steps of the little building was the counselor's bouncer, Tug Gaffney—a plug-ugly as capable of violence as a loaded gun, and as unreflecting under the master's hand. Tug's little eyes twinkled at the girl in dark blue; his brutal face wrinkled into a fetching smile; he uttered a low sweet whistle. Pretty girls had a fatal attraction for Tug—"An' the next thing is I'm poss'ly some guy and in a jam, see?"

The lady turned, looked at Tug with withering contempt, and looked again at the respectable and inoffensive Tombs. But as she turned from Tug, and even when he was suffering under her eyes, she smiled, finding him funny.

Tug's chest swelled. He pulled his shoddy but smartly cut jacket straight, wriggled his hips to make his trousers fit, and walked across the sidewalk. For elegance, he walked as if the sidewalk were hot tar; he put his feet down slowly and lightly and pulled them up with a jerk.

He said to the girl, "Hello, kid. Was you waiting for somebody? Because if you wasn't waiting for nobody, here he is." And he tapped himself, and pulled another inch of red and dirty handkerchief from his breast pocket.

She turned her back. He spoke to her again. The racing car that we saw before the Vandergroot came smoking along Centre Street. It halted as smartly as a cow pony; down stepped Ralph Moore.

(Continued on Page 106)

Leppold Was Staring Hard at Him. Uhlenhuth Opened His Eyes Now and Met the Look Fairly, Staring His Lawyer Down

The Adventure of Being Painted

By JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE

HAVING her portrait painted is, to any woman, an adventure of serious importance—an undertaking usually long contemplated, fraught with thrills and tinged with anxiety. For is not this to be the perpetuating of her charm and individuality to be commented upon by all her friends and possibly to be handed down from generation to generation? Probably her gown has been especially made for this adventure, her hair skillfully dressed and the accessories carefully chosen. Not many women have more than one portrait in a lifetime, and few take it nonchalantly. I except the very *grande dame* and the movie actress.

Usually before consulting the painter the sitter has persuaded herself that any gown and any wrap will in a few years be out of date, so she says, "I think that I will wear an evening gown, because next year it will look less *passé*. Don't you think so?" Of course many women do look their best in an evening gown; but she has made up her mind without regard to her thinness or her rotundity, and evening attire may not become her. Quite likely in afternoon dress or sport costume she is smart and distinguished, but her mind is made up. If so, the painter gently attempts to alter her decision and to select for her some frock that will be a better setting.

Several times I have commenced two canvases of a sitter in order to prove to her that the one with street attire will be more engaging than the one with the predetermined evening gown.

"But," she tells me, "the street costume will go right out of style."

The Kingsford Children

"Yes," I agree, "but will you look at this photograph of a portrait by an old English master, and this one by a French painter of the nineteenth century, and this reproduction of Madam So-and-so, and this one of the well-known Mrs. Somebody? They are not in evening clothes. And yet see how distinguished and beautiful they are. They wore what would enhance their charms to the greatest degree. Probably the painter had to exercise all his powers of argument to persuade them to wear what was really best for them, and now here they are for all time looking their very toppingest, regardless of the mode." If my sitter is a matron I can add, "And in the years to come don't you think it will lend interest to your portrait if your grandchild is able to say, 'Weren't the styles perfectly adorable in grandmother's time?'"

Mrs. Torok, From a Painting by the Author

Achieving Smartness

I HATE to think of the monotony of the portraits of women if in all the ages they had insisted upon wearing something that would not betray the period in which they were painted. What a wealth of delightful costuming would have been lost to the world! Every period with its variety of styles possesses opportunities in costuming that will always look smart. Even though the dress itself will shortly be out of style it will continue to look smart. There is nothing in common in the meaning of the two words "style" and "smartness." Styles change overnight nowadays, but a gown that is smart today will always be so. A smart effect painted by Gainsborough or Van Dyke looks no less smart today.

Undoubtedly the selection of the gown for a portrait is an important matter. "Do you think you would like me better in blue or in rose?" asks the lady. If she is a pale person and we wish her to appear as colorful as possible, the color of the gown should increase the effect of warmth of skin. If she is too ruddy her costume should make her more pale. The question is not a difficult one to answer, because red fabric will reduce the effect of the skin's warmth, while green in particular and all the dull colorings in general will heighten it. Then the color of the background must be thought about. It must be one that will enhance the color of the gown and of the hair, and that will be handsome with the colorings of the room which the picture is to occupy.

On the appointed day the lady appears for the first sitting. "Do I have to keep perfectly still?" she asks.

"No," I answer. "We will get the pose arranged and then for a little while you will hold the pose until I have the picture started. After that you can be quite comfortable." And the sitting begins. If the sitter is tall and holds herself well, she herself will furnish an effect of smartness. If not, then we must scheme the thing more thoughtfully. Vertical length must be got into the picture somehow. The shape of the canvas will help if it is tall and narrow. Perhaps the edge of a straight high-backed chair will suffice. Or the sitter can be so posed that edges of sections of the head, the line of the neck and the opening of the gown at the throat, the arm, the line from the knee to the foot will combine to suggest a continuous effect of vertical length. And I scheme to subdue and lose horizontal lines and edges that would otherwise cut across the picture. All this to produce an effect of smartness.

And the shapes of the masses that are soon to appear on the canvas—I am thinking about them, and suggesting changes in the pose so that the entire silhouette of the figure will be beautiful in shape. And so that each smaller mass—the fur piece, or the hat, and the mass of the hair, and the panels of the gown—will be beautiful in form and vary in size. And I must not forget the voids—that is, the shapes of background such as peep through between the arm and the waist, or between the foot and the leg of the chair—those shapes must be beautiful in contour too. And the placing of all these things on the canvas—the distance above the head and at the sides of the face must be different from the height of the head and from the breadth of the face. This will avoid that deadly thing called monotony. Perhaps the whole silhouette is so smart and captivating that I decide to show it clearly against the background, or perhaps it will be better to lose parts of it in a background color nearly the same depth of tone as that of the gown. If the arms are particularly lovely they must be so placed in the composition as to allow them to play an important part. With one decision after another, my sitter is at last arranged in a pose. My brush pushes into the paint and the portrait is begun.

James M. Symington

I find myself saying, "I like the turn of the head," or "The high lights on the taffeta are going to be fun to paint," and I am stabbing about all over the canvas getting the set-up of the pose and thinking very hard about the design element of my picture. I ask the sitter if she is getting tired, and invariably she says "No." So I paint on a while longer until the lines of the figure are indicated and there is a little suggestion of the masses, of the light and

dark effects, and I say, "You may rest now. I want you to come and have a look at the start we have made." After this the sitter finds that she is not required to hold the pose quite so exactly all the time. We converse, and she changes the position of an arm if it is getting tired. I paint on and on, my brush jumping about the picture as one thing or another catches my interest. I walk miles back and forth from the canvas to contemplate the sitter and up to the canvas again to lay on the brush full of paint. Exercise? I get plenty of it.

The next time she rests she finds that the portrait is progressing more rapidly than she had expected and then she is full of questions: "Do you think it will be possible to paint the metallic effect of this gown?" "How do you mix gold, or do you use gold powder or something?" "Is this ornament mauve or purple?" Question after question I answer, and my sitter enjoys the adventure. There comes a time when we begin to talk about the likeness that is developing. There is no gainsaying the fact that we are both excited. The ancients worshiped creative skill, and we moderns are not far behind them.

"Could anything be more wonderful?" she says. "I don't see how you ever do it. Why, I couldn't even draw a straight line!" Neither could I, for that matter, and it wouldn't help me any if I could. My sitter thinks I am drawing something. I don't feel that way. I am struggling harder than she knows—much harder—to project that image which is the true effect of her.

The male gender is more likely to approach the adventure of being painted without enthusiasm. Likely enough a wife or a mother is at the bottom of a man's decision to sit. Probably he has no wish to be painted other than the natural interest in seeing what about him the artist will find interesting to paint. "I haven't any idea what I look like," he declares, but looking in the mirror daily while he shaves has taught him more about his looks than he imagines. Besides wives and mothers, there are other identities urgent for a he portrait. Universities, banks, organizations of various sorts are patrons of the portrait painter.

Man's Fear of Vanity

THE male comes to the ordeal with the idea of getting the affair over as quickly as possible. He frankly tells me so. Ordinarily a woman's portrait gives a painter a better opportunity if the canvas is a full length or a three-quarter. With a man's portrait this is not so essential, and the length of the picture I regulate to fit the time that the sitter is willing to pose. Thus it comes about that for every full length or a three-quarter portrait of a man, I paint at least ten that are waist length. When my sitter finds that he may smoke as much as he likes, that the sittings develop into confabs "as man to bartender," his lack of interest gives way to real interest. The processes of painting are the subjects of many of his questions. He brightens up, becomes at ease, and presently he is chatting about his favorite sports, his hobbies, and sometimes even his struggles, and his religious convictions, if any.

I have never been more highly amused than at a recent sitting when a well-known publisher gave me a graphic account of getting religion. He was not intending to be funny. His expression was glowering, and when he spoke, his words came in jerky mouthfuls sharply bitten off. He is in reality a soft-hearted man, but his general effect belies it.

Just why a sitter often talks about religion I do not know, unless it is because he feels that he is being looked into with psychoanalytic eyes.

Perhaps the telephone rings, and a voice inquires, "When may I see you about having a portrait painted?" An appointment is made, and later the following conversation is carried on in the studio: "My wife has been urging me to have my portrait painted for a long time. I haven't liked the idea. It seems to me sort of—er—sort of as if I was—er—you know—pleased with myself. And I'd hate to give that impression. So I have always laughed when the subject was brought up. But it's her birthday next month, and I was in town for a few days and I went around to the —— Club yesterday with a friend of mine, and there I saw some portraits that you painted of some of the members. They looked so easy and informal that I got all bucked up about it. They tell me you paint very fast, and it occurred to me that if you could do that kind of a portrait of me in time for her birthday, nothing would please her so much."

The portraits this husband had seen are life-sized sketch portraits in oil, painted on boards. They are informal characteristic attitudes of the bridge addicts at play, and they form a frieze at one end of the card room. Looking around the studio the husband got more courage, and the portrait was painted in time for the birthday. The man was a serious, hard-visaged gentleman, getting along in years, with little of humor left after a long life of hard hitting in business. During the painting we discussed his business and mine, and he didn't limber up to any great extent. He couldn't. Life to him was a serious thing and having his portrait painted was somewhat of an interruption. I could picture him rigidly intent on business day after day, his mind busy with the ticker tape and quite without the relaxations that keep one young.

Bruce Barton, Jr. At Left—Harriet Celia Durstine

A week later came a letter from his wife, who evidently had been pleased. The letter was enthusiastic, and it contained one paragraph, the last words of which astonished me. It was this: "I cannot understand how you caught him so perfectly. The picture is Henry. It is just my boy."

Miss Thomas

Few portrait painters are willing to have the relatives and friends of the patient see a portrait until it is finished. Some painters are even unwilling for the sitter to see it in the process of making. But I find it desirable to have present the persons most intimately interested, so I invite the family to be on hand and to help. They help me from the very start. An agreement as to pose gives me confidence. In the process it occurs to me that accenting the manner in which the sitter raises his left eyebrow when he is interested will give a strong touch of individuality.

Helping the Portrait Grow

"DO YOU notice," I say to the onlooker, "that your husband raises his eyebrow when he is going to say something? Don't you think we ought to put that trick in the picture?"

"Well, so he does. But aren't you afraid it would make the portrait look queer?"

"Let's try it," say I. Up goes the eyebrow. "How do you like it?" I ask. Himself comes around to see. There is a moment's conference. They like it. They have had a share in the work. They will always like that eyebrow.

"Do you notice that your husband, when he speaks, opens the right side of his mouth first?"

"I never noticed before," answers the wife.

"Let's show that effect a little with the lips closed."

"Why, it looks as if he were going to speak!" exclaims the lady, and she likes it.

"What a wonderful difference just one little brush stroke can make!" they exclaim. As my visitors leave, the wife says, "It has been so interesting to watch the portrait grow." And she departs liking the raised eyebrow and the accent at one side of the mouth, never realizing that, had she not been a party to these liberties with her husband's face, she would always have been dubious about them.

Of course not all people are equally interesting to paint. Beauty, character, smartness,

(Continued on Page 141)

Colonel Hayden

Frank Bacon

The Coeducation of Peter White

Billy Torrance Was Cast for Pete's Part. He Forgot His Lines on the Opening Night, Ruined the Big Scene, and the Play Was an Unqualified Failure

IV

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

DOCTOR SINCLAIR, the brilliant young assistant professor in psychology, had been waiting patiently for his prize pupil. As a matter of fact and psychology, he had been waiting impatiently, though not even a rare mind could discern it from the bored voice which bade her enter, the languid manner with which he invited her to be seated.

She had once heard him say, when dining at the house, that he particularly loathed reading examination papers and always postponed the evil day as long as possible. But apparently he had already begun upon the pile of Blue Books, for he was engaged in reading one of them when she came in. To enhance his effect of indifference to her presence, he asked her to excuse him while he finished it.

"Why, of course," the little coed said, in her brisk, businesslike manner, conscious of the crime of being late for an appointment. She thought that he really was indifferent. To her, to all the girls in the sorority, this blasé young professor was quite an impressive personage, better looking and better dressed than most of the professors, and he had money. Isn't that always impressive, even in academic circles? Yes, especially in academic circles, because it is even rarer than rare minds.

She watched him as he read the Blue Book and wondered if by any chance it could be Pete's. That would make her errand so simple. She knew that Pete was always an optimist, an extravert, as she had learned from the psychologist to call it; but even if his Blue Book were darn good, his term grade was darn low, and his many outside activities had occasioned an alarmingly large number of absences from class. In her official capacity as president of the Mummers, she had merely called, at the suggestion of the dean's office, to request a prompt report, because so much depended upon it. This was perfectly proper. It was often done in the case of athletes.

Apparently even this unemotional psychologist was impressed by what he was reading. For without looking up, he remarked, "I have here a rather extraordinary paper, Miss Martin." And Joan rejoiced. That boy could do anything when he tried.

The professor reached the end of the page and handed the open Blue Book to Joan without even smiling. She recognized her own handwriting. She did not smile either. Instead of the girlish exclamation of surprised delight he had anticipated, the coed only said "Oh," and seemed disappointed.

Such an odd little coed. She always piqued his interest. He wanted to pique hers. "This settles the matter," he declared, and a little enthusiasm broke through; "you'll have to go in for the fellowship, Miss Martin. You really must, you know."

She was flattered by his interest, but this was no time to discuss trivial, personal matters. "Awfully kind of you to say so. Professor, I have come to see you about the eligibility of a member of our cast." She was looking him straight in the eyes, without either the veil of reticence and mystery which he admired in the old-fashioned type of girl or the bold, provocative stare of the modern young woman, which he disliked. She did not bridle and blush like the former or giggle and wriggle like the latter. Here was no common type of coed. The Martins were socially prominent. Otherwise young Doctor Sinclair would not have cultivated them. But ever since she was a child, young professors had been coming to the house. They were no treat to this coed.

"A pretty little thing," the professor was thinking, "and quite unaware of it." He was a bad psychologist. She was not so rare as all that. Of course she was aware of it. They always are. Only she was not dwelling upon that pleasant assurance at present.

"Our play is to be put on in a week. So it is terribly important for us to settle the matter right away."

"Stage-struck," mused the professor. "She must get over that." Anyone who enjoyed amateur acting must be stage-struck. He showed her his amused, patronizing smile. "Still interested in acting, are you?" he asked the efficient young president of the Mummers, though one would hardly have asked the President of the United States if he were still interested in governing—especially at a time of a national crisis.

"Yes," she said, without smiling and without dropping her gaze. No wonder she did not like him. He had once told her, with that same smile, that she could not act. She had never forgiven him for that. What actress would? Or actor, either, for that matter. Yes, the professor still had much to learn about psychology.

"By the way," he remarked, quite oblivious of the crisis in her affairs, "I haven't seen you at any of my public lectures this year."

"No, sir. I've been too busy. If we have to break in another man ——"

"The next one I think may interest you. It has to do with your type."

"The dean's office told me that it all depends upon his standing in psychology. He is our leading man, so you see the fix we'll be in if he is flunked."

The professor suddenly became alert. "Oh, I see," he said, thinking he did. "And who is your leading man?"

"Peter White, Jr."

"White—White? There are several Whites."

Joan was surprised at his ignorance. Even some of the alumni and regents knew who Peter White was. "He is the

editor in chief of the daily," she said, with eloquent simplicity. To her, it was almost like telling the psychologist who Sigmund Freud was.

"Ah, indeed," said the professor, still more amused. "I have read some of his editorials. A brilliant youngster. But I don't believe in the honor system. I know too much about human nature."

"I know you don't believe in it, but father does, and he has had experience with it as a student and as a teacher"

"And what do you wish me to do about Peter White, Jr.?" asked the professor, his smile becoming icy.

She still did not know why. "The casting committee and the director and all of us would be ever so much obliged to you if you could make it convenient to send in your report tomorrow morning; that's all. I mustn't take any more of your time. Thank you so much. Good night, professor."

"Certainly, I'll read Peter White's paper at once." He opened the door for her. "Good night. And by the way, Miss Martin," he added, with the quiet smile of a psychologist who knows too much about human nature, "your leading man will be marked fairly. In fact, I might say that he would have been, even if you had not done me the honor of calling upon me."

Joan stopped abruptly in the hall. "Why, Professor Sinclair!" she exclaimed, turning back toward him. "I took that for granted. I merely asked you to mark it promptly." She felt her cheeks grow hot.

"I understand," said the professor, and laughed a little as he watched the youthful figure retreating down the hall. "No subtlety in these modern young women," he mused. "When they want something, they are utterly shameless. They look you in the face and ask for it. I am sorry, but I must refuse to be worked."

Commencement Seemed to be Noise, Proms and House Parties

"The prig!" Joan was saying to herself, as she hurried home. "So that's what he thinks, does he? Simply because I'm not interested in hearing him talk about himself, he suspects me of bootlicking. If I were going to stoop to that sort of thing, I wouldn't have done it so crudely. He might have given me credit for that, at least"

Men were awful, so egocentric. They misunderstood and misinterpreted everything you did. She wanted nothing more to do with any of them, the big babies, always insisting upon your thinking about them. "I won't! I won't! I am going to be myself, not an appendage to any man."

When she reached home she did have a cry, after all, but it was not a very good one. "Poor old Pete—he looked so desperate."

V

THE professor of psychology complied with the request of his favorite pupil and turned in his report to the dean's office promptly the next morning. It said, in effect, that Peter White's examination paper was not without merit, but most unfortunately his term grade was so low that the professor could not conscientiously give him a clean bill of health. "This student," he added, "is of the cycloid type. But he has a brilliant mind, and if he can be made to apply it to his work instead of his play, he may be able to make up for his failure and pass his final examination at the conclusion of the course."

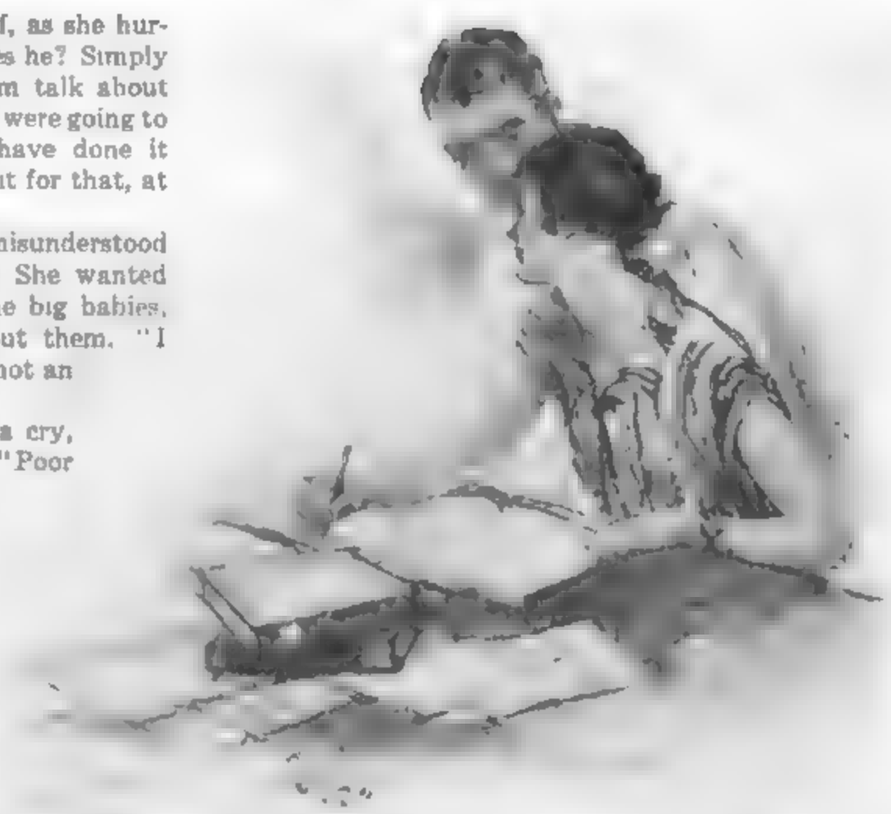
Great was the indignation throughout the campus world when the word went forth that Peter White had been declared ineligible by Johnny Sinclair. When it is a case of a popular student and an unpopular professor, undergraduates are always convinced that it is an unfair decision.

The various psychological phenomena involved might have interested the professor, if he had been aware of them. Joan hated him and therefore believed that he had debarred Pete in order to ruin her career upon the stage. Pete was in love with Joan and therefore believed that the professor had flunked him from jealousy. The self-centered psychologist, however, did not take Joan's ambitions seriously enough to thwart them by such a complicated and indirect process, nor was he in love with the little coed; even if he had been, he would not have considered a mere yawping undergraduate a dangerous rival. But if the president of the Mummers had not called upon him in her official capacity, if she had not aroused his suspicion that she was endeavoring to influence him, it might not have occurred to him to be so meticulous in rendering his report on Pete's case.

Well, it only goes to show that all of us, whether experts in psychology or not, use our minds as mere accomplices to our fears and desires. But we like to call it thinking.

Billy Torrence was cast for Pete's part and proved to be miscast. He forgot his lines on the opening night, ruined the big scene, rattled the rest of the amateur actors, and the play was an unqualified failure. Joan was disgraced and humiliated in the eyes of her world. She believed that she could never raise her head and look her friends in the face again. Some of them had laughed during her love scene.

Pete, who had sent her a box of roses four feet long as a peace offering, sat in the orchestra and suffered for her. It was all his fault. He was a failure, and had dragged down, in the ruin of his life, the only woman he could ever love. A nice return for all she had done for him!



The Shoulder-to-Shoulder Thing Was Not a Very Practical Posture for Work. She Had Fine Ideas, But He Was More Interested in Her Fine Eyes

And he could not even go backstage and comfort her after the performance. They had not met since their epoch-making quarrel. He was not only in disgrace, you see, but in exile too. It was terrible. Life was rotten. No, ironic that was the word. Irony, of course.

When the final curtain went miserably down, he saw Professor Sinclair, with his supercilious smile, making for the stage door. Naturally, that did not cheer him up, but it helped his self-esteem. "That damn prof is responsible," he said to himself. "If it hadn't been for him, everything would have been all right." It always helps to blame our disasters on someone else. Another good use of the mind. He wanted to go out and get tight, and would have, but for his father.

"Your new leading man," said the psychologist chattily, as if this were a matter of interest to a comédienne at the most tragic moment of a ruined career, "was suffering from schizophrenia"

"Not at all," she said, turning away. "Stage fright."

He nodded and smiled. "The same thing, Miss Martin." He seemed inclined to remain and elucidate the interesting phenomenon for her benefit.

"Then why didn't you say so?" Excusing herself, she disappeared in her dressing room. It was fresh, but she did not care.

But what is the advantage of a college education if you can't use big words?

It had been the first time a coed had ever been president of the Mummers, and now it would probably be the last. She had wanted to show this man's world what the despised sex could do. Recreant to her trust—and all because of men. More irony.

Well, it was the first time this coed had ever failed to meet her responsibilities successfully, and she resolved that it, too, would be the last. She had another important responsibility to meet. Pete's degree was more seriously threatened than ever now, and it was all her fault. What was she going to do about that?

He had written her a note. "I know I have ruined your career, but I didn't mean to. Won't you forgive me and let me come Sunday evening?"

"You have not ruined my career," she wrote in reply, "but I am spoiling your whole life. There is nothing to forgive. We must just forget. You are not to see me any more. You must devote all your time to your work. It is your only chance to redeem your life." And so on, as is usual in that happy, carefree time called youth by old people who forget.

But keeping out of his way did not make him study. It only made him miserable. And then she became miserable, too, because he was. She did not love him, but she liked him ever so much. And he was entirely too nice to have his whole life ruined by a woman. What ought a girl do when she likes a boy who is in love with her, too much to make him miserable and not enough to make him happy? She did not know. They never taught you that in college—not even in coeducational colleges. Perhaps they ought to.

But then they did not teach you much of anything that equipped you for meeting life. Not, at any rate, about the most important things in life, such as love.

(Continued on Page 118)

WHITE HANDS

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"It's Funny," She Said With a Short Laugh, "This Worrying About Things to Eat and Things to Wear. It's—it's Really Rather Ridiculous, When You Come to Think of It"

IX

WHEN Casey Crowell appeared at the island cabin two hours later, he found Paddy putting up a clothesline of plaited buckskin and Janet valiantly at work with a rabbit-bone needle. She was at work on a stretch of burlap that still bore the miller's stenciled imprint, fashioning a garment of undecipherable nature. He sobered over this discovery quite as much as over the none too cordial greeting of the older sister. His face lengthened, in fact, after a quick but comprehensive glance about the cabin.

"You are up against it," he proclaimed, as his restless eye returned to the stooping Janet. "Haven't you any real needles and thread?"

It was Paddy who answered that question. "No," she announced. "Nor any combs," she added, "nor even a toothbrush. I've been using a pad of bark fiber dipped in lake water. And for soap we use wood ashes mixed with clay. And just at present we're using up our meal sacks for clothes."

Their visitor, at this, looked genuinely distressed. "Well, I can at least let you have six or seven yards of airplane linen," he explained. "It's rather fine stuff, and especially strong."

"Would it do for nighties?" demanded Paddy.

"Wonderfully," acknowledged Casey, not caring to meet her eye.

"And for a step-in apiece," suggested the grim-eyed Janet.

"Of course," agreed Casey, as he stared at the rough moose-hide moccasins on Paddy's feet. "But your quickest way to comfort, I'd say, would be to get that canoe up from the lake bottom. Could you give me an idea of about where it went down?"

"It's just offshore over there," said Paddy, with a vague hand movement toward the lake water. "But we have no boat."

"Of course you haven't. But supposing we rig up a drag and a little log raft. Do you suppose you could show me about where your wreck lies?"

"Quite easily," announced Paddy.

"Then we'll see what we can do," agreed Casey.

But it didn't prove so easy as Paddy imagined. When Casey returned from his plane with a hatchet and a mooring line and a grappling hook made of bent strut metal, and after they had carpentered together a raft of driftwood found along the remoter shore, and after they had paddled resolutely out from the point where the war canoe went down, they found the lake water unexpectedly deep and the region for their explorations perplexingly indefinite. Sometimes their drag became lodged between stones and once it became entangled with a sunken cedar post.

When Casey, patrolling up and down the quiet water, finally proclaimed that he had located the lost canoe, Paddy, in the excitement, tumbled off the wet and slippery raft logs, and Casey quite unnecessarily jumped in after her and quite unnecessarily held her above the surface and helped her aboard again. But he seemed unconscious enough of the chill of the water as he held the slender young body momentarily in his arms and rather foolishly demanded to know if she was all right.

"Of course I'm all right," contended Paddy. "Let's get busy."

So they forgot their wet clothes and took up the search again, and once more got their homemade grappling hook under a thwart of the canoe and slowly and ever so carefully dragged that inert mass into the shallower water, where Casey did his best to keep it on an even keel and tumbled carelessly into the waist-deep shore water to seize the curved bow and tug it still further up on the sloping sand.

"We've got it!" he proclaimed, as the sodden gunwales appeared above the water. "We've got it, cargo and all!"

He stopped short when he saw the great ax cleft in the canoe bottom, but he ventured no comment on that discovery. He merely fell to work salvaging the sodden bundles and bags and wooden boxes.

"This is a gold mine," he said, as he tilted up a case of condensed milk for closer inspection. But Paddy, seated on the shore sand, was busy examining a sealskin hand bag whose water-soaked contents brought little cries of woe from her as she lifted them up to the light. She shook out flimsy things of silk, oddly color-streaked, and studied them with morose affection. She unrolled wet stockings and squeezed the water from them, and stared fondly at a pair of sports shoes and opened a half-dissolved vanity case and wiped off a hand mirror and in it studied her own face long and intently.

"What a sight!" she cried aloud.

Casey, carrying ashore a case of tinned marmalade, looked down at her over his shoulder. "You look pretty good to me," he found the careless frontier audacity to aver.

"Thanks," said Paddy, already preoccupied with her further explorations. But she was on her feet the next moment, shouting and hallooing for Jinny as she went racing up the bank.

Casey laughed as he saw her disappear over the lightly wooded slope. Then he stooped and picked up a filmy garment of apricot-colored silk, staring at it with a sort of perplexed intentness and putting it down again with a care so deliberate that it might have been taken for tenderness. But his manner was preoccupied as he returned to the task of bringing what remained of the stores ashore.

By the time the two girls were back at the lake shore, in fact, he had the emptied canoe drawn up on the bank and the outboard motor high and dry on a rock for later inspection. Yet Janet, he noticed, betrayed little of her younger sister's enthusiasm at the rescue of their supplies. Her manner impressed him as almost listless, though a new fire burned in her cloudy eye as she stood studying the overturned war canoe. "How are these things patched?" she casually inquired.

"Simply enough," said Casey, as he cut the gunny sack that covered a round box and disclosed a firkin of butter. "All you need is a square of birch bark and a little tallow and spruce gum. You put the gum on hot and work it over the seams."

"And it will float again?" asked Janet.

"If you do your work right," conceded Casey. But he was more interested, at the moment, in the supplies that he had piled on the bank. "Some of this stuff is spoiled," he explained. "But you can save most of it by drying it out properly. Your flour's gone, I'm afraid, and what's left of your sugar isn't worth bothering with. But you have canned honey to take its place."

Paddy, kneeling meditative-eyed amid those rescued stores, stared abstractedly off into space. "It's funny," she said with a short laugh, "this worrying about things to eat and things to wear. It's—it's really rather ridiculous, when you come to think of it."

"It's the first law of life," Casey curtly enough reminded her.

"And what's the second?" she queried, resenting his note.

He turned on her, unexpectedly solemn. "There are just two things left, when you get right down to bed rock," he said as he stood wet and rough and uncouth in the betraying sunlight. "Just two things—hunger and love."

"Oh!" said Paddy. She said that and nothing more. But it seemed to leave her unnaturally thoughtful during the next hour, as they patiently transported their supplies to the shelter of the cabin.

"You'll have to eat with us now," Paddy informed him, as he helped to open up the wet packages.

"All right," he said, without stopping his work; and Paddy was tempted to admire him for saying so without fuss and feathers. But he looked up as he untied a bundle of cotton mosquito netting. "You've sure got enough fly net," he announced, as he unrolled the many yards of damp fabric. "On the whole, I'd call this a pretty complete outfit. They've at least been generous with you."

"Yes," was the unexpected retort from Janet, "about as generous as those Sing Sing officials who give the man in the death chamber a good meal and a brand-new suit of clothes before he goes to the electric chair!"

Casey stopped short at that. His glance rested on her as she stood in the flat sunlight, her figure half turned as she tossed a diaphanous tissue of wet silk over the door-yard clothesline. She impressed him at the moment as mistily yet immemorially appealing, as vaguely superb in pose and line as the twisted torso of the Victory of Samothrace.

"You insist on being an irreconcilable," he said, more gently than he had intended.

"I don't know what you mean by that," was her half-listless retort.

"Jinny," interposed Paddy, "has always been revolting."

But Casey ignored that interruption, still facing the older girl. "You're going to be a last-ditcher about all this," he amplified, with a head nod toward the cabin, where the blue smoke was coiling lazily up from the chimney top.

"Why shouldn't I be?" she demanded.

"Will it get you anywhere?" he countered.

"Possibly," she retorted, with a shrug that was obviously dismissive.

"I've seen people pay good money for what you're getting," said Casey, disregarding her gesture.

"For what I'm getting?"

"For a summer camp in the woods, in altogether unspoiled territory."

"Not under the conditions it came to me!"

It was Casey's turn to shrug. And the frown on his tanned young face did not relax until Paddy, proclaiming from the cabin door that they were going to dine *al fresco*, asked him if he would be so good as to help her out with the table.

Yet as his eye rested on the younger girl, during that strange meal in the shadow of the clustered pines, he wondered if Paddy's clearer glance and lighter notes were based on the mere ardency of youth. Even when, after a look at the sky, he proclaimed it was time for him to hop off, it was Paddy who walked with him to the shore cove where the plane was moored.

"Where do you go from here?" she asked with an unexpected wistfulness in her voice.

"That," he evaded, "all depends on orders."

"Will I ever see you again?" she next inquired, with an immediacy all her own, and it sent a vague but undeniable tremor through his stooping body.

"Sooner than you imagine," was Casey's answer. He was busy loosening his mooring line. Paddy stood thinly disappointed at the discovery that he had no intention of shaking hands with her.

"So long," she called out, lightly enough, as he clambered aboard and poled slowly out to open water.

"So long," he called back. He was busy, she could see, with his machinery, adjusting his flying cap, turning over his engine, taking his place beside the control sticks. Then he went taxiing along the blue-green lake water, throwing a double furrow as he went, taking off at last and rising in a gentle arc that carried him above the silhouetted pine tops.

Paddy, watching him until he was out of sight, felt an odd spirit of desolation creep into her heart. She seemed incommunicably alone in a world where the afternoon sunlight impressed her as paler than before, and the cry of a loon in the open lake sounded inexpressibly lonely to her half-listening ears.

"Darn him!" she said aloud, as she turned back to the cabin.

It was three hours later when old Pierre landed on the island. His deep-set eyes, as he carried ashore his sack of flour, read the history recorded in sand and soil about his feet. He said nothing, however, until once more ready to take his departure.

"Birdman him bin here," he announced, as Paddy stopped in the midst of carrying in her sun-dried clothing.

Continued on Page 74

As She Sat in the Dwindling Firelight She Became Disturbingly Conscious of a New Ignominy, a Final Collapse of Dignity

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 13, 1927

A Year's Work for Self-Protection

THE control of crime is steadily tightening. In some of the backward states little has been done to better conditions, and they are paying the penalty of their laxity by becoming havens for the crooks driven out of other commonwealths; but viewing the country as a whole, the legislative year of 1926–27 has been rather notable for its achievements.

From coast to coast legislatures have not only enacted severer penalties but, what is more important, they have made punishment more certain by speeding up trials and by taking some of the sharper curves out of the winding course of criminal procedure.

The Massachusetts Civic Welfare Alliance has gone to the trouble of making a nation-wide survey of what has been done along these lines during the past year. Despite the widespread indifference to such matters which the Alliance notes in business circles and among men of affairs, its findings are impressive. Many states fell into line and enacted legislation of wise and progressive character. California, Michigan, North Dakota, Indiana, New Mexico, Minnesota and New Jersey are among the up-and-coming states listed. The machine gun has been outlawed in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, California and Iowa. Other states are making efforts to eliminate it as a feature of metropolitan life.

Kansas has been waging vigorous warfare on crooked bankers and is now prepared to punish embezzling bank officials with sentences of fifty years instead of fifteen. Minnesota, Maryland and Missouri are discouraging banditry by drastic minimum sentences for robbery by armed persons. The crime commissions in the states of New York and Minnesota, backed by the hearty support of press and public, have sponsored the passage of substantial groups of new laws which will almost certainly exercise a powerful deterrent effect. The new criminal codes adopted in California and Michigan have already been discussed in these columns. In these commonwealths, as well as in Nebraska, South Dakota and Hawaii, the way of the transgressor promises to be considerably harder than it has been. Second offenders will have little ground for hope of leniency. Paroles and pardons will not be granted so freely as they have been in the past.

Every humanitarian would welcome the abolition of capital punishment. The day will probably come when it will be safe and wise to do away with the death penalty. No single factor can do as much to hasten the arrival of that day as a more rigid and a more effective enforcement of our present criminal codes. A few years ago there were fourteen states which had abolished capital punishment. The number has now dwindled to eight, and in four of these, efforts are being made to restore it. Past experience and cautious experiment are the only safe guides in such matters.

The new legislation summarized is for the most part too new to afford any sound basis upon which to forecast its ultimate effects. Much of it, however, is so similar to laws which have worked out beneficently for society at large that there is reason to hope that it will prove to be wise and effective. Experience will suggest sundry modifications from time to time.

The backward states which are closing their eyes to the domination of the criminal element will reap as they have sown. It is only a question of time when conditions will force them to follow the good examples of more alert and progressive commonwealths.

Familiar Pests

THE boll weevil, the Japanese beetle and the other crop destroyers upon which the Department of Agriculture is waging incessant warfare are not the only pests which detract from the pleasure and security of American life. Certain breeds of men are just as vexatious and are just as hard to control.

Consider, for example, the predatory travelers who collect portable hotel property. Some of them specialize in silverware, such as forks, spoons and small dishes. Others go in for match stands, towels, stationery and toilet articles of all sorts. Every head waiter has his stories of the theft of soup tureens and of coffee percolators, some blazing and some not.

The yearly totals of this petty pilfering are so formidable that it is no wonder that hotel men are rather cynical as to the honesty of their transient guests. Incessant vigilance is their only safeguard.

Little of this minor thievery is the result of a veritable criminal streak in the offenders; much of it is due to a strange fat-wittedness, a childish inability to think clearly. It is an almost infallible symptom of arrested mental development.

This is proved by the smug pride with which these snappers-up of unconsidered trifles exhibit their trophies of petty larceny. No hunter of big game displays the tiger skin he brought home at the hazard of his life with more self-satisfaction than one of these light-fingered morons manifests when he shows off the coffee spoons he pocketed at last night's supper party. If he were not a case of arrested mental development he would perceive that his every boast advertised him as a rather mean little piker whose narrowness of outlook prevents his ever cutting much of a figure in the world. Among his own kind, among his friends who are also equipped with the intelligence of an eight-year-old child this self-exposure may do him no harm; but his betters, whose esteem and confidence he hopes to win, will silently appraise him at his correct value and will be governed accordingly in their relationships with him.

This is a lesson which college students of the better class have already learned. Until rather recently the stealing of signs was a favored evening pastime. Nowadays it is old stuff, not good form; for even the sophomoric mind perceives that a thousand other escapades, more amusing, more original, more expressive of the young mischief-maker's genius, lie within his powers if he will only use his imagination and exercise his ingenuity.

Another nuisance the law fails to abate is the heedless and often malicious motorist who drives rapidly through muddy streets willfully bespattering pedestrians at crossings and on narrow sidewalks. Women and girls are his chief victims, and white shoes, silken legs and immaculate skirts are his favorite targets. Operators of trucks and delivery wagons are frequent offenders. They have raised the befouling of pedestrians from a casual pleasure to a fine art; and the triumphant leers they often cast upon their work prove the pride they take in the manner in which they have combined sport with business.

The suppression of this nuisance would be a worthy task for women's clubs and one which lies well within their powers. Many women have husbands or brothers who would know how to deal with such affronts by legal methods. Others can note license numbers and marks of ownership, and complain both to police and to owners, remembering that it is better to work from the top, down, than from the bottom, up. Executives who are large employers will not be slow to realize that if the women take up the matter seriously, malicious and heedless drivers will have to go. No corporation is so powerful or so rich that it can afford to keep on its pay roll people who are continually stirring up the ill-will of the public against it.

All Kinds of Suckers

PEOPLE in many parts of the country must have rubbed their eyes in some astonishment a few months ago when that august tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States, was asked to pass upon the constitutionality of a law forbidding theater-ticket speculators in New York to charge more than a fixed addition to the box-office price. By a close decision the court declared unconstitutional the statute which restricted the resale price to an advance of fifty cents above the printed rates.

But the demand in New York that ticket speculators be curbed is insistent. An inquiry by the United States attorney into the taxes paid by these operators has developed many unpleasant details concerning the methods by which fabulous prices are attached to theater tickets. There are optimistic souls who hope that reform will come, and that in the future front-row middle-aisle seats for the most popular girl-and-leg shows can be purchased at the last moment at any hotel or club at box-office prices.

This whole pother cannot be dismissed by calling it a tempest in a teapot. Theatrical entertainment constitutes a very large industry in New York, and is patronized with an almost solemn devotion by visitors from every section of the country. Many will agree with Justice Holmes when he says, "We have not the respect for art that is one of the glories of France; but to many people the superfluous is the necessary, and it seems to me that Government does not go beyond its sphere in attempting to make life livable."

But even the Government cannot put a sense of financial values into the heads of citizens who lack it either all the time or when engaged in their regular New York theater orgy. The plain fact is that while newspapers and public officials rail against ticket speculators, the public which pays ten dollars for a three-dollar seat rather enjoys the experience.

Indeed, there are those who brag of being overcharged, and who seem to like being treated as suckers. The truth is that being charged outrageous prices is considered a sign that they know how to live in a metropolis. It signifies their smartness.

The theatergoer demands the best seats, on short notice, for the most popular shows, often on charge accounts, and delivered at his hotel or club. The public that is unwilling to endure the slightest inconvenience in its pleasure seeking de luxe must pay for its own sloth.

Ticket speculators would disappear like an early morning mist if the public failed to patronize them. But it is said that these purveyors manage by one dubious device or another to gather up all the best seats. Yet public refusal to buy the best seats would annihilate the evil. Why should Government attempt to remedy a condition which the individual could correct instantly except for laziness, an exaggerated idea of his own importance and the necessity at any price of having the best?

After all, the Government has more worthwhile things to do than to protect people from the consequences of the last word in gilded indolence. Besides, there is just a little question whether even the Government can repeal the law of supply and demand.

THE NEXT FEW YEARS

By Floyd W. Parsons

FORECASTING the future is a common sport of the day. But when we analyze most of these flights of imagination we find the self-appointed prophets have merely multiplied and enlarged the latest things of our own age. Airplanes are to be of enormous size, buildings twice as tall, distance and space eliminated so that people throughout the earth may see and talk to one another instantly, and the atom is to give us power that will be transmitted by wireless waves. On and on goes the story. Everything new is to supplant everything old.

As for the end of this mad dash to a time of astounding achievements that will change life in its every form, we are told we will be consumed by our own creations. Man will be devoured by his machines. The forces of action and reaction will come into play. Progress will be followed by retrogression. The backward swing of the pendulum will restore long skirts, long hair, hand labor and foods that have never passed through a cannery. "So it has been, so it will be," remark the sages.

One may well question the soundness of such viewpoints. The advance of civilization is never straight ahead, but over a road that twists and turns. No one can see around the curves. We cannot even calculate the growth of population. Figures covering past centuries supply no good base for future estimates. The population of North America was practically stationary at about 1,000,000 inhabitants for 100 generations. The continent yielded to bow and arrow sufficient food for that many people. The population total refused to pass this limit until the white man came with his machinery and started to produce the necessities of life for tens of millions of new inhabitants.

A Busy Street in New York's Shopping District of 1910

In the Hands of the Scientists

GOING back through the centuries, we find two acres of cultivated land were added for each increase of one in the population. This indicates that as we reach population saturation, the future will be regulated by the production of foods and the introduction of diets. Possibly we shall find eventually that birth rates and death rates are secondary matters, being determined ultimately by such economic considerations as an adequate supply of food.

All of this shows the folly of merely taking today's population totals and then compounding these figures at a prescribed rate of increase for years ahead. When we do this, and allow for a continued extension of the span of life, we discover that the human population of the earth in a century will total about 14,000,000,000 people. The United States alone will have upward of 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Looking forward a few centuries in this same way, it is evident that very soon there would not be room on the lands of the earth for people to move about freely.

The mathematician can make figures show almost anything, especially when he employs the factors of time and compound interest. But history certainly teaches us the fallacy of assuming uniform growth. For instance, take the matter of money: If the world's wealth 4000 years ago had been one dollar and this amount had been compounded annually at 4 per cent up to the present time, the calculated amount of money expressed in gold would make a sphere having a diameter far greater than the distance from the earth to the moon. But actually the combined wealth of all peoples amounts only to a thousand billion dollars, which, expressed in gold, would make a globe having a diameter of only 170 feet. In fact, gold represents but a small part of the wealth we now possess. If we were to take all the precious metal mined since the commencement of history, it would form a solid sphere only 50 feet in diameter.

This makes it clear that over centuries of time the world's wealth increases at a rate that approximates not more than one-sixth of 1 per cent annually on a compounding basis. And yet many people regard a 6 per cent return on their capital as inadequate. What I am endeavoring to convey is the futility of pursuing the arithmetical method of outlining life in the centuries to come.

There is no rule or law for determining where or how fast population will grow. The rapid increase of human life in our own country has been due to scientific achievements, the development of transportation and the occupation of waste lands. A revolutionary discovery might speedily upset all calculations. Professor Steenbock's disclosure that ultraviolet rays will greatly increase the vitamine content of foods may eventually solve the greatest problem of China and India, which is national nutrition. This would enable these backward peoples to catch up with present-day civilization. China probably leads the world today in undeveloped natural wealth, and more vitamines in the Orient might completely change the course of trade and industry throughout the earth.

A mere handful of scientists, just a few thousand out of 2,000,000,000 humans, now hold within their grasp the destiny of humanity. This is because science is a comparative newcomer in history. One need go back but a few generations to get completely out of step with life as it is today. How few were the tools of our ancestors and how static their civilization. The revolutionary discoveries of thousands of years can be counted on one's fingers.

Our early kinsman, the Neanderthal man, discovered fire and passed his knowledge on to the Cro-Magnon man, who finished his work with the coming of the new Stone Age, which ended about 1500 years before the birth of Christ. The advent of Christianity added impulse to the progress of civilization.

Change

SIX centuries later, Mohammed was born, and the religion he established would probably have overrun the world if it had not been for the defeat of the Saracens in the Battle of Tours in 732 A.D. Quickly we pass on to Charlemagne, who started popular education; King Alfred, who established schools in England; the hardy Norsemen, who discovered Greenland and probably sailed down along the shore of America; and the crusades, which united various peoples in a common cause and brought about an exchange of ideas for the first time among the nations of Europe.

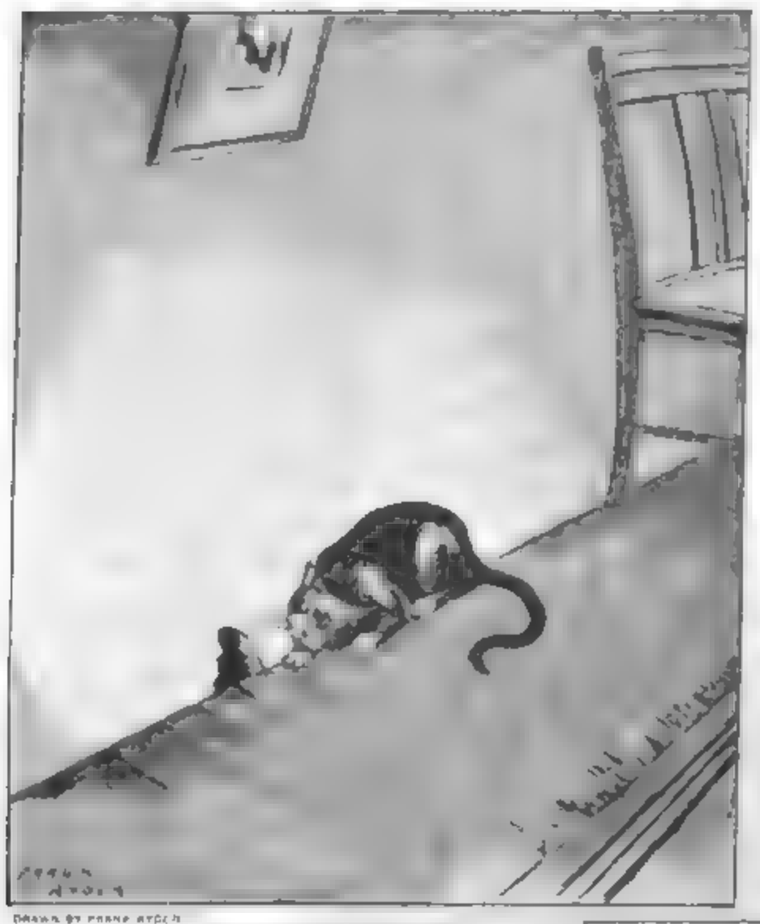
The introduction of metal type in 1450 made possible the wider dissemination of knowledge, but man was still reluctant to take up with new thought and new customs. Even the theories of Copernicus with regard to planetary movements and Newton's presentation of the law of gravitation did not shake man out of his prolonged stupor. The fallacious ideas of Galen, who first carried on experiments in the dissection of apes, were accepted without question for nearly 1300 years.

Probably it was Harvey who really brought about the declaration of independence on the part of human thought. He was the first representative of that most destructive and at the same time constructive type of person—the scientific doubter.

Harvey was first to discover the truth concerning the circulation of the blood, and the early opposition to his conclusions brought people to questioning hundreds of other common beliefs.

(Continued on Page 133)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Cat (Who Has Waited a Long Time for a Mouse): "I'm Getting Very Poor Service in This Lunch Room"

Contentative

I'M QUITE devoid of pomp and circumstance;
My clothes are far from new, my purse is flabby;
But bandits let me pass without a glance
Because I'm shabby.

I'm never pestered by the fake appeals
That cost the millionaire a pretty penny;
My plate and jewels no one ever steals—
I haven't any.

Display your new umbrella's silken shine;
I know how hard it is for you to keep one.
Whereas nobody ever covets mine—
It's such a cheap one.

I'm not upset when markets fluctuate;
No income tax my scheme of life obsesses;
I have no tricky cars, no real estate,
No social stresses.

I'm freed from bores and burdens, by the rule
Of compensation, and I'll not deny it;
And if you proffered wealth—I'd be just fool
Enough to try it! —*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

The Soliloquy

"DEAR! Dear!" pondered Meg, of the flowing tresses and full long skirts. "Sister Cora, who once resembled a Gibson girl, is at a country-club luncheon in knickers. Betty, whose beautiful curls were always the pride of the family, is in her room fretting because her sheik cut shows a little beneath her college-boy hat. Dear old-fashioned Aunt Kate was caught yesterday trying on one of Uncle Dick's collar-attached shirts for a sport blouse. And now my football-loving nephew Bob writes from school that he is to be the leading lady in a play and is desperate for all the ruffly, girlish things we can send him! There are a few things in this enlightened age that I simply can't understand." —*Mary Dorman Phelps.*

The Wow of Wisby the Wizard

WISBY the Wizard was a small-time magician, doing his stuff four times daily between the feature picture and the musical-saw act. He was not a very good magician. When he would fan a pack of cards and say to a spectator, "Choose any card," the spectator was apt to do so, thus spoiling the trick. Half dollars were always falling out of his hand after he had proved it was empty, and rabbits kept leaping out of his empty pockets. Once a sailor bound him to a chair so securely that he had to be sent to a chair factory for release.

But he was an earnest magician and lost no opportunity to improve himself. After seeing Garstine the Great levitate a young lady six feet in air and pass hoops around her, he divined the method and reproduced it in his own performance. When Garstine the Great was submerged in an airless coffin, Wisby the Wizard was likewise submerged in an airless coffin.

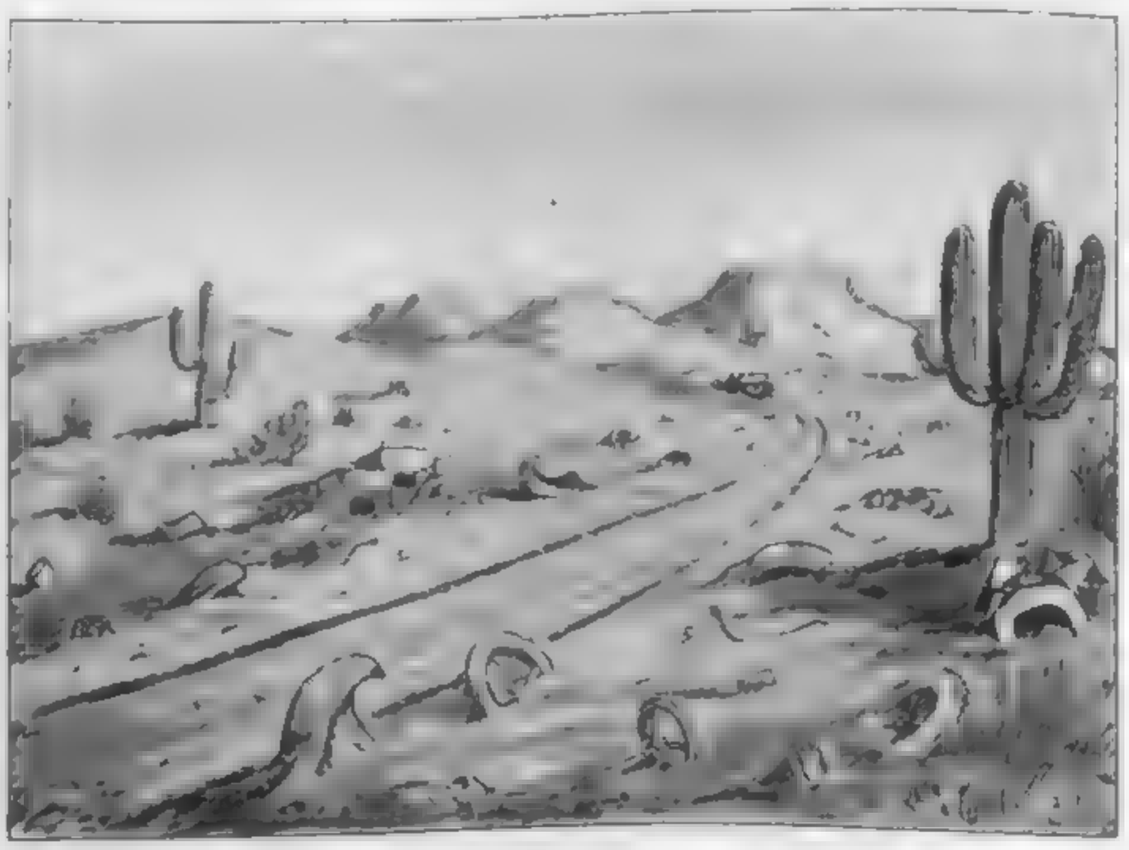
At last he witnessed that triumphant act which marked the climax of Garstine's

(Continued on Page 149)

Nobody's Fool

He Read the Answer in Her Eyes

Yesterday



Today

THE SANTA FE TRAIL

What is the food called Soup?

SOUP IS FOOD in liquid form. This gives the skilled chef the chance to combine many different nourishing and tempting ingredients. And because they are blended in a liquid, their savors and their flavors unite as in no other food. So the appetite finds in soup a stimulation and an enjoyment which other foods do not supply.

Choice, nourishing meats. Wholesome, delicious vegetables. Substantial cereals. Fresh herbs from the finest gardens. Dainty condiments, precious seasonings of East and West. The whole world is searched for its most precious and beneficial foods, to be combined and blended in this wonderful food called Soup.

No wonder the appetite responds! No wonder that soup arouses the sense of taste and makes the digestive juices flow more freely! Whenever sensations of special pleasure are felt by the taste, the digestive juices become more active. So the food is enjoyed more and benefits you more. Eating soup regularly every day keeps the appetite healthy and normal, and it promotes digestion. So you should think of soup as the delightfully refreshing food which has its own special usefulness in the daily diet—a necessary part of the rightly selected menu—both for good health and the most attractive meals.

No soup proves this better than Campbell's Tomato. Its tonic, invigorating flavor challenges the appetite at the very first spoonful. A new brightness is given to your meal. As all good soup should, this famous Campbell's blend gives you a happy glow.

Red-ripe, luscious tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines, and made into Campbell's Tomato Soup the very day they are plucked. Each tomato is washed five times in crystal-clear running water and strained through colanders of solid nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points. Only the pure juices and rich tomato meat are saved for Campbell's—all else is discarded. Golden butter and skillful seasoning complete this charming blend.

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

Serve it also as a Cream of Tomato Soup so easily and quickly prepared according to the simple directions on the Campbell's label. This is an especially nourishing and wholesome dish, which you will find splendid for the children also.

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

XI

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

IT HAD all happened so suddenly that Harrington's move to the fire resolved itself into a swift trip past it. Even the one groping sweep of his hand in an effort to locate the handle of the ax that must repose against the windbreak was interrupted by a whirling commotion of snow at the edge of the firelight as McNair returned. Harrington, leaping behind a tree, felt certain that the man must have seen him. What did this murder mean? And the slaying of dogs? McNair stood on the opposite side of the fire, facing Harrington across it, a scant ten feet separating them, his rifle half raised before him. McNair called some command in a native dialect and received a grunted reply from off in the storm.

"Fool!" McNair snorted. "Why didn't he fire one shot and drop his man? One can never be sure of hearing a single shot on a winter's night. It might be cracking ice, or a rock or tree trunk popping with the frost. But a general cannonading like that! He should have made one shot answer and put the ax to the dogs. . . . Hurry it!" he shouted. "Don't reload and do any more shooting, you fool! Club the rest of those dogs with your gun and put an end to that uproar!"

Apparently the native understood the substance of the remarks. There sounded a dull heavy blow, the savage snarl of a dog, another thud. To reach McNair it would be necessary for Harrington to leap across the fire directly into the muzzle of that rifle. And McNair was quick of wit, swift as a cat physically.

But time was short if it was to be done before the native finished his bloody work and returned. It must be without weapons, for it was impossible for Harrington to move from behind his tree for so much as a split second to seize even a stick of wood from the pile against the windbreak. If only McNair would turn.

"Brains of a bedbug!" McNair snarled as another long-drawn howl sounded from the storm and another thudding blow. "Won't he ever be through!"

Suddenly from far below there came a chorus of canine voices from the sink hole.

"He's roused the whole country," McNair growled, "and got their dogs stirred up. I've a notion to ——"

The threat was never finished, for he turned his head to listen, and Harrington, springing on the instant, dropped him with a terrific blow behind the ear. McNair's heavy fur parka hood broke the force of the blow, and though he went down like a felled ox, his brain was working with its usual precision. Even in the act of falling he endeavored to whirl and bring his rifle into play, but Harrington pounced as his enemy dropped, his knees in McNair's middle, his hands clamped on the rifle. McNair retained his grip on the weapon and wrenched himself sidewise with a mighty heave.

As they faced each other on their knees, both gripping the gun, McNair called some native name once. "Quick!" he added. One hand gripped the barrel of the rifle, the other was clamped on the stock, which gave him a wide leverage, and at the instant of speaking he pressed up with his left hand and down with his right in a whirling motion designed to twist the weapon from Harrington's hands.

Harrington set his muscles to counteract this twist, at the same instant rising to his feet and dragging McNair with him. It was, he knew, but a matter of seconds. McNair had only to retain his grip until the native could cover the few intervening yards and shoot Harrington down. He must jerk McNair out of the tiny circle of dim light cast by the fire, out into the gloom of the storm where the native, too, would be handicapped, unable to distinguish readily between the two struggling figures. This flashed to his mind even as he rose. McNair, equally swift, brought up one foot and planted it firmly against Harrington's middle, his hands still gripping the rifle, and straightened himself, throwing all the strength of his shoulders into a backward heave. The opposing force of that thrusting foot and the pulling shoulders exerted a terrible strain upon Harrington and nearly broke his grip upon the rifle. He lunged backward in an effort to jerk McNair off balance, failed, then saw a vague shape just behind his opponent and drove straight at it. McNair's head struck solidly against the tree and the jar of it loosened his planted foot. They fell together, with Harrington on top, and McNair promptly threw both legs round his opponent's body in an effort to hold him there.

Harrington lurched to his feet with McNair's legs still locked round him, steadied himself preparatory to driving McNair against the tree with all his force, but changed tactics on the instant. Six feet away, wavering in the edge of the vague illumination cast by the fire, there appeared the fur-fringed face of a native, and below it was the thrusting muzzle of a rifle, both seemingly detached from all other objects, the head apparently bodiless, the rifle barrel appearing to sway in mid-air without support.

Without an instant's hesitation Harrington wheeled to interpose McNair's form as a living shield between himself and this new menace, then drove headlong at the apparition. A sibilant twang sounded once, sharply, in his ears as he plunged. McNair's back collided violently with the native, who collapsed at the impact, and the two struggling forms tripped on his prostrate form and fell beyond him together, still locked in a struggle for the rifle.

Harrington Found Himself Staring, Incredulous. A Stain of Red Was Slowly Spreading in the Trampled Snow

Even as he struck the ground Harrington leaped erect, dragging his adversary with him, and whirled to present McNair's back to the native. The dark form was still prone in the trampled snow, sprawled strangely on its face, arms outstretched, and Harrington planted one foot upon it to hold it there, bracing himself to twist the disputed weapon from McNair. But even as his muscles tensed for the effort something leaped straight out of the gloom of the storm—an apparition that appeared to be a devil's mask of gleaming fangs. A furred body brushed Harrington and the fangs struck McNair's thigh, driven by a hundred pounds of energy and sinew, and sliced it to the bone.

McNair released his grasp upon the rifle and leaped away. Two bounds carried him to the log windbreak behind the tent. With one sweep of his hand he found the handle of the ax, the blade of which had been stabbed lightly into the end of a log, wrenched it free and aimed one blow at the dog that had slashed at him again, then leaped back at Harrington.

The energy behind his own backward tug, coincident to McNair's unexpected release of the rifle, had precipitated Harrington flat upon his back. Snatching off his right mitt as he fell, his thumb was sliding back across the lock for the feel of the hammer as he struggled to one knee. He heard the click of its cocking and his forefinger found its way inside the trigger guard none too soon. McNair died in the air as the rifle spoke, and Harrington dodged the descending ax as it fell. Again that sibilant twang had assailed his ears as he pressed the trigger. Swiftly he worked the lever of the rifle and turned his attention to the prone form of the native. Odd that he should have collapsed so suddenly at the impact of McNair's back. He could be no more than stunned, that one, and would soon be coming out of it. Then Harrington found himself staring, incredulous. A stain of red was slowly spreading in the trampled snow and his fascinated gaze was riveted on a copper-tipped shaft that protruded a full six inches from the native's armpit. He had been pierced through from side to side, just as the two struggling figures had collided with him, dead before he struck the ground.

Queen stood menacingly above McNair; watching for a flicker of movement. But the man did not move. He had fallen on his face, and protruding from his back was a similar length of copper-tipped shaft. Rifle ball and arrow had struck him simultaneously.

"Lynne!" Harrington called. "Lynne!"

"Yes," the girl answered from so near that it startled him.

She joined him in the dim firelight. He rested a hand on her shoulder.

"Quick work, Lynne," he complimented. "They'd have had me except for you and Queen."

She looked down at the two sprawled figures, shuddered and averted her gaze with a little moan of horror, and moved away from him into the murk of falling snow. He followed and she turned and clung to him.

"They were unfit to belong to the human herd, a menace to all their kind," he soothed. "Their death means life to better folks that they would have killed. Even just now they murdered some poor devil over there. So it's all right, the best way out. But I wish things had broken so that I could have dropped them myself, instead of its falling to your lot."

(Continued on Page 32)

Churned in the country

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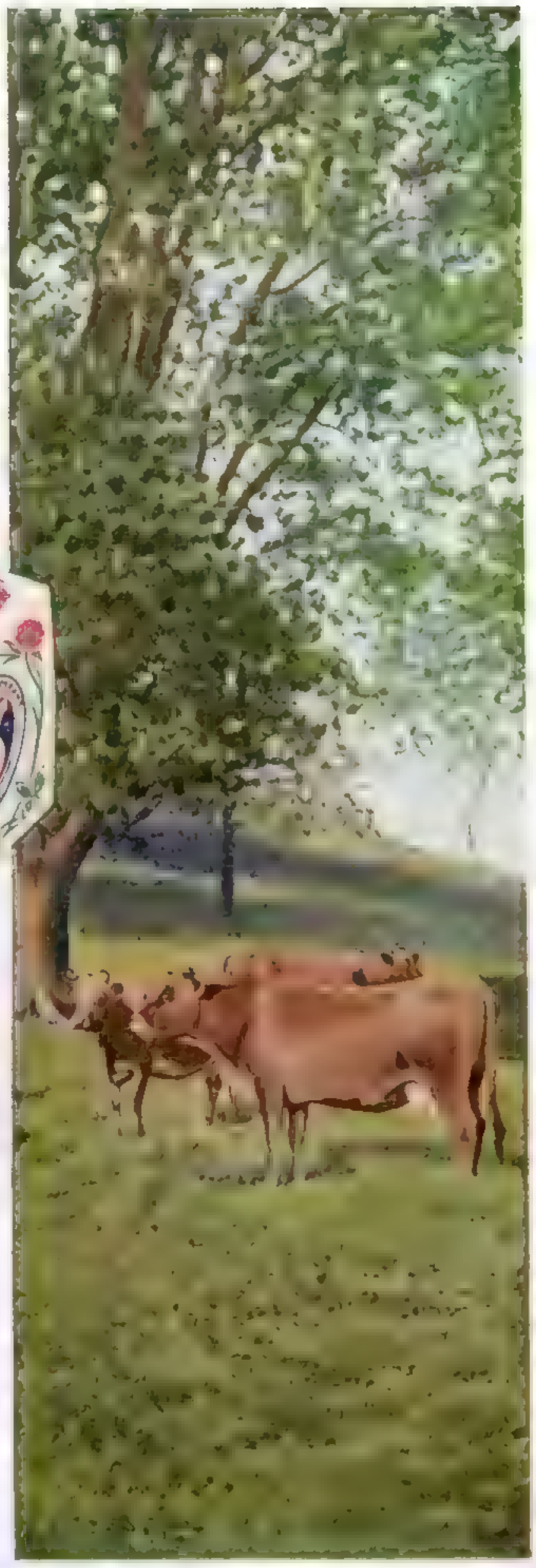
Creamery fresh!



NO wonder Brookfield Creamery Butter comes to you so fresh—with the first sweet goodness of the churning!

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There is fresh air and sunshine in abundance. *Everything* is spick and span. Vats and churns are scrubbed and scalded every night.

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Swift & Company

Brookfield

Butter - Eggs
Cheese

Plainly labeled—Brookfield Eggs—Brookfield Cheese—let the name, Brookfield, guide you in your purchase of quality food products.

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(Continued from Page 30)

"But what possible difference could that make?" she asked surprisingly, steadying herself. "It isn't a question of which of us occasioned it. It's seeing them! Don't you understand? I have no regrets. If I could snap my fingers and wish all their breed a sudden and painless death, I'd do it in a second. But I wouldn't want to see it! It was the sight of them lying there that sickened me."

Here again her amazing complexity was evidenced, or rather, Harrington reversed himself, her amazing simplicity and direct clarity of thought. She was not, as he had imagined, in the least concerned as to her part in the matter. That was negligible. Hers was merely the natural reaction of a healthy normal being at the sight of a human form from which life had fled. Harrington knew that feeling too. He had seen much violence and bloodshed, sudden death, but a lifeless human form still remained to him the most depressing sight in life. He was glad that it was that, rather than the whip of conscience over violating some long-prescribed taboo, that troubled Lynne.

"We're well out of it," he said. "And you'll forget after a while, Lovely."

"You still call me that?" she asked.

"Why, of course," he said.

"But you said that men didn't expect women to go in for that sort of thing."

"Oh, that!" he said, remembering, as if recalling a statement made ages in the past. "Yes. Because they didn't wish their women to experience the unpleasantness of such scenes. That's all."

"I understand now," she said after an interval of silence. "And it is quite right too."

"We must see to that poor devil at once," Harrington said. "There's a bare possibility that a spark of life remains."

He took a stick from the fire, waving it briskly to keep the glowing end alive. Queen led him straight to the spot. He stripped great handfuls of the curling outer bark from a birch, thrust the end of the smoldering brand into it and blew lustily. The inflammable bark flared like so much gunpowder, and blazed fiercely as he added more bark and such small dead sticks as he could find by reaching above him and snapping them from the trees. Then he returned to secure an armful of dry wood from the camp.

Near the tangled heaps of dead dogs, still snarled in their harness and already sifted over with snow, Harrington found a limp human form and carried it to the fire. Then Lynne heard him cursing McNair and expressing the wish that the man might have been endowed with the nine lives of a cat so that he might have the pleasure of killing him in as many different ways.

"What is it?" she asked.

"An old friend of mine," he said. "Old Van Dorn. They killed him in cold blood. He was one of the finest old men that ever breathed."

She Drew Him Out Into the Night and Held Out Her Arms to the Flaring Streamers of the Northern Lights That Played Across the Skies

And that testimony, uttered in all sincerity by a loyal friend, served as the old prospector's epitaph when his mortal remains had been claimed at last by the North he had loved so well. And as if to usher out his hardy spirit in appropriate fashion, the blizzard raged for three days and nights and covered the whole north half of a continent beneath the deepest layer of snow that had fallen in a dozen years.

XII

SOME three days after parting from Harrington on the Liard, Villiers, making camp in the evening, saw a canoe gliding downstream near the opposite shore. There was something about the single occupant that identified him as a white man. Villiers lifted his voice in a friendly hail. There was the least suspicion of a break in the rhythmic sweep of the stranger's paddling, but the canoe veered close to the far shore and was lost to view in the gathering dusk.

"He grows deaf," Villiers said. "But no—he heard my hail. Why did he not put in? Could it have been another?"

Three days later he reached a small camp of Nahané Indians.

"Was the white man who came down river some days back the same one who has followed down behind the break-up of the ice on so many springs?" Villiers inquired of them.

The natives shrugged their inability to do more than conjecture. It seemed probable, one man volunteered; for the canoe had held close under the far shore and the occupant answered no hails, as was the custom of the one of whom Villiers spoke. The native crossed himself. The meaning of the gesture he did not know, except that it had been imported by some member of the Nahané clan who had made a pilgrimage to trade with the white men on the Mackenzie and that it brewed much magic to placate harmful spirits. And it might be well to make a gesture of placation now, for was it not whispered that this one of whom Villiers spoke was no man at all, but the spirit of the Old Man of the North who lived in the spray of the phantom falls? Older men of the tribe said that the Old One had first come drifting down river more than forty years before. Sometimes he would not appear for years. Then would come a spring when his canoe was seen gliding again down river behind the break-up of the ice, the lone paddler silent as the grave. One old witch woman of the Nahané had said that she could see through the paddler, that his shape was not of flesh and blood but of vapor—spray, no doubt, from the phantom falls. The native crossed himself again. No Nahané would go far up the river upon which the falls were supposed to be, he said. It was not good.

Villiers proceeded far up the Liard and then branched off up a tributary stream that headed against the divide. He met two different families of the vanishing Ikluts, shy as the creatures of the forest. But Villiers was known to them and they remained to converse with him, instead of deserting their tepees and taking to the brush, as they would have done at the approach of any stranger. At last he reached the home range of Klatakan, a very ancient native. The howling of Iklut dogs apprised him of the location of the tepee, set well back from the river, and he sought it. Klatakan and his squaw greeted him warmly.

"Did a white man come this way in the spring?" Villiers inquired.

"In the night," Klatakan informed him. "Following the day that the ice went out."

"Was it the Old One?" Villiers asked.

Klatakan thought not. The Old One had been his friend for many years and would have stopped.

"Could it have been that other—the one who comes from the setting sun to seek the yellow high-grade sand?"

Klatakan doubted that too. This other one came from the west behind his dogs, when the snow was on in the winter, explored the creeks for the yellow sand in the summer months and traveled back into the west again when the snows fell in the fall. Besides, he, too, would have stopped at Klatakan's tepee. Why should he have violated custom doubly? This man who had passed in the night had come from the setting sun behind his dogs in the winter, but he did not intend to return to the west behind them when the snow should fall again.

"And why do you think that?" Villiers asked.

"Because he deserted his dogs, traveling so fast by canoe that they could not keep the pace along the shore, and two of them came back to my camp. No doubt the others starved."

"Perhaps it was some Nahané who had gone up there to trap when the snow was on," Villiers suggested; "and when the ice went out he made a canoe and was returning downstream to his people."

"No. The dogs were of the west, like those that draw the sleigh of the one who comes to look for the yellow sand. What you call those dog?"

"Malemute," Villiers suggested.

"Yes. So they were," Klatakan said.

"How long has this man been coming from the west?" Villiers asked. "And what name does he give himself?"

"He has been coming eight years now," Klatakan informed. "And he is named Laverne."

Villiers knew of Laverne. On the Yukon he was rated as a mysterious character who, in common with old Van Dorn and a few others, made long trips back into this region.

"This man Laverne makes strange medicine," Klatakan added. "He sits and gazes at five little slabs of birch bark upon which there are marks of some sort. And a queer glow creeps into his eyes as if his mind had been touched by the Great Spirit."

"Um-m," said Villiers. "Out toward the setting sun they phrase it differently, but with the same meaning.

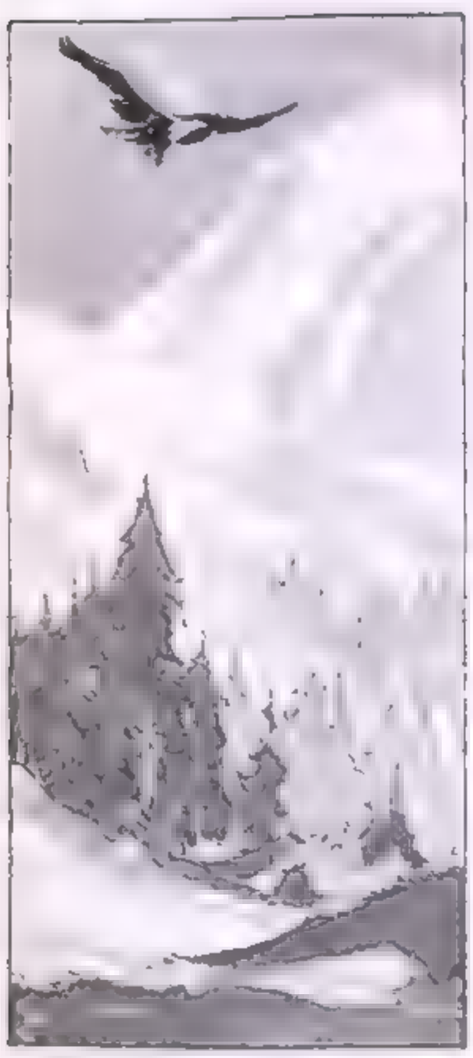
(Continued on Page 58)

At $1385 there's no mistaking Hupmobile as America's closest priced six

Quality in the Hupmobile Six is made as clear-shining to the eye of the beholder as yellow gold in a handful of earth.

For Hupmobile, true to twenty-year-old traditions for value-giving, has deliberately gone further than ever with quality manufacture in this Six.

Hupmobile has raised its standards 10% throughout—put in 10% finer materials and workmanship—and absorbed the extra cost instead of adding it to the purchase price.



Beauty of design, smart colors, handsome finish are the obvious results—and the most casual glance assures one that these are not surface excellences but indications of the extra quality inherent in every part.

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Low-priced rugs *with the special "Accolac" finish*

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs have an enduring lacquer finish called "Accolac"—a finish like that of high-priced cars

YOU know how the expensive lacquer finish on high-priced automobiles keeps its sheen and color despite exposure to the weather. You know how fine lacquered furniture resists the wear and tear of daily use. "Accolac," a special lacquer developed under the Armstrong trademark, gives Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs this wear-resisting finish, a smooth lacquer surface that keeps its luster *even when walked on.*

But Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs are not only new in finish. They are also new in design. Good department and furniture stores are now displaying these latest creations of the designers of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors.

When you see them in the stores, note the new ideas for variety and interest in rug border design alone that these rugs offer. Examine the colors, the careful printing, the waterproofed back, with a critical eye. Then run your hand over the smooth "Accolac" surface. Here are rug beauty that will grace any room, rug quality that will stand the hardest kind of wear.

And all at a price that will tempt even slender purses. Why, the large 9 x 12 ft. size costs no more than you would gladly pay for a fine pair of shoes, a well-made handbag.

Quaker-Felt also comes by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths.

Made by the makers of *Armstrong's Linoleum*

AMERICANA

"WHAT do you make of this, Watson?" items that may be taken from any newspaper from Capetown to Tientsin:

Lindbergh, Charlie, Little Falls, Minnesota, population 5500, 36 miles ENE of Sauk Center, population 3000, the original of Main Street.

Chamberlin, Clarence D., Denison, Iowa, population 3800. Operated tire-repair shop after the war; father the local jeweler.

Consternation at discovering that all an Americano's stock was not in the show windows, quoted from the Washington Post:

"Of all the surprises in my life, this is the greatest," remarked Norman E. Towson, of the Washington Loan & Trust Co. "I remember Lindbergh, or 'Cheese,' as he was called at Friends School, well, but not until this minute have I realized that he is the daring aviator. How is it possible? Cheese was distinctly average, getting along well but not shining in any particular."

Genesis of an obscure citizen of the Republic, gleaned from a forty-six-year-ago item of the Laclede, Missouri—population 649—News:

"John Pershing will take his leave of his home and friends this week for West Point, where he will enter the United States Military Academy. John will make a first-rate, good-looking cadet in Uncle Sam's blue, and we trust that he will ever wear it with honor to himself and the old flag which floats above him. John, here's our hand. May success crown your efforts and long life be yours."

Crude Western humor disclosed in a filler from Iowa City, Iowa, in the Easton, Pennsylvania, Express:

"Harvard met the University of Iowa in a debate here during which the Eastern forensic artists remarked the apparent Western amusement at their New England pronunciation of the word 'laugh.' 'Laugh,' interposed the chairman, 'and the world laughs with you; lawff and you lawff alone.'"

An everyday chronicle of Boobus Americanus from the York, Pennsylvania, Gazette and Daily:

"A former resident of Williamsport, now living in New York state, was here last week to pay three long-forgotten bills. The first merchant to whom he went could not recall the man nor the amount of the bill. The stranger paid him $22, the merchant refusing to take interest. The stranger then left to find two other merchants to whom he owed small sums of twenty-two-years standing."

The celebrated leaden feet of American justice incites the editorial comment of the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

"Don R. Mellett told the world in words that sizzled with conviction that in Canton an alliance existed between the police and the underworld. He was murdered for his courage on July sixteenth. The motive was obvious enough, but the assassins had covered their tracks so well apparently that detection and conviction seemed hopeless.

"Ten months after the crime the score stands something like this:

"Floyd Streitenberger convicted of murder in the first degree with a sentence of life imprisonment.

"Pat McDermott, same sentence.

"Ben Rudner, convicted of second-degree murder with life imprisonment.

"Louis Mazer, indicted for first-degree murder, turned state's evidence, and is to be given a less severe sentence, it is presumed.

"Seranus A. Lengel, former chief of police, indicted for first-degree murder, not yet tried.

"Ben Nadel in prison for harboring the felon, McDermott.

"Dan Pfaff in prison for violation of the national prohibition law, incidental to the murder case.

"Complete shake-up in the Canton police department.

"And this may not be all."

Crumbs from Dives' table picked up by the Los Angeles Times:

"Henry E. Huntington on his death Monday left to the public, under an arrangement made some years ago, the greatest private library ever assembled in the history of the world, and one that, in respect to items of the very first importance, is a match for many famous public collections. His art collection, almost as fabulous, also becomes public property. Both are housed in a beautiful building at San Marino and are to be made ever more valuable by the $8,000,000 endowment provided by the donor. The Huntington book collection is an assemblage into one group of at least half a dozen libraries of the first rank—libraries so important, in fact, that the mere duplicates found in the process of coördinating have sold for more than $500,000."

Interesting by-product of the hound dog in the Tar Heel State as revealed by the Greensboro, North Carolina, News:

"Since the county board of education of Guilford County agreed to give the public library the full amount of the dog tax, the library authorities have bought and equipped a truck as a traveling library, supplementing the deposit stations already established throughout the county by a service which takes the books to the people in their homes. From the first the success has been phenomenal. Each week the circulation has grown. The story of the truck has spread over the South and as the first six months' period has expired, statistics show a circulation of 27,913 books and 3400 borrowers."

Stubborn persistence of the Victorian Era brought to light by the Asheville, North Carolina, Citizen:

"Col. Virgil Stuart Lusk, the oldest active lawyer in North Carolina, went about his accustomed work on his ninety-first birthday. He was up at 5 A.M. working in his garden. By nine o'clock he was at his office preparing two cases. He was hale, hearty and spry.

"'Good behavior, sir,' said the colonel; 'that's the best recipe for long life—good behavior and hard work.'"

Hopeless provincialism of the Kansas peasantry as reported by the St. Louis Post-Despatch:

"The 'Southwestern College on Wheels,' a cousin of the 'University Afloat,' will set out from Winfield, Kansas, July 9 to visit twenty-two states and two provinces of Canada. A 24-passenger parlor bus and four 7-passenger motor cars will provide transportation. The students will camp, using pup tents and air mattresses. Forty-five boys from five Middle Western states will make up the party, which will be conducted by Dr. William M. Goldsmith, head of the biology department of Southwestern College, Winfield. Special attention will be given to the nation's three great museums and to the battlefields and shrines of American history."

The drabness of life on the steppes of Kansas as chronicled by the Yates Center, Kansas—population 2500—News:

"Mr. and Mrs. Marion L. Sloan flew up from Billings, Oklahoma [population 846] Tuesday afternoon to visit Mrs. Sloan's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Burke, of Liberty township. Mr. and Mrs. Sloan were married last Sunday evening and came up in their airplane on their wedding trip."

Bucolic diversions of the steer stuffers of the McNary-Haugen littoral revealed by the Drovers Journal, Chicago:

"The farmers' polo team of West Branch lost an exciting game with the Moose lodge players from Iowa City, 8 to 2, in one of the feature events of the annual community day at West Branch, Iowa, attended by 4000 town and country folk from three counties. Polo has become a popular sport at West Branch and the farmers' team plays several games during the season, taking some of the horses from the field for the contests. Another event on the program was a chariot race. The chariots were fabricated from junked flivvers, the automobile bodies being reversed and mounted on disk wheels. They were painted bright reds and greens, and for added realism, the drivers wore tunics and headbands."

Reluctant confession wrung from the incredulous New Yorker:

"Sometimes it is almost possible to be optimistic about humanity. The telephone switchboard of every newspaper in New York on May ninth was busy all day long answering inquiries. About Mrs. Snyder whose fate was to be decided that day by a jury? Oh, no! About Nungesser and Coli. There were 223 inquiries made of the New York Times that day about Mrs. Snyder and 3345 about Nungesser and Coli."

Signal instance of the decay of the American spirit as discovered in the faubourgs of Long Island by the New York World:

"John Dollard, Jr., of Far Rockaway, is eighteen years old. Four years ago he was hurt by a train and his feet and the lower portion of his legs had to be amputated. Working with artificial legs, young Dollard goes to school like the rest of the boys, and in a recent baseball game which was going against his school team he was called in as relief pitcher and pulled off a victory for his nine. It is a cheering illustration of the way in which the prospects of the maimed for enjoying life like their more fortunate brothers have improved of late. A generation ago a boy handicapped as Dollard is would have been doomed, quite as much by general feeling as by his hurts, to a sedentary life."

Further proof of the same from the same unimpeachable source:

"Although a few years ago only broom making, basket weaving and a few other primitive labors were open to the blind, a survey just completed by the New York Association for the Blind indicates that nearly every phase of human endeavor now gives employment to blind men and women. They lately have begun to sell insurance, earning from $2500 to $10,000 a year in investigated instances. More than thirty-five blind men are selling insurance for one firm. Insurance companies in New York are encouraging this new venture and rate books in Braille raised type recently have been printed for the use of blind salesmen."

Conduct of six Americanos as described in an official citation of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., awarding the Theodore N. Vail medal and cash prizes:

"Mrs. Iva May Spradley, telephone operator, Tennyson, Indiana: Sticking to her post, although the building was afire, Mrs. Spradley gave the warnings and sent out calls for help that probably saved Tennyson from destruction by fire the afternoon of July 19, 1926. With the assistance of a former telephone-company employe she carried a large magneto wall-telephone set to the outskirts and there made temporary connection with a toll circuit leading to Boonville and reëstablished communication within ten minutes after she was driven from her board.

"Benjamin Franklin Hadley, telephone manager, Hadley, Michigan: Thwarted the escape of bank robbers by the ingenious use of an emergency circuit after the robbers had cut all lines. Turning the switchboard over to his wife, he seized rifle and shotgun and helped form the posse that pursued and captured the robbers after a running fight. The money was recovered.

"Oscar T. Koon, section lineman, West Palm Beach, Florida: With the wind still blowing 100 miles an hour, he set out from the stricken city of Miami to cover the line to the North. He reached West Palm Beach, 68 miles distant, after traveling for fourteen hours by motor and on foot over roads strewn with débris and covered by water. The restoration of communication in which he was instrumental played an important part in mobilizing relief for the Miami district.

"Clayton T. Plumstead, Henry R. Horn and Howard T. Wyckoff, wire chief and repairmen, Dover, New Jersey: Braving danger of exploding shells and devastation comparable only to No Man's Land, but without the protection of trenches or steel helmets, these three in complete disregard of their own safety, restored communication on the naval reservation at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, after the tremendous munitions explosion last summer."

Yankee sharp practice in the David Harum country as uncovered in a Rochester message to the Washington Star:

"Dr. Harry Walter, who lost his home, instruments, library and medical supplies in the Mississippi flood, will receive at his temporary home in Louisville, Kentucky, next week a full set of sterling silver surgical and medical instruments, 116 glass tubes of medicaments, 300 bottles of disinfectants and a supply of gauze and cotton, the gift of former patients in Rochester. Doctor Walter formerly practiced here, and when Frank Jones, a nurse, heard of the doctor's losses he spread the news among former patients."

Unexplained social phenomenon observed in the remoter fastness of the Republic by the Oklahoma City Oklahoman:

"More than $2000 had been raised in Arkansas City, Kansas, for festivities to mark the opening of the new concrete bridge across the Arkansas River there. It was to have been a big event for them, in as much as the bridge opened a new trade territory in Northern Oklahoma. Speeches of two governors, a representative of the Santa Fe Railroad and a big barbecue were part of the program. Then came the call of the Red Cross for funds to relieve

(Continued on Page 148)

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October 1, 1927

NOSTALGIA

(Continued from Page 7)

probable annulment of the marriage; which never came to pass, however. The pair continued to go their way, spectacularly and indifferently. Socially in great demand, together yet never together, companions in pleasure and presently in business ventures, courteous and friendly with each other, under the constant speculative surveillance of the public eye—a horrid existence, thought Emily with a sudden sharp yearning for her own husband. She wondered why they did not end it, separate for good and all.

She encountered the principessa the first evening at the Casino, where she herself had gone to dance with Etcheverray. The Milanese recognized her at once and took her hand in a strong, nervous clasp. Like many Italians of her class, she affected the English speech and manner:

"What? Archibald Weldon's little white camellia? And still fragrant? It is good to see you again. In fact, I came to the *pays Basque* for that purpose. Oh, yes, it is the truth; I always speak the truth. One has heard of you, my dear; one has been glad to hear that your wretch of a father—but what a charming old wretch it was!—never succeeded in making you what I think you are not. I told him he would not succeed. I said to him, 'There is something innately decent there, as with so many American women; something delicate, discriminating, which will not easily content itself with sham—as we others must, who are more blasé.' He did not understand, of course—the charming Archibald. He said with hauteur, 'Naturally, my daughter will not accept sham. I have brought her up most carefully; she inherits, I hope, no vulgar tastes'—never knowing, poor dear, how vulgar he was himself."

"As I recall," said Emily dryly, for the defense, "my father's taste was not always vulgar, principessa."

"You mean—me?" said the other, smiling. "Ah, yes, we had our little flurry, old Archibald and I. How anxious the plump divorcee was whom he had engaged himself to marry! But he was a man of honor, in his way—he went through with it. And how naughty of you to have noticed, at that age! . . . But you are wrong, my dear; I am often vulgar. All women are, *au fond*, else how support the artificiality of our life?" She pressed Emily's hand. "Let us at least be friends, you and I, in memory of your father, who adored me—for a month. I could make you, too, adore me if I wished, but I do not wish; I prefer that you shall like me. Presently I shall want you to do something for me, probably—I always want people to do things for me—but not yet. We shall be becoming to each other, shall we not?—you so blond and cool and detached, I so dark and haggard and violent. Let us become inseparable as two schoolgirls and tell each other everything."

"Well, to begin," smiled Emily, steeling herself against the other's somewhat practiced charm, "tell me what it is you want of me, principessa."

"Giulia to you—always Giulia. M'm-m-m—shall I tell? Or shall I leave your intelligent little pretty head to find me out, eh? That will be better. . . . So, there are babies," she said with the abrupt change of subject Emily was to find characteristic. "How delightful! Fat ones, I hope? Two of them already—and dozens of others yet to come?"

Emily uttered a rather startled disclaimer: "Hardly dozens, I think." And she asked in turn whether her new friend was fond of babies. She did not seem the sort of woman to cherish maternal sentiments.

"Frankly, no. I detest infants of the mewling and puking stage. They do not interest me until they develop minds instead of appetites; I find them disgusting, even. What I meant was, how delightful to have a man who wishes you to have children for him," she explained with some candor, and broke off as the Comte des Luynes came across the room toward them with a young Russian, who had no eyes for Emily at all, but gazed at Donna Giulia as a hungry dog gazes at a bone.

"That," said the latter in a casual undertone, "is my latest *flirt;* what do you think of him? Not bad, eh? A fine straight back and good legs. If only he would not wear his hair *en brosse*, so like an impassioned Fascist. . . . The other is yours, I suppose. A charming fellow, Des Luynes, but rather staid for you, after Esteban Urruty. You see, I have known them both."

Emily was helplessly laughing as Des Luynes took her out on the floor. "For once I am glad you are you, and not Esteban, dear Tubal," she said. "What my husband is going to think of my new friend Giulia gives me pause."

Etcheverray was silent. There was a quality in his silence which caused her to look up at him, and to recall suddenly Suzanne's remark that the principessa claimed Esteban as one of her old friends.

"Oho! Perhaps he thinks rather well of her already," she murmured. "So that is what she wants of me—Esteban?" Doubtless the principessa, like her stepmother, had decided that it was time for the honeymoon to be over. Emily smiled—a confident, thoughtful little smile.

"You may as well tell me, Tubal; did Esteban really see much of her?"

He answered rather cautiously, "She has been coming to this coast for several years, and usually at the time of the haying."

"To meet Esteban? Well, well! Much good it seems to have done her!" cried Esteban's wife with spirit.

Etcheverray looked relieved. "As you know, a man who is not yet ready to marry often safeguards himself by attentions to the wives of others."

Emily nodded. "But not my man," she thought proudly, "not my man!" True, this was Europe, but Esteban was not entirely of Europe; he belonged to a people who live like children, simply and sturdily, with little need of priests or even of conventions to remind them of their principles. Had Esteban misbehaved himself—or, for that matter, Esteban's father or his grandfather—undoubtedly old Léocadie would have punished him suitably and sent him off to bed without his supper. . . . She also remembered irrelevantly, not without comfort, that by this time the principessa must be nearing forty.

If the look of Biarritz at what the English so naïvely call the foreign season was different from Emily's earlier experience, the taste of it was even more so. Her marriage with a European made her free of a society upon which she and her father had been wont to touch without quite entering. She learned that there were people living along the Côte d'Argent—so called from the silver wreaths of spray which cast themselves continually along that shore—for whom hotels did not exist; nor tourists, nor even permanent expatriates.

These people, who had their seasons for appearing and disappearing like migratory birds, all seemed to be on intimate and most cordial terms with her friend Etcheverray, whom they treated with a deference which pleased and surprised Emily very much.

In what other purely pleasure-seeking circle of society, she wondered, would a shabby, absent-minded littérateur be accorded such evident appreciation?

Esteban, also, they apparently knew well, and for his sake made Emily one of them, admitting her without question to the discreet and none the less lively gayety of the life in their secluded villas and summer palaces; while Suzanne, from the background, looked on rather wistfully, but not grudgingly.

"Armand says it's quite wonderful, dear, the way you've ceased to be merely a pretty American and have become somebody," she remarked once. "It's not entirely the Urruty money, either, for all these people have coal mines or sardine fisheries or something of the sort nowadays; and anyway, money doesn't seem to count so much here somehow as it does at home or in Paris. But your father was like that, too—only the best was good enough for him, though heaven knows he couldn't afford it! He could always make friends with a prince as easily as with a tailor—even more easily." She gave a reminiscent sigh. "I used to wonder how he did it."

"There's something," commented his daughter quietly, "in having been born a gentleman, even if one doesn't quite keep it up."

Giulia de Trastavare made up for any incivility to the Duvals, however, by her attentions to their guest—attentions so marked as to be embarrassing. The principessa sought Emily's company at all hours and was constantly to be seen about the hotel, very much to Duval's gratification; a striking figure in her white flying costume of short Norfolk jacket, putties and leg-of-mutton trousers, which she wore habitually, quite careless of public opinion.

She would make no engagements without her "adorable little Urruty." She even gave up her flying temporarily because Emily, in response to an enthusiastic letter on the pleasures of Biarritz, had received from Esteban the laconic telegram: "Forbid you to enter aeroplane unless I am with you."

The principessa laughed aloud over this martial rejoinder.

"Oho, there is a man who knows how to give an order! *E tutti quanti*—no more flying!"

Emily remarked that it was one thing to give an order and another to have it obeyed. "This commanding husband of mine must learn his lesson. When will you take me up, Giulia?"

The other looked at her gravely. "What? You would disobey him? Ah, my dear, I should not do that! Surely you would not wish to have a husband who could not command you! At any rate, expect no such naughty encouragement from me; I know better. So then the poor Oie Blanche remains for a while neglected in its hangar. But never fear, we shall manage to amuse ourselves quite well without flying until this *exigeant* Esteban returns. Which, I fancy, will be soon," she added slyly. "Meanwhile my own husband arrives tonight. You remember Mario? No? But you will! Few women forget Mario. With him and my impassioned Mikhail—who, between ourselves, begins to grow tiresome alone—we shall make a little *parti carré* upon whose hands the time does not hang too heavily. Unless, of course, you are committed with your dragon Etcheverray."

Emily denied, laughing, that she was in any way committed with her dragon Etcheverray; the sheer outrageousness of the older woman often reduced her to helpless laughter.

"That is well," said Giulia approvingly. "It is a romantic figure enough, with those haunted eyes and the touch of gray in the hair above that bronzed and noble face. But too noble for our purposes, *cara mia*, and too old."

"Etcheverray," commented Emily dryly, "will never care for another woman, I think. He has been in love since boyhood with Pilar de Maytie."

"Of course, a classic affair," recalled the other. "But the devastating De Maytie is now dead, and you cannot tell me the man is a ghoul, to be in love with the dead. With those eyes? Ah, no! He is now in love with you," she went on quite calmly. "That is evident; but since he is of so romantic a gesture, he will conquer this unworthy *tendresse* for his friend's wife."

"Stop, Giulia! Do stop!" said Emily, for once only half amused. "Is nothing sacred to you? Tubal is an elder brother in our house, an uncle to the younger ones—our dearest friend, our neighbor! Can you imagine nothing in life except love and love making?"

"What else is there in life?" shrugged the other somberly.

There were times when the sardonic intensity of the woman almost frightened Emily; there was more than a hint of diabolism in the subtle Da Vinci smile despite its curious sweetness. One understood why she was called the most dangerous woman in Europe.

But she was as good as her word in the matter of the promised amusement; she had a restless genius for organization. There began a series of gayeties which transported Emily back into a recent past she had nearly forgotten—had been most willing to forget so long as Esteban was at hand to fold her in the warm enveloping cloak of the present.

"We must make the most of our little white Emily while we have her," the principessa would adjure her followers. "For the doting husband soon appears, and then—no more of her! The two will retire at once to their doves' aerie in the Hautes-Pyrs, whence nothing will emerge to us here below save the faint continuous echo of cooing."

Emily laughed with the others at this graphic description of a domestic reunion; nevertheless, her knees went weak and her heart pounded at the thought of Esteban's return. They would be off, indeed, to their doves' aerie! Surely he must come soon. She had no intention of putting her simple peasant gentleman to the test of comparison with these ever-wise men and women, none of whom was fit to tie the laces of his *espadrilles*. But still he lingered.

The fortnight, packed as it was with movement and excitement and adventure, seemed the longest Emily could remember; neither dull nor unhappy, only long. Each night she went with relief up to her rooms, where drowsy Bette waked to play maid to her.

That was to her the pleasantest moment of the day. There would be talk of the baby people at home, of news from the hacienda, and from Esteban—rare enough, the latter, for he corresponded with his wife chiefly by wire from whatever port he touched. Bette would tell her what progress she had made that day in swimming; and of how she was assisting Monsieur Tubal to arrange his notes for the new work—"It is astonishing how helpless are all men, *n'est-ce pas?*"—and of how she had made friends of some little children on the beach, with their *bonne*—"But not such children as ours, *belle-sœur! Je pense que non!* There are no such children as ours!" And Emily would ask with some compunction whether she was really enjoying herself.

"It is like heaven here," Bette once replied solemnly—somewhat to the older girl's amusement, for it seemed to her that Biarritz was like almost anything else rather than heaven—"the smell of the sea, and the great rollers coming in all the way from your America, and everybody so gay, and at night always the dancing." For Bette had her racial passion for the dance, and Emily saw to it that for an hour or two each evening the little girl did not lack for partners.

Prince Trastavare, for all his distinction was a simple, quiet-spoken Sienese, with singularly steady eyes, gray in a dark face; the alert look of the airman accustomed to constant danger. Emily recalled the famous ace as part of the background of her girlhood—to do her justice, married men had usually been mere background to Emily; she did not as a rule poach on other women's preserves. But Trastavare began now to emerge as a definite if elusive personality. In his very elusiveness lay his charm. The Emily of other days might

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Our Weekly Letter

BARBARA KENT
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President

(To be continued next week)

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have found his indifference to women piquant and set herself to overcome it—an indifference which masked itself under an air of extreme interest, of appreciative readiness to do whatever was expected of him. She was not fooled by it, but she found it rather comfortable, this *saintg indifference*, which she recognized from experience with the Comte des Luynes, with the young son of Pilar de Maytie. It meant invariably an absorption in something else—Etcheverray in his past, his studies; Jaun-Smeet in his painting. She wondered what the absorption was in the case of Mario de Trastavare; his profession, perhaps? Now that there were for the moment no war laurels to win, he had a way of disappearing suddenly with his plane into far places and returning with a new record for altitude or endurance or other feats of daring.

Yet whatever his absorption was, it seemed to give him little satisfaction. His eyes, when they were not smiling, had a baffled, puzzled look that made all women wish to comfort him. Many had tried, indeed, with slight success.

Emily was frequently attracted by aviators. They had a certain gallant appeal for her, such as the crusaders might have had—these knights of high adventure, these solitary wayfarers of the sky; she rather suspected them of being supermen.

"As they too frequently are," replied her friend Des Luynes to this suggestion. "That is their misfortune. They become—how shall I say?—*lointain*. A perspective on life is good, but they get perhaps too much perspective. Men become to them not as trees walking but as ants crawling."

"And women?" asked Emily thoughtfully.

The other gave his little questioning shrug. "Women they regard, I dare say, as bombs bursting in air, which naturally they avoid. However"—he smiled at her quizzically—"if you must have your little adventure in Esteban's absence, Trastavare is your affair. I resign in his favor. It is quite evident he does not regard you as a bursting bomb."

"He suspects, perhaps," laughed Emily, "that I am already a dud. I am, you know. But you won't betray me, Tubal?"

"*Jamais de la vie*," replied her neighbor seriously. "We fellow duds must rally to the support of each other."

The prince, as Etcheverray had intimated, was more than ready not only to play the game but to play it very nicely. He always said the right things, and looked them; he never made love to her except in public; he took no liberties, while restraining with apparent effort a desire to do so; he was, in other words, a perfect fourth for any *parti carré*. He not only danced the little aister willingly about—Emily had discovered in him, as in other very brave men, a tender-heartedness that amounted almost to sentimentality—but he kept Emily herself quite romantically supplied with flowers; usually rosebuds of a waxen pinkish-yellow type, deliciously fragrant, which Donna Giulia recognized with interest.

"What? The *rose d'or?* Then he is intrigued!" she cried, with every appearance of satisfaction. "You may count upon it, *cara mia*. He never sends the golden roses from his mother's greenhouses unless he is seriously *épris*. Mario is yours!" And she increased her efforts to throw the two together.

Emily found herself puzzled. Was it possible for any woman to become thus genuinely indifferent to her husband's attentions to another—if only for the sake of appearances? Had she no jealousy whatever? Or was this jealousy itself, camouflaging under good sportsmanship? She finally decided that her friend Giulia had her own reasons—possibly the Russian—for wishing to keep her husband in an uncritical humor by an offering up of consolation prizes.

She accepted demurely therefore the prince and his *roses d'or;* permitted him to isolate her frequently in corners, where they sat looking raptly into each other's eyes and discussed the affairs of nations, and particularly the bringing up of little boys; and by degrees came to a very pleasant understanding of each other.

"May I be permitted to say," he murmured on one occasion, glancing with approval at his golden rosebuds worn in the bosom of a soft white gown, "that you are quite the prettiest pretty lady, *cara signora*, I have ever been privileged to adore?"

"And pretty ladies, *caro signor*, mean about as much in your life as that!" smiled Emily, snapping her fingers under his nose. He kissed them, as in duty bound.

"Ah, you wrong me! If there must be women, let them by all means be pretty ones; and young and blond and—in love with their own husbands."

"Which saves you effort, prince?"

He bowed. "Which saves one trouble, truly."

Trastavare having discovered from Bette, who took such things very seriously, the day of Emily's nativity wished to celebrate it with a party at one of their favorite seashore pavilions, where the *bouillabaisse* and the American jazz orchestra were equally famous that season. For the occasion she ordered a new dress from one of the little Paris shops along the *plage*—a wisp of gold-colored tulle over rose, to match the prince's roses.

But she could not take the interest in it such a costume deserved, because Esteban had forgotten her birthday. Not a word had come from him; neither letter, gift nor even the usual laconic telegram in which he assured her that he was well and happy and that he still loved her.

Bette, however, furnished enthusiasm for two. She was an especially invited guest at the prince's party—her first, and for the occasion she had a frock of frilled silk, with slippers made to match, which she regarded almost worshipfully. But her own appearance was as nothing to her compared with that of Emily.

"You look," she said in solemn ecstasy, "like an angel just stepped out from a picture of heaven, wrapped in a little sunset cloud."

"A very little sunset cloud, darling—and I doubt," murmured Emily, "whether any angel from heaven ever showed quite so much gold-silk leg or such a frank *décolletage* at the back. Really, there seems to be nothing left above where the waistline used to be, does there? Perhaps a string of pearls, hanging down behind, might help."

At that moment the door burst open and in strode Esteban. The tulle sunset cloud became a wreck and over the floor rolled several thousand dollars' worth of pearls unloosed from their string by the ardor of his homecoming. Emily was almost frightened by it.

"Darling, darling, don't be so fierce!" she whispered, clinging to him. "Yes, I'm here; it's really me! Why shouldn't it be?"

"I could not stay longer, no matter what he said. I dared not," muttered Esteban tensely. "Weeks I have been away from you, months gone forever out of our lives."

"Three weeks and two days, to be exact," Emily corrected, laughing but tremulous. "What 'he'? Who dared to keep you away from me? Not 'Nacio?"

"Ah, no! 'Nacio has gone fishing in Scotland with my American friends; he has forgotten there ever was a woman in the world. It was Tubal who wrote me that I must stay away; I must not be a spoil-sport; I must give you every opportunity to see the world again—your world. But three weeks is opportunity enough for anyone to see the world."

"Too much opportunity, darling. What does he know about it, that foolish old bachelor?" she cried indignantly. "Promise me—promise me you will never leave me again!"

The voice of Bette was heard through the keyhole, discreetly reminding them that the hour grew late.

"What of it?" asked Emily dreamily—and suddenly remembered. "My word, the prince's dinner! Trastavare was giving me a birthday party tonight!"

"So Giulia wrote to me," murmured Esteban, his lips against hers. "I wished to arrive in time for it."

A queer little electric shock ran through her joy. "Giulia? She wrote to you?"

"Oh, yes, she often writes to me; women seem to have always so much time for letters," he said carelessly. And Emily had believed she knew his every act, his innermost thought! "It is too late to dine with them tonight, however." His lips sought hers again and found them, but the shock remained.

"You seem to have been carrying on quite a correspondence during your travels with everyone except me!" She tried to say it lightly.

His head hung, in a funny boyish way he had when ashamed. "Do not scold me, *gatchutcha;* letters I cannot write. I can plow my field with the best, I can bring a boat through a squall, no horse has ever mastered me, but letters I cannot write. What does one find to say in letters?"

Emily took some comfort in the thought that his correspondence with the principessa had probably taken the form of telegrams, but still the shock remained. "Esteban"—she pushed him gently from her—"I suppose I shall have to ask you something, soon or late, and I may as well ask it now. Were you and Giulia—did you ever have an affair with the Principessa de Trastavare?"

"Tchk! She told you that?" He shook his head with annoyance. "It is strange how women like to boast of such things to one another!"

Emily gave a sigh of relief. "Then she lied?"

He answered without hesitation, "But no, certainly not, my heart! Giulia never lies; she is a quite honest woman; which is one of the reasons men find her pleasing. Do you not find her so yourself? She wrote me that you did."

Emily adjured herself not to be a fool; these things were, men were only men, and Esteban like the rest—what of it? But she could not conceal the slight shudder with which she turned away from him. He followed anxiously.

"What have you, my heart? You are not vexed with me? Ah, surely not because Donna Giulia sometimes writes to me! She was fond of me once, and she is grateful. I have had occasion to do her some little service recently." He hesitated, and then added with evident reluctance: "She needed money, Emily. Their affairs became involved; it was necessary to have capital in order to procure the agency for the aeroplanes. You see?"

Emily turned to him eagerly. So it was only money the woman wanted of him! "But you—you weren't fond of her, darling?"

"Most certainly I was!" he said with a surprised laugh. "I was deeply enamored, and also flattered. For a younger man, the companionship of a woman like that, one of the most charming in Europe ——"

"Never mind, Esteban, I know exactly what you are going to say," she interrupted wearily. "I have heard my father say that sort of thing, too: 'For a young man, the companionship of a woman like Giulia de Trastavare is a liberal education.' And so it is, my dear—too liberal."

Her husband frowned. "No, I was not going to say that; though your father was quite right. I did not in the least regard Donna Giulia as an education; nothing so dull. But how does this concern you, Emily? It was before I knew you, naturally; before I was a married man."

"'*Eschaldene fededen*,'" she repeated bitterly—"Basque and faithful!"

"But," he cried with some impatience, "how could I be faithful to a wife I did not yet know?"

She said in a low voice, "You could at least have told me."

His frown deepened. "Men do not boast of these things, as women do. Come, come,

(Continued on Page 40)

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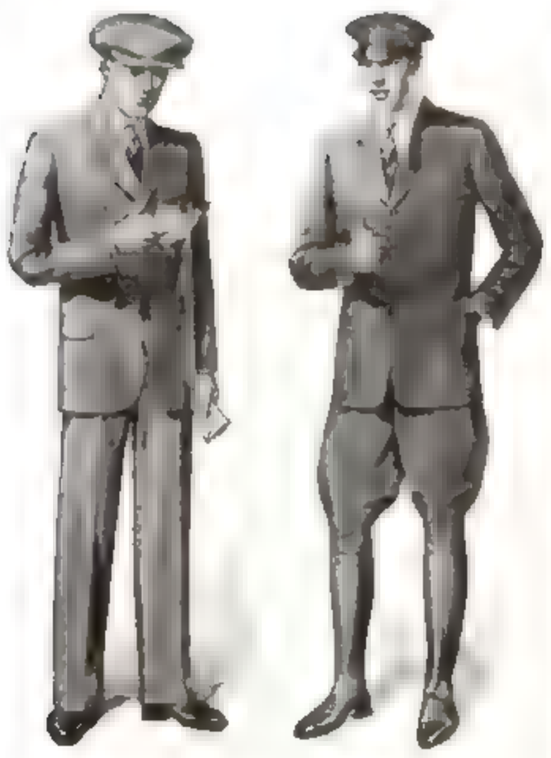

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(Continued from Page 38)

gatchuicha, are you not making yourself just a little foolish?"

No woman of spirit likes to be told that she is making herself foolish, particularly if it is true, and they were on their way to a very promising quarrel—their first—when the voice of Bette was again heard anxiously at the door: "Three times Anatole has come to remind us that the car is ready, 'Steban; and now the principe himself is on the wire to ask why does not Emily come to her feast-day party."

"Tell Prince Trastavare that my wife is otherwise engaged," said Esteban shortly. "Explain to him that her husband has returned and will require her company for this evening."

"Nonsense!" said Emily, flushing at a sudden memory of Giulia's merciless gibing about the turtledoves. "Tell him we shall all three be there as soon as possible, to apologize for our tardiness in person. Certainly we shall, Esteban dear! We are out in the world, remember, no longer hibernating in our Garden of Eden. And poor little Bette must not be disappointed of her first party. Come, help me into another dress—this one is a hopeless loss—and then hurry into some evening clothes yourself, there's a dear! Besides," she added against her better judgment, "you will have a good opportunity to talk with your old friend Giulia."

"Quite true," he said imperturbably, "though that opportunity I should make in any case."

Suddenly he kissed her, and she returned the kiss, clutching at him. It might have been better had they laughed together.

Not until he had gone to his own room did she discover the birthday gift he had left on her dressing table—an exquisite miniature of her two babies' heads, which he had brought to her from Paris.

Emily had been out in the world with her peasant gentleman before, of course; their prolonged honeymoon had taken them together to many of her old haunts, where they met old friends, both hers and his; but always together, a complete entity of two, blissfully independent of people about them. Now for the first time she found herself looking at her husband critically, from the viewpoint of other women—of Giulia de Trastavare.

She found him quite the handsomest figure in a company of Continentals, whose men do not regard masculine physical beauty as a thing to be deprecated. He wore with distinction the becoming white evening dress of the tropics. The black faja sash used in place of a waistcoat outlined a waist as slender as that of a modern woman; he moved with the light, unconscious grace of the athlete. There was something in the carriage of his sleek, dark head, the cut of the arched nostril, the jutting nose, the long, strongly marked brows over eyes of liquid black fire, which must have thrilled her, beauty lover that she was, if she had never loved the man. Esteban's appearance quite put her into the shade; the men made as much fuss of him as the women.

"*Per Dio,*" she overheard an explosive Portuguese remark to the Comte des Luynes beside him, "but that is the most beautiful physique I have seen outside of galleries! What is the boy—a matador, a wrestler, a dancer?"

"All three," replied Etcheverray, "and sailor and *pelotari* as well. That is Urruty. We do not have many like him, even in our hills. It is a perfect throwback to the Cro-Magnon," he went on absently, mounting his hobby, somewhat to the alarm of the Portuguese. "The Magdalenian Cro-Magnon, you know, the finest race type known to us, and unspoiled by mingling with lesser Iberian races. He is also my very close friend and neighbor, sennor."

"Ah, I congratulate you," said the Portuguese sincerely; and Emily smiled, partly in pleasure, partly in amusement. She never accustomed herself to the artless enthusiasm of European men over one another's beauty.

Esteban accepted all this acclaim of welcome with the same sang-froid as he was accustomed to accept the cheering at the *pelota* court, making his slight grave bow here and there, offering his formal little compliments in return. He had in marked degree the racial characteristic of dignity. Emily blushed to recall that she had been a little afraid for him in the company of more worldly people. His manner with the principessa was perfect, a pleasant combination of old acquaintance with new deference, as if his own married state caused him to regard all wives with especial respect. She was the only woman present whose hand he kissed, however—as lightly and casually as Des Luynes himself. And during dinner they talked together almost exclusively, to the glowering jealousy of the Russian on the other side of Giulia.

Afterward the principessa came over to Emily and embraced her with enthusiasm. "But how delicious he is, our Esteban! I had forgotten. And you have taught him much, you clever one. You have taught him at last how to talk to a woman, how to say the things she likes best to hear."

"Have I?" smiled Emily, with dry lips. "I think you must have taught him some of that yourself, dear Giulia."

"Ah, never! I teach them nothing; it is they who teach me. And with me Esteban was always silent, serious, a man of action rather than of words. But of course you know that!" Yes, Emily knew that. She was careful not to wince over it. "I find myself even more intrigued with him than before," went on the principessa candidly. "He quite stirs me. Now we shall be a *parti carré* indeed—you with Mario, who begins to adore you. Did I not see him pressing your foot during dinner?"—She had not—"And I with Esteban—could there be anything more congenial?"

"But," demurred Emily, bearing up gallantly, "what shall you do with poor Mikhail, Giulia? He will certainly put poison in your tea if you drop him for Esteban."

"Pooh, that one!" The principessa dismissed her former *flirt* with a careless wave. "He must go away now. He grows tiresome. But have you ever seen anything more positively moving than the dark, clear smoothness of Esteban's cheek when a blush of color stirs beneath it?" Emily confessed with sincerity that she never had.

There began a curious little interplay and byplay of personalities; in which Emily, according to her nature, seemed to be both audience and participant. She and Esteban were rarely apart, yet rarely together; always other people interwove themselves into the pattern of their days, more or less welcomely. For though she loved her husband more intensely, and perhaps more consciously, than she had ever done, some strange new perversity made it impossible for her to let him know it. Something had come between them, intangible and persistent as the filaments of a cobweb. Both were aware of it. More than once she caught Esteban's glance resting on her, puzzled, troubled, and instead of running into his arms for reassurance, she would blow him an airy kiss perhaps, or make a droll little *moue* at him, or turn to Prince Trastavare, usually at her side, and give him the lingering smile for which Esteban obviously waited.

Why she did these things Emily could not have told her own mother; she did not know. Was it jealousy? If so, it was an emotion new to her. Surely she could not wish to punish Esteban for having yielded, nor even for yielding again, to a fascination of which she was perfectly aware herself!

For the principessa continued to make herself as charming to Emily as to Esteban—seemed genuinely in want, even in need, of her affection. Often she would send away the men imperiously, to spend a day quite alone with her friend; and Emily, who had never known any woman intimate, found her the most amusing and stimulating of company, with whom no dissimulation of any sort was necessary or possible. The two discussed everything except their two husbands with a candor Emily had not before found possible save with the dying boy Wally, who had seemed slightly apart from the things of earth, living in a little world of his own—a lonely world until Emily had chosen so deliberately to enter it. The thought occurred to her that Giulia de Trastavare, despite the people who inevitably gathered about her everywhere, was moving in a lonely little world of her own.

However, notwithstanding the genuine affection between the two women, the Milanese continued frankly and unmistakably to pay court to Emily's husband, who unmistakably did not object. He did not quite succumb, but he did not object. Emily felt that it was only a question of time before he must succumb.

Watching covertly, she saw why they attracted each other, different as they were in type. They had a certain kinship of candor, of primitive ruthlessness, of tremendous vitality—hers a little restless and feverish now, his calm and steady and vigorous as a sea-wind. Both were oddly alive, sensuous to their finger tips; people, as Etcheverray had once put it, who acted clearly. She could not imagine either of them as passive, patient. They were drawn to each other if only by pure mutual force of motion. Yet Emily did nothing to prevent.

Sometimes she looked strangely at the reflection in her mirror, wondering, "Can this be I?" And was it really Esteban, her love, her husband, who was slipping away before her eyes into the subtle toils of another woman?

She would have liked to discuss it with Etcheverray, ask the advice of the disinterested neighbor who had forwarded their marriage. But it seemed not quite loyal to discuss her husband's failings, even with his friend; and the remote, absent-minded scholar who had made such a fiasco of his own affairs was hardly the person, after all, to give practical counsel about hers.

Often she would have begged Esteban, had she dared, to take her back to the safety of the *etcheonda*, to her babies and *la madre*, and shy, quizzical Pedro, who knew men, as he knew animals, from living very close to them. But she could not run from a field of battle. No! If she was to keep Esteban now, she must fight for him, not hide him, like some secret treasure, away from envious eyes. And so she began in earnest to fight in the only way she knew.

Prince Trastavare made a good ally, being accustomed to court danger for its own sake. The revised *parti carré* disintegrated into a good many *solitudes à deux*, Emily permitting the prince to take her up in the Oie Blanche frequently, despite a stern protest from her husband.

"Since when have you become timid, Esteban?" she rallied him. "Could anything be safer, even from Mrs. Grundy's standpoint, than flying about *en plein air* with one of the world's most famous aces?" And, indeed, the aeroplane might be regarded as a complete chaperon in itself, she pointed out, what with the relative position of navigator and passenger and the difficulty of conducting any subtle dalliance through the medium of a speaking tube.

"I do not know Madame Grundy, and her point of view does not interest me," said Esteban bluntly. "What I am considering is your neck, Emily. Remember, you are the mother of two children."

"Oh, it is for their sake you have become so solicitous, my dear? Mothers of children can be plucked off every bush, for that matter. But do not worry; Trastavare is interested in my neck also, I believe, for more personal reasons—to say nothing of his own."

It was to Esteban, her lover, her husband, that she talked like this, and could

(Continued on Page 42)

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

No. 11

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Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A						
" other mods.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell					A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" " 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		

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(Continued from Page 40)

not help herself. One comfort about these rather terrifying little excursions into the ether—for she had never cared for flying—was that at least Esteban could not be making them with Giulia, the Trastavari having brought only one of their planes to Biarritz.

What became of the other pair while she and the prince thus disported themselves in high seclusion, she often wondered. Careless questioning resulted only in the information that Esteban spent too much time at the Casino.

"Our grandmother will be angry with 'Steban if he loses money at the *rouge et noir*," said young Bette anxiously. "It was the cards which stole away the property of Monsieur Tubal. Can you not warn him of this?"

"I? I might as well warn the *tramontana*"—which happened that day to be blowing—"that it is in danger of upsetting the bay! Donna Giulia, you see, is also very fond of cards," she added lightly enough.

She had not quite won as yet to the pleasant indifferent friendliness which marked the marital relations of the Trastavari, though she was learning fast. She happened to overhear a passing conversation between the two one day from a terrace on which her window opened:

"Ah, Giulia, my dear, you are enjoying your holiday as usual?"

"Oh, yes, thanks; very much as usual. And you, I hope, Mario? But I begin to bore myself a little with the Russian. He is so tiresomely jealous."

"Youth," said the prince succinctly. "He still takes himself seriously, no doubt. Perhaps you have brought this jealousy on yourself, with too much encouragement."

"Of him, you mean—or of Esteban?"

"Of both, my dear. Driving tandem has its disadvantages."

There was a slight laugh between them. "Perhaps you are right, Mario; thanks for the hint. Cannot you do something to rid me of Mikhail?"

"What would you have me do? Boot him—shoot him? Make at this late date the gesture of the enraged husband?"

"Oh, hardly anything so unnatural!" There was no perceptible edge to her voice. "But it takes one's pleasure away to have the fellow glowering and sulking about."

"Um-m—you have given him his *congé?*"

"Naturally; but the stupid will not take it. He means to see the thing through. Perhaps we others might slip away ourselves—a little cruise or something."

The prince was silent a moment; then he said quietly, "Ah, yes—I will see what can be done, if that is what you want."

"Thanks. I shall do you a good turn myself one of these days. In fact," she added slyly, "I have already done you a good turn, have I not? The little Urruty—is she not exquisite?"

Emily had her scruples, such as they were, and moved hastily out of earshot. But her heart felt very sick and heavy. Was their marriage—hers and Esteban's—to come to such an ugly impasse as this?

The next day her husband remarked to her calmly that he was rather bored with Biarritz and thought of inviting some of their friends to make a little cruise along the coast into the Mediterranean. "Trastavare complains that the flying here is bad because of the Biscay winds. They have quite an aerodrome, you know, on the Côte d'Azur."

"Whom shall you take, besides the prince and Giulia?" she asked with equal calm. It had evidently not occurred to him to consult her wishes.

Only a few others, he told her; a couple or two for cards; and Bette, of course. "And Etcheverray. Tubal wishes to revisit his friend the Neanderthal man in the museum at Nice; also to pursue some investigations at the School of Oceanography at Monaco." Emily raised a surprised eyebrow. She had associated Monaco entirely with Monte Carlo and the gaming tables.

"Which are the more important, naturally," agreed Esteban; "and it will be a relief after the game here. One might as well be playing *mus* or *la manille* at Lastra's cobbler shop." The little Bette, he added, was anticipating with great excitement her first experience of yachting.

Emily smiled faintly; it was not like Esteban to give so many reasons for anything he wished to do. "Giulia's Russian does not go with us, I imagine," she said.

"No," replied Esteban simply. "I dislike Russians. They talk too much."

The principessa had evidently gained her point; the *parti carré* was to continue, uninterrupted by any previous claimants.

Emily made one slight protest: "I had thought it about time to be going home, perhaps—back to the babies. You think your grandmother will not need you?"

The babies and his grandmother would have to do without them a while longer, he replied; while they were out and about, with the yacht already in commission, they might as well enjoy themselves to their fill.

Emily had an inhospitable feeling about the Gathid. She resented the thought of strangers aboard the boat and was deeply hurt that Esteban did not resent it also. The Gathid was peculiarly their home, their ship of dreams during the year of their wanderings, their haven of refuge when the everyday world pressed too close. She loved every gracious line and curve of the little vessel; the long, clean sweep of its deck, the shining brasses of bridge and engine room, the miniature salon fitted out in elaborate Spanish style, the staterooms with their brocaded walls and mirrored doors, all carefully arranged for her comfort while Esteban waited to take her away from Miss Dibbs' little house in St.-Jean-de-Luz. The boat, which had been built by his order and under his personal direction, was a sailing vessel of the clipper type, with emergency engines; small, as yachts go, but remarkably seaworthy. Esteban, always his own captain, shared his pride in the Gathid with the Ciboure sailormen who formed her crew, and whom Emily had come to regard as personal friends.

But now she was to see her husband in still another light; no longer as able seaman, sharing the labors of the little vessel with his men, but as a gracious and evidently quite experienced host, using to the full his racial instinct of hospitality. Entirely without her assistance, he had stocked his larder with the best the market afforded; the chef was an excellent one; the wines had been selected by an expert; there were even flowers growing in boxes along the deck railings and bouquets provided for every woman's breakfast tray. Emily, accustomed as she was to the luxury of other people, was not prepared by the Spartan simplicity of life at the hacienda for Esteban's own talents in this line. Evidently, she thought rather grimly, he intended to make an impression upon the principessa.

Suzanne had bidden her stepdaughter good-by with evident misgivings. "I do wish you were taking almost anybody else on this cruise except those Trastavares. I feel it in my bones something is going to come of it," she said maternally. "Of course I wanted you to give the woman a run for her money—that's what I got you here for, to settle a score or two on account of your poor dear father. But really, precious, if you don't take care, people are going to talk about you and Prince Trastavare."

"Dear me, I hope so," murmured Emily. "One may as well be dead as not be talked about."

"Humph! You say these smart-Aleck things, but I sometimes wonder whether you mean them," remarked her stepmother, not without acumen. "Anyway, you'd better be careful, or Esteban will begin to act up," she advised; reverting, as do all people when really moved, to the language of her youth.

"Not he," said Emily ruefully. "I wish he would act up."

The older woman eyed her sharply. "So that's the idea—rousing his jealousy! Well, it is one way of holding them—for a while," she added thoughtfully. When Suzanne waxed thoughtful Emily usually listened. "But if I were you I'd let sleeping dogs lie. They aren't like our men, or like English, these Europeans. I ought to know, having married both kinds. They are older in their ways, somehow; they don't show their real feelings. But that doesn't mean they haven't got 'em—by no means. Take my Armand, for instance. He wouldn't knock me down, as Blodgett might have done, or snub me till I didn't know whether I was present or not, the way your father knew how to do; but if I were to get Armand really riled, dearie, he'd even up on me in some nasty little way you'd never suspect. They've got claws as well as teeth, these European men, and they don't hesitate to use 'em."

"I hope you are not insinuating that Esteban is a cat man, like your Duval," said Emily with some heat.

"Um-m—more like a tiger man, perhaps. Look at the way he moves, sort of flowing and smooth, as if he could leap up a tree as easily as not! I know I'd hate to have him give me a swipe of the paw."

"Or a bite of the teeth, for that matter?" suggested Emily. "He's got such strong white teeth—the better to eat you with, my dear."

"I'd know how to handle a biting man," replied Suzanne seriously and with confidence. "But take it from me, dearie, don't start anything with Esteban you can't finish; or with Trastavare either. They're different, that's all. My word, I like to see any woman having a good time, of course, and you were pretty badly swamped in domesticity; but I must say you've snapped out of it."

Despite stepmaternal misgivings, the little party on the Gathid made very pleasant sailing, leaving behind them the Côte d'Emeraude and the Côte d'Argent, passing Gibraltar and the high red cliffs of the Spanish Côte Vermeille, and so along the Mediterranean; to anchor presently in a blue, transparent bay off the Côte d'Azur, within easy distance of Nice and Monte Carlo; and also of the Villa Luna, where the Trastavari had what they called their selling field.

This was, as the principessa carelessly explained, a shabby old barn of a place where the Trastavari usually spent their nesting periods, but which they themselves had used very little, until it was discovered that the flat upland vineyards made a promising flying ground. "It is lucky Mario did not sell the property for our debts, as I wished him to do. He makes many sales here during the season now, especially since the rich Argentines have taken possession of the Riviera. They are as bad as the Californians—they will buy anything that costs enough. For myself, life *en villegiatura* bores me; but I think Mario rather enjoys it, pottering about in the gardens, the rose houses, what not. It is from his mother's greenhouses here, by the way, that your golden rosebuds come," Giulia added, smiling companionably at Emily. "I assure you, Mario has never so honored me with his filial sentiments. We keep a major-domo of sorts here, and some gardeners, and the mechanics, of course. But we never open the villa itself; we find it easier and cheaper to stop with friends." It was the principessa's extreme candor which Archibald Weldon had indicated to his child as a trait peculiarly aristocratic.

Anatole, with the car, was on hand to meet them; there was a motor launch for ferrying purposes; so life was resumed much as it had been at Biarritz, with the exception that while at Biarritz Emily had at least seen her husband frequently during the day; now she never saw him at all, except during dinner and afterward, when he was very busy with his guests. Esteban proved a tireless host.

The principessa also absented herself during the greater part of every day, which

(Continued on Page 45)

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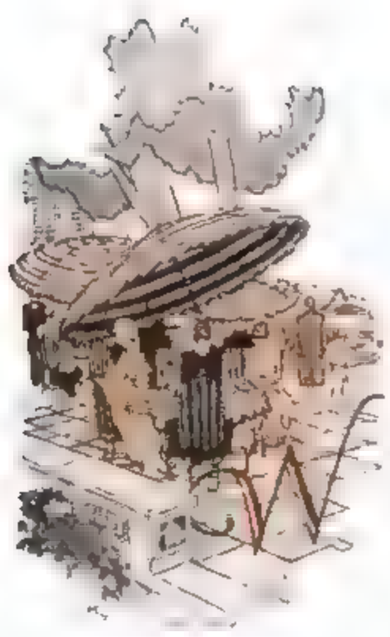

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Sugar to taste, and serve with a little cracked ice.

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FINALLY, we have developed a positive RIP-PROOF elastic top which is so constructed and reinforced that it will not tear, "run," or rip loose. It's *made* to stand the strain, no matter how hard the garter pulls.

Three years of completely satisfactory everyday wear, under all possible conditions, on the part of 3 million customers, furnish most convincing proof that these features really *do* create vastly greater sock efficiency.

Don't fail to take advantage of the opportunity—next time the Realsilk Gold Button man calls on you—to give these SUPER-SERVICE Socks of ours a thorough going-over. Or better still, why not 'phone our local Branch Office, or drop a line to the Mills, to have a Representative call at once and put an end to your sock worries.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie

250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
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FRESH Silk

REALSILK
GOLD BUTTON BRAND
Super-Service
SOCKS

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office

REAL SILK — FROM MILL TO MILLIONS

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(Continued from Page 42)

she spent trying out planes recently arrived at the hangars. "For the winter's trade," she informed them. She was apparently far more interested in aviation than her husband, who continued to put himself very much at Emily's disposal. Emily was grateful enough for his company, although she sensed in it latterly an unspoken sympathy, almost a pity, which often made her wince.

She did not lack for other company, although their polite guests, suspecting a thriving affair, tactfully absented themselves as much as possible. Des Luynes was usually at hand, his manner more and more vague as his new book began to take shape. He was engaged at the moment in locating the whereabouts of the lost island of Atlantis. And there was Bette. That young person had adapted herself to the novelty of life aboard a yacht as if it were merely another household to manage, having taken upon herself without question the direction of the chef, the ordering of meals, the arrangement of flowers, and so on. She had a way of humming about her work a tuneless, monotonous little lullaby which was typical of her—perhaps of all the Bettes in the world:

"Fais dodo, Colas, mon p'tit frère,
Fais dodo, t'auras du lolo.
Maman est en haut, qui fait du gâteau,
Papa est en bas, qui fait du chocolat——"

Of late the familiar ditty sometimes brought tears to Emily's eyes. She would have fared badly just then without Bette to remind her of the eternal verities; little Bette, who would most certainly bake cakes for her own babies and see to it that their papa provided them suitably with the *lolos* of life, chocolate and otherwise.

Those who know the Riviera only in season miss much of its more intimate charm; for the Niceoises, like their Italian neighbors, are essentially sun lovers, and do not wake fully into life except during the summer. Then it is that the peasants make up in song what the birds lack; there are dances and merry-makings, saint-day processions with fireworks and bicycle races, much family life in the open air, the intoxicating fragrance abroad everywhere of heliotrope in full bloom. At night, along the littoral, the towns gather like bands of fireflies; and other fireflies by twos and threes twinkle up the dark slopes toward the high Corniche, where motors flash and pass continually on their way to pleasures beyond, and yet more pleasures.

Emily tried to savor her surroundings as a connoisseur of beauty should. "If one has nothing else, there is always the pleasure of the eyes," was one of her earlier philosophies.

But for once beauty failed her. Here was a feast for which she had no appetite. All her life, she thought, she would cringe at the memory of a turquoise sea with sapphire shadows in it, tinged by a golden twilight, jeweled with great stars. She had learned before, when she waited for Esteban, how loveliness without love could hurt. Now it seemed to her, incredibly, that there was no longer any Esteban for whom to wait.

She came to dread above all things the drone of an approaching aeroplane, a rakish craft, stream-lined and painted white, out of which the beautiful dark face of the principessa laughed down at them mockingly from close above, as the Oie Blanche swept roaring past. Sometimes she was alone, sometimes she had a companion; and although difficult to recognize in the disguise of aviator's cap and goggles, Emily was sure that this was Esteban. She never asked, however, nor did her husband volunteer information.

He seemed himself in the best of spirits—unusually solicitous for her pleasure, constantly suggesting plans for her amusement. But even Bette became aware that there was something amiss and regarded her beloved *belle-sœur* with a certain defensive anxiety. She commented again upon Esteban's devotion to the card tables.

"I have written home about how 'Steban spends all his days away from us at the casinos," she said once reassuringly, "and I think *la madre* will have something to say to that."

"It was very officious of you, Bette," replied the other quietly. "Your brother naturally comes and goes as he chooses. Besides, I do not think he spends all his time at the casinos."

"No? Then where?"

Emily shrugged. "That is hardly our affair, dear. You might ask him."

She spoke in sarcasm, but Bette knew nothing of sarcasm. She nodded capably, and the next day reported in evident relief that her brother did not spend all his time at the casinos; on the contrary, he went to them quite rarely. She neglected to say, however, where he did spend it. Perhaps Esteban himself had neglected to say.

One night at dinner—they were dining on deck, while a guitar and singers made music for them from the water below—the principessa remarked that a new plane had arrived at the hangars, a monoplane of a type different from any she had seen.

"Ah, then I must soon leave you," said Trastavare regretfully to his hostess. "It is for that I have been waiting. I think I did not tell you, Giulia. They have designed me a special monoplane for the Australian flight. . . . Oh, no, I shall not fly direct to Australia," he answered somebody's question. "I shall make first a trial flight to Arabia, I think—across the Red Sea and so on east. It has always been my ambition," he explained, "to visit other continents by air."

Emily, who sat near the principessa, heard a stifled exclamation from her. But she said aloud pleasantly, "That sounds interesting, Mario. Who accompanies you?"

He mentioned the name of an assistant. "Or perhaps I shall take young Miller, of the American group, as copilot. He is a keen flyer."

"Why not me?" asked his wife lightly; but Emily noticed that her hands gripped the table edge until the knuckles showed white. "I am rather a keen flyer myself, you know."

"And a most able one," he said courteously; "quite as good as most men. But naturally, for such an expedition, one prefers male company. There is a very slight element of danger."

"I am even," remarked the principessa, still lightly, "not averse to the element of danger, Mario."

"As one has observed," he smiled. "Unfortunately, your mechanical skill is not on a par with your adventurous spirit. It is the one disability of your sex."

"So I am rejected—and on a technicality," she murmured, with an annoyed shrug. "Apparently the one requisite for a model wife nowadays is that she be a good mechanic. Remember this, my little Bette!"

That night, as Emily lay restless in the loneliness of her cabin—for the forward staterooms had been turned over to the ladies, while the men bunked aft, in less luxury and greater liberty—her door opened and Giulia de Trastavare entered, without knocking.

"See here," she said in a hoarse, harsh voice very different from her usual careless *aplomb*, "what does this mean? Mario goes to Australia, after all? You are sending him away? *Dio mio!* Do you think he will stop at Australia? He will go on, I tell you—on and on and on, indefinitely! You silly little fool, you have given him his *congé!*"

Emily, startled by the other's hot eyes and bitten lips, denied hastily that she had anything to do with the prince's departure.

"As for giving him his *congé*—don't be ridiculous! I've never had the chance. Your husband is not in love with me, Giulia. We've only been—playing the game."

"Ah, the game, the game, forever the game!" muttered the other between her teeth. "You are telling me the truth? Do not lie to me! He does not love you? . . . Oh, not in words, perhaps, but in other ways? He does not seek your lips when you are alone, seize you in his arms?"

"Rather not!" interrupted Emily succinctly. "He's never tried that sort of thing, I assure you—or he wouldn't be here now. I hate being mauled about."

The other sat down limply on the edge of the bed. "So," she said in a queer, dull monotone, "that has failed! I have failed again!"

Emily stared. "You wanted him to love me, Giulia?"

"Naturally! Why else should I have kept the others away from you, thrown you into his arms, made every opportunity?"

"I suppose," said Emily slowly, flushing, "you hoped to get rid of him, so that—so that you would be free to be with Esteban?"

"Free?" The other laughed very bitterly. "When have I ever been anything but free?—from the moment of our marriage, when he went off to spend our wedding night with his airplane! Ah, free! Free for what? To fling myself to the devil, to give myself to anyone who would take me? Listen, you little cool, white, clever idiot! I wanted him to love you, yes! You are at least a woman, are you not? I wanted him to be stirred, roused, maddened. Oh, I have heard of you, watched you; it is a type new to him, provocative; you have had success with men. And then, when you would not have him—ah, I knew, you see, that you would not have him; you Americans, under all your daring and pretense, are timid, cautious, virtuous as virgin ice—then, at last, hurt, not understanding, in need of consolation, he might have turned to me, his wife, one of his own people. For I know at least how to console. I have suffered enough to know how to console."

"You mean," exclaimed Emily, too amazed by this revelation to be angry, "you really care for Mario?"

"Care!" The other shivered from head to foot. "What silly sort of word is that—care? Do you not know even the word 'love' in your tongue? To live month after month, year after year, as near as possible to a man whose name one bears—and who prefers the company of a machine! To conceal under *plaisanteries* of one sort or another a longing that makes one sick! To study, without seeming to do so, little ways to amuse, to please, to intrigue him—and then, when one has succeeded in winning from him some slight pique, an angry glance, at least, a hint of something almost personal in the manner—to have him announce, as tonight at dinner, that he was off to the ends of earth again, anywhere to get away—courting danger as he courts no woman, in love with nothing on earth but death! Ah, *mama mia, mama mia!*" she moaned, rocking herself till her head touched her knees and calling unconsciously upon the unfailing help of childhood. "If I could but keep him near! I might win him yet, yes. But when he goes this time, he will not come back. I tell you, he will never come back!"

Emily was weeping with her, arms thrown about the rocking body.

"I never dreamed, I never guessed. My dear, my dear! Why don't you tell him about it?"

The other sat erect and dried her eyes fiercely. "At least I am not so great a fool as that! One has some little pride remaining!"

"I shouldn't have," said Emily, with sudden conviction. "Under such circumstances, I should simply go to my husband and say, 'Esteban, look at me! I am your wife, and I worship you. If you do not find me love-worthy, if you don't want me for myself—don't you want at least what is in my heart? There isn't too much love in the world, at best,' I would say. 'Can you afford to throw away mine?'"

"Ah, but you see," said the other brokenly, "it is not Esteban to whom you

"good taste" the verdict of eye and palate!

DIXIES—those dainty cups filled with the best ice cream by America's leading ice cream manufacturers—are in excellent taste as an attractive as well as appetizing dessert, as a happy touch at an afternoon party, or the cooling and satisfying refreshment at any dance.

And the "good taste" of the most delicious ice cream is actually enhanced when you buy it in Dixies. It is quite obvious why this must be so, when you remember that Dixies are filled by the ice cream manufacturer, and are sealed tight with a lid and frozen right at the ice cream plant. In that way all the original goodness, the smooth texture and rich flavor of the wholesome and carefully made ice cream is preserved.

And please don't overlook this: You are positive that only "carefully made and wholesome ice cream" comes to you in Dixies—the Dixie Franchise is your guarantee of purity and high standard.

Incidentally, because the ice cream in a sealed Dixie is kept free from contamination, free from dust or grime, it is entirely safe for young and old.

The ice cream maker's name is on the lid—look for it to identify your favorite brand.

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EASTON, PA.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

What is a DIXIE?

A dainty, inviting, individual container for good things to eat and drink. In addition to Dixies for ice cream, many kinds of Dixie fruit drinks are found in the stations and lunches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants at the better soda fountains. And at most drug, stationery and department stores you can get Dixies in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

ABOUT the 15th of August the weather man is quite likely to send a chilly rain that calls in the straw hats. Knapp-Felt hatters will be ready.

The New Knapp-Felt "In Advance" is the correct hat

It will be Shown *Everywhere* Friday, Aug. 12th

The graceful swing of the double-cut brim, in harmony with the smartly modeled crown, marks the new style as the advance fall feature. The colors, too, are timely.

The "In Advance" is made in the Ten Dollar grade only. Other Knapp-Felt styles from $8.00 to $40.00.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH, President
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

would be speaking so eloquently, my dear. And then?"

"Then I would make him take me away, alone, to a little cottage somewhere in the hills, I think, without even servants near us."

The other laughed a little, on a sobbing breath, like a child. "A picturesque peasant's hut, full of vermin, eh? And without servants? *Dio mio*, this Mario who is in love only with death would not know how to put the studs in his own shirt! And I am little better. Surely we might take only my maid. . . . Eh, well, once in our peasant's hut among the vermin, what then?"

"Then," said Emily, flushed but determined, "I would have a baby, Giulia. Men want children, even if they pretend they don't."

There was a long silence. The principessa kissed Emily's cheek and said quite gently: "So it is not the shallow little flirting wretch I thought, after all! What you propose, *cara mia*, is merely a miracle. At your age I also believed in miracles. But for me the age of miracles has passed." She rose; she had regained her composure. "Ah, no, I have played my last trump, I think, and it remains only to lose as gracefully as possible; one isn't too bad at that! You will forget these small-hour indiscretions? I must have had too much of Esteban's excellent Chablis at dinner. Good night, my very dear, and—thank you!" She was gone.

For several days Emily saw very little of either Giulia or Trastavare, although the former had so recovered her careless gayety that their conference in the dark hours began to seem like mere hysteria; a touch of the *cafard*, perhaps, that often attacks persons who live habitually at high tension. Then the prince invited them to spend a final afternoon at his villa, since he was leaving in a day or so. They would have a sort of sunset picnic meal on the terrace. "As much of entertainment as my old country people there can manage," he explained to Emily; "and even so, I shall have to borrow your excellent Anatole to assist with the service. But I should like you to see my mother's gardens, neglected as they are at present; and also you may be interested in the monoplane."

"Oh, you will take me up?" she asked eagerly. Trastavare had not invited her to fly since they left Biarritz, and she found that she rather missed the excitement of it; the titillation danger gave to her tired nerves, like overstrong coffee.

He shook his head. "Not in the monoplane, *cara signora*. It is not so safe a little family bus as the Oie Blanche; there are certain faults of construction, the engine is too powerful. My riggers and fitters are busy with it, which has delayed departure. Besides," he added with a sidelong glance at Esteban, "your husband is not too happy when you fly with me, I think."

She gave him a faint and grateful little smile, suspecting that he tried to reassure her by hinting at a jealousy which did not exist. It was some time since Esteban had cared, or known, whether she flew, or whither, or with whom.

Emily was rather curious to see the Villa Luna, which Trastavare evidently loved as much as the principessa disliked it. The property had been his mother's favorite house; he made, so Giulia informed her, a great cult of his mother. "Who must have been the epitome of all the virtues," she added, yawning, "which I have not."

It was a gaunt, bare old dwelling of faded pink plaster, with a sundial over the door; the heavily shuttered windows, draped now with cobwebs, a funereal salon with monumental furniture ranged against the walls, and shrouded mirrors which seemed, even in full daylight, to reflect ghosts. But the garden, overgrown as it was with box and yew and cypress, had the charm only ancient Italian gardens know which have been much loved. The terrace, edged by a broken marble balustrade, commanded a lovely turquoise reach of the Mediterranean; fountains trickled over moss; broad and shallow steps led down between banks of fuchsia and heliotrope to a secluded and half-ruined little white Temple of Love. Emily understood why this place had for generations been used by the Trastavari for their honeymoons; she thought that by the light of its namesake, the Villa Luna might yet awake to love and loveliness.

"There is an acre or so of glass at the back where the prince has his famous rose trees, Emily; and in an upstairs loggia you will find some ancient and very ugly frescoes," volunteered Esteban, knowing his wife's odd interest in such things. But he paused abruptly, evidently embarrassed to have betrayed the fact that he was less a stranger than herself at the Villa Luna. It brought her mind back with a pang to her own affairs. How often had Esteban come to this place, and why? Giulia de Trastavare, despite her secret passion for her own husband, was none the less dangerous to other men.

Tables were being set on the terrace by a flustered old major-domo, under the patronizing direction of Anatole, when Emily and the prince returned ahead of the others from the aerodrome, where the party had been inspecting planes. There had been much learned talk of struts and helicopters, head resistance, angles of incidence, and the like; all of it Greek to Emily, but apparently quite comprehensible to Esteban, with his flair for any sort of sport. No planes had been taken up because that day the mistral was blowing; quite lightly, tempered, as all things are tempered along the gentle Provençal coast, into a mere stiff land breeze; but like all expert flyers, Trastavare was very careful and permitted his guests to take no chances. The rounded domes of the hangar sheds, rising from what had been a wide acreage of vineyard, made an odd note in the landscape, by contrast with the ancientry of the house and its yews and pointed cypresses.

"My mother would have been displeased to see them; she so dreaded changes," commented Trastavare. "My parents were old-fashioned folk; they loved their home and their children and each other."

"I did not know," commented Emily lightly, "that the domestic virtues were much practiced in upper Italian circles."

"But we Sienese are the simplest people in the world! You are thinking of the Milanese—like my wife. Their tastes are more subtle. I was very happy when my mother gave us this villa for our wedding gift; though I am not here as often as I should like, and Giulia never. She prefers, naturally, the season at Deauville or at Biarritz."

"Why 'naturally'?" asked Emily, upon whom the charm of this quiet, haunted place began to grow.

He shrugged. "Because at Deauville and Biarritz there are not memories." He added, after a moment: "We, too, came here for the honeymoon, when the war was done. But—the honeymoon is not always a happy time, signora."

Emily had a way of eliciting unexpected confidences from people, often when she did not want them. This came too close to Giulia's midnight confession to be quite comfortable; she was glad to see the others returning—without their hostess, however.

"My wife lingers, doubtless to put the new monoplane to bed," commented the prince, smiling. "There is a woman who makes a fuss over engines as if they were—puppy dogs! It used to be the racing cars; now it is the speed planes." A remark which reminded Emily of Giulia's own complaint that Trastavare loved machinery as he did not love people. Who was at fault here, she wondered. Somebody!

At that moment the sudden loud whir of a rising plane startled them. All looked, except the prince, who did not trouble to turn his head.

"Ah, I thought so," he remarked. "I knew she would never be able to resist trying out the monoplane as soon as I took my eye off it!"

Everyone stood watching the powerful upward sweep of the great winged thing into the golden reaches of the twilight—everyone except Trastavare.

"How wonderful she is!" said Emily. "I never knew another woman like her—so frank and brusque and utterly ruthless, and yet, when you know her, so curiously sweet!"

"There never was another woman like her, which is perhaps fortunate. What is she doing now?" he asked, at Emily's sudden exclamation.

"The most amazing things! Twists and dips and sudden dives. Oh—oh, I had no idea she could fly like this!"

"She is a good pilot," he said indifferently, "but a better teacher, because she flies more by theory than by instinct. She is, in fact, the best instructor I have."

"Oh, but watch her now, she's doing somersaults! Surely that's not safe, so close to the ground? Why don't you look, Mario?"

"I never watch her," he said in an odd voice. "I cannot."

"Cannot! Why?" demanded Emily, suddenly staring at him.

"It terrifies me," muttered the man who specialized in danger.

The truth struck Emily like a blow. She caught at his arm. "Mario, you love that woman!"

"Oh, yes," he said, still in that odd lowered tone. "So madly that I cannot bear to be long near her; it is too dangerous for me. My wife, do you see, interests herself only in the unattainable."

Emily's words tumbled over themselves in their effort to reach him. "No, no, my dear fellow, you are wrong! You do not understand ——"

He stopped her with a weary gesture. "It is you who do not understand. Yet you must have seen for yourself—the Russian, this young Urruty ——" He had evidently forgotten for the moment that he spoke to Esteban's wife. "It is always like that, has been from the day of our marriage—man after man, lover after lover—if they are fortunate enough to become her lovers! *Chi lo sa?* Sometimes I doubt it. Excitement is what she must have, is the thing she lives upon—emotion ever renewed. What thrill could there be in the possession of an enslaved husband?"

"But ——" gasped Emily.

"Listen, I will tell you something," he interrupted. "One could forgive her enslavement of men if she did not try to unman them. Even me she has tried to unman—yes! On the night of our marriage, when I had but the necessary time for the ceremony before I must return to my command, did she make that easier for me? Did she give godspeed and bid me acquit myself well, as a woman of her race should have done? No! She begged me to remain, she clung about my neck, she would have disgraced me, so that I had to slip away from her by stealth."

"She loved you, Mario," pleaded Emily, pitiful with her new understanding.

He smiled bitterly. "Perhaps. Yet when I came home to her at last, here, where I bade her to wait for me, here in this house of my parents, my own mother—she was not waiting alone. No! Already there was a lover with her, a young officer whom she had nursed in the hospital wards, and who needed, she said, to be made well in the country."

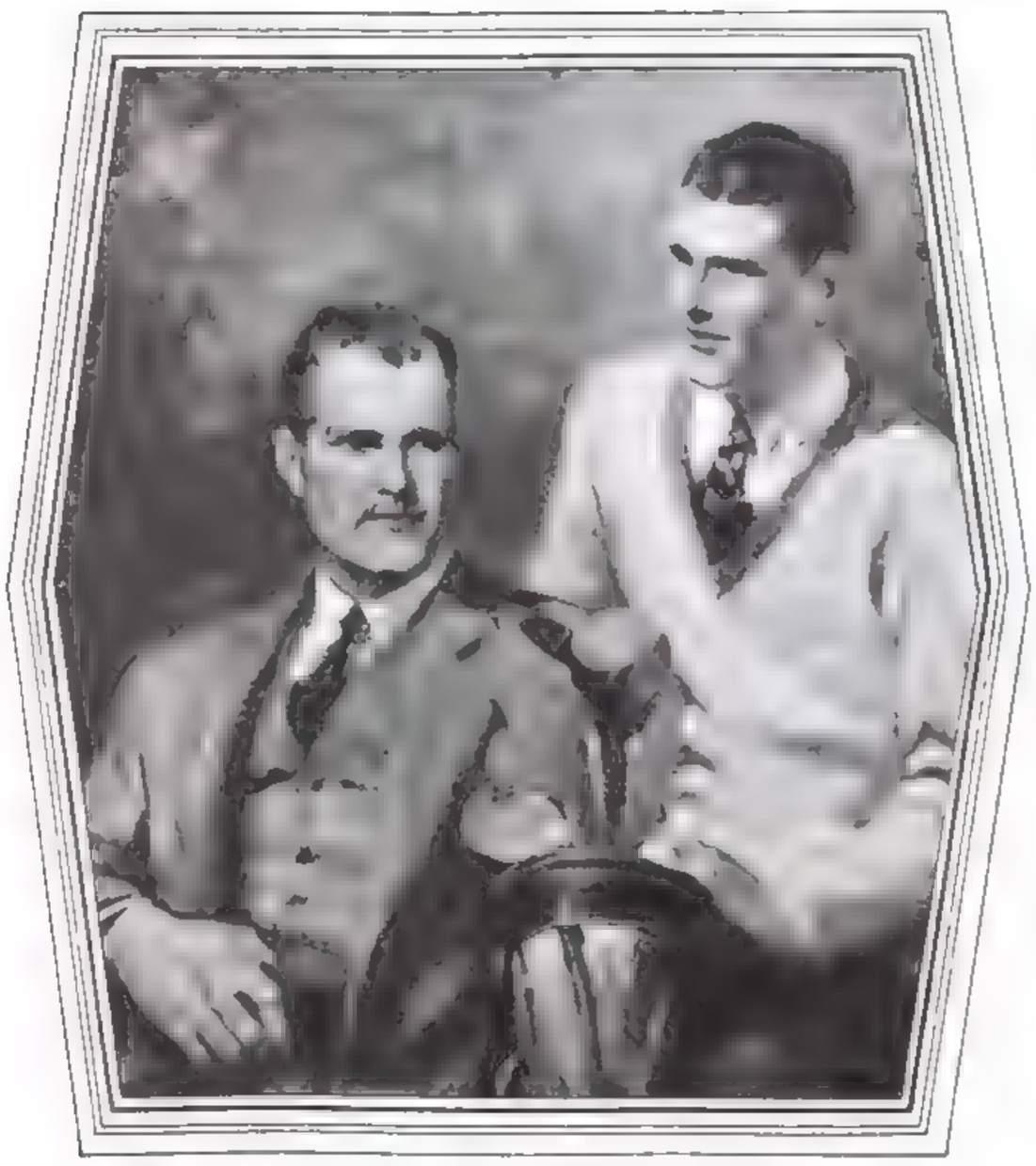
"One of her patients, Mario."

"What was one of her patients doing here on our belated honeymoon?" demanded Trastavare sternly. "The boy was mad about her of course. I found them the first day embracing, there in our little Temple of Love"—he pointed ironically to the lower terrace—"and when she saw me standing near she laughed and kissed him."

"What did you do?" breathed Emily, aghast.

"Me? I remained, naturally, until our guest had quite finished his convalescence here. Then I also left. I suggested an

(Continued on Page 48)



Father and son—comrades in sport, despite thirty years' difference in their ages! Today, more and more men of 40, 50, 60 are defying Time and carrying the spirit of youth into later life.

No longer only the superficial semblance of youth but youth itself! Women are learning to stay young in reality—to carry the vivacious charm of the twenties into and beyond "middle-age."

Joyous Youth may Last Ten Years Longer

IF YOU KEEP PACE WITH THE STRIDES OF SCIENCE

IN a play which was a popular success a generation ago, the heroine complained of headache, lassitude, melancholy.

The doctor took her pulse, her temperature. "*Madame,*" he said with a smile, "*You are suffering from an incurable malady which attacks us all . . . Middle-age.*"

Today, with vastly increased medical knowledge at his command, that doctor would give a very different diagnosis.

Such symptoms indicate not middle-age but a much more curable malady—a malady, however, which left uncured, may hasten middle-age. They indicate an unhealthy condition of the intestinal tract.

Why should this affect the whole system?

Why is it that not only headaches and depression, but indigestion, skin troubles, constipation are all evidences of an unhealthy condition of the intestines? Why is it that such a condition shortens youth, hastens old-age?

In the past two decades science has made enormous strides in studying the intestines. It finds that the intestines of the newborn baby are free from bacteria. But as the little newcomer starts to breathe and eat, bacteria swarm down into his intestines. Fortunately, his simple diet gives little encouragement to the more hostile bacteria. But as he gets older, and eats the ordinary foods of civilization, the harmful bacteria increase in number. If his system is not naturally very resistant to these poisons, he begins to notice the depressing effects.

He may not regard himself as constipated. But even though elimination is regular, *it may be late.* Laboratory tests show that with many people the complete process of elimination takes from one to three days longer than it should. This gives the harmful bacteria an added chance to do their work.

That is why thousands of men and women are so strongly oppressed by colon poisons. Inevitably, as the harmful bacteria continue to make inroads on their vitality, their bodies' defenses are weakened. Youth vanishes. Old-age is hastened.

Cathartics may give temporary relief, but ultimately they increase the trouble. The overdose of cathartics today becomes the normal dose of tomorrow. These ever-increasing doses secure their effect by *nervous irritation* or by drawing water from the blood and tissues. This ultimately weakens the intestinal muscles and lowers the body's resistance to colon poisons.

Science shows this way to better health

SCIENCE today is finding ways to lessen the power of these harmful putrefactive bacteria. The simplest of these ways is the regular use of yeast. We can't all change our diet, but we *can* eat yeast—three cakes daily, one before each meal.

Why is yeast so beneficial? Every yeast cake consists of *billions* of tiny living yeast plants. This immensely active vegetable substance increases the flow of gastric juice in the stomach, so rendering the digestion of other foods easier. In the large intestine, the fresh, active yeast plants combat the putrefactive colon poisons, lessen the number of harmful bacteria, and stimulate gently the contractions of the intestinal muscles which aid in the elimination of waste.

Thus yeast cleanses the intestines, promotes *complete* elimination, improves digestion, purifies the blood, clears the skin, tones up the whole system.

Make yeast a regular part of your diet. Each day eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast—one before each meal. You can eat it plain, breaking a cake in small pieces. Or dissolve it in water, cold or hot (not scalding), or take it in any other way you prefer. The longer you eat yeast, the more you should benefit.

If you have been a constant user of cathartics, discontinue their use *gradually* as your system is strengthened by eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

Would you like the latest information about yeast? We shall be glad to send you our most recent booklet on Yeast in the Diet. Address Health Research Dept. D-43, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

For Sheer Joy of Living . . .
Seven Simple Rules

Food: Eat freely of green vegetables, salads, fruits, milk.

Water: Drink six glasses daily.

Air: Ventilate every room you occupy by day and by night.

Exercise: For fifteen minutes daily do "setting-up" exercises, especially for the waist muscles.

Rest: Average eight hours in bed each night.

Cleanliness: Brush your teeth morning and evening. Bathe daily or *at least* twice each week.

**Waste elimination:* Secure a thorough intestinal elimination daily.

*Whether or not you are able to follow all these rules, you can at least observe the seventh and most important. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*, one before each meal. Yeast promotes complete elimination, helps to combat putrefactive poisons, to bring about a clean, healthy condition of the intestines, to increase the vigor and resistance of the whole body. Each month you eat yeast, you should notice added benefit.

(Continued from Page 46)

annulment of our marriage, in case she cared to marry her officer, but Giulia did not wish for that; she had not so enjoyed marriage, she said, that she desired to repeat the experience. Ah, I know very well how I should hate a woman who so mocks, so despises all that I hold most sacred! Yet I cannot watch her in the air. I am too well aware of the risk."

Emily saw only too clearly what had happened here. Misunderstanding, pride, jealousy that would not admit it was jealousy; no chance really to know each other, to make the necessary readjustments of marriage; a world too much with them, which would not let them be. It was, she saw in an instant's sharp vision, exactly the sort of thing that was happening now to her and Esteban.

But for the moment there was no time for her own trouble. Her heart beat high with generous impulse. Once again she found thrust upon her the rôle of *dea ex machina*. She held in her two hands human destiny. True, this was a confidence, as the confession of Giulia had been a confidence; but if ever two confidences were meant to be violated in the name of happiness, these were they.

"Listen, my friend," she said in her turn, "and I will tell you something!" But what she had to say was never told, for at that moment something happened. She saw it happening in the faces near her; interested, admiring one minute, the next white and horrified. The loud whirring drone of the motor had suddenly ceased. Esteban sprang across the terrace, crying out to her, "Do not look, my Emily, do not look!"

But Emily had already looked, had already seen the monoplane pause high in air like a shot bird—and plunge and drop. They were all out in the garden then, running toward the aerodrome; but past them, as if they had been standing still, ran Giulia's husband, moaning.

A famous German surgeon who happened to be at Nice came from the door of a room in the Villa Luna, shaking his head at those who stood there waiting.

"You mean—she will not live?" whispered Emily.

"*Ach, ja*, she will live. She may even walk in time," boomed the great man, not troubling to lower his voice. "But when—that, man does not know. If the amputation goes well ——"

Somebody groaned, "Oh, hush, she might hear you!" Too late. She had heard. The eyes of the bandaged, muffled figure in the pillows rested upon them a moment tragically. Then they moved with infinite weary effort till they found the man beside the bed, standing there tense, with clenched fists.

"Ah, Mario *povero*," they heard her whisper, "what a sell for you, my friend! A cripple! You will never be able to—annul me now."

And they heard the man's sobbing answer as he threw himself on his knees beside her and flung his arms with fierce protectiveness across the broken body: "I shall have you to myself, at last, *cara, carissima*. I shall never again need to share you with the world!" Giulia had found the way to keep her husband near her.

On the yacht Gathid consternation reigned. Emily, the cool, the imperturbable, the perfect hostess—Emily, had, in the expressive phrase of her sex, gone to pieces. She had gone to pieces quite thoroughly in her husband's arms, where she wept aloud and refused to be comforted, even by the sound of the anchor chain rattling as it came aboard.

"I want to go home!" she sobbed. "I want to go home!"

"But do not suffer so, my heart; do not distress yourself so terribly!" murmured Esteban, the tears streaming unnoted down his own cheeks as he held her. "Think of them as happy now—as together, like you and me!"

Emily continued to sob, helplessly and quite unreasonably: "I want to go home! I want to go home this very minute!"

Esteban said over her shoulder to someone near by: "You hear? She asks to go home, Tubal! She has had enough of it at last! She asks to go to our home! We have succeeded! You were right, Tubal, as always. But, *madre de Dios*, what a chance we took!"

Later, Emily recalled this aside and realized that their quietly observant friend, the *chenango* who had arranged their marriage, was still doing his neighborly best by them; but at the time she had no room in her thoughts for anything but her own acute nostalgia.

"I want my babies!" she moaned. "I want *la madre* and Pedro and the *etcheonda!* I want you!" As if he were not already holding her as close as possible! "Oh, 'Steban, can't we find some quicker way to get there than by boat—the automobile—an express train?"

Here the capable Bette took a hand in affairs. She stood on tiptoe to whisper something into her brother's ear. He struck his hands together with a sudden laugh.

"But of course! It is the very moment for the surprise! Listen, my Emily. There is a quicker way to go than either automobile or express train, if you will intrust yourself to me. There is the Oie Blanche."

She stared up at him. "The Oie Blanche! Giulia's plane?"

"But yes! Why not?" He grinned like a pleased child over the success of his surprise. "It is now your plane. I bought it for you in Biarritz. First I consulted my grandmother, who thought it might be very useful to have about the place, now that there is so much coming and going. *La madre* enjoys modern improvements, as you know; she had the first iron cookstove in our valleys, the first American sewing machine; and she thinks now of installing a wireless apparatus, so that she may hear American music; she has a great curiosity to know what is this Jazz. She has given us the mule pasture behind the stables for a landing ground, so ——"

"But," gasped Emily, "you don't know how to handle a plane!"

"Me? I am even an expert pilot, though I have done little flying until recently," he said with becoming modesty. "You did not know? I think there are many things you do not know about your husband, Emily. Bette found me out; but she understands how to keep a secret, that one. You seemed so much to enjoy flying the Oie Blanche that I was unwilling you should fly her only with—other people."

Emily caught at him, her face transfigured. "Esteban! You were jealous then? You were jealous all the time of poor Mario?"

He hung his head with his engaging sheepishness. "Naturally I was jealous, *gatchutcha!* Am I not a man? But one does not care to exhibit such weakness. Trastavare is a fine fellow, too—a sportsman, though he has not the build for the *pelota*. I shall, on the other hand, never fly so well as he—never; but Donna Giulia says I am the best pupil she has yet trained."

And then Emily understood completely—understood with shame. "That is what you and Giulia have been doing all this time together! She has only been teaching you to fly!"

"Certainly. What else?" He lifted her head with a hand under her chin. "So you did not trust me, Emily? Yet I have trusted you," he said, very gravely and gently. "I have had jealousy on your account, and fear, but not distrust. I waited only, as Tubal bade me wait. Can you not realize what it means to one of our race to become a husband, a father? '*Eschaldene fededen*,' Emily; 'Basque and faithful.' Besides," he shrugged, "have not you, who are so clever, learned this true thing—that a man's affections are not like cold viands, to be warmed over with seasoning and served again? Ah, no! Once cold—*pfui!*—they are like cold eels, they cannot be recooked."

Prince Trastavare himself saw them off some hours later from the aerodrome of the Villa Luna, with a few quiet parting instructions. Esteban must look out for the *remou*, that sudden change in the air which follows changes in the earth surface; he must watch his altimeter and keep well up so that there was room for a glide if he stalled; the Oie Blanche was a natural glider; she would not pancake, as the monoplane had done.

"The mistral has cleared things for you, too; there should be no bumpy air today. I am glad you are not afraid, after yesterday," he added steadily. "Giulia would hate very much to have caused anyone fear of the sport she loved."

When he would have kissed Emily's hand in farewell, she drew it away and kissed his lips instead. "That is for both of you, from us," she said, and Esteban confirmed it with a quick, hard handclasp.

The land slipped away from them; the sea, with a last dip of the pennant from the toy yacht Gathid, became a remote blue river. Anatole, bent over the wheel of his speeding car like a Grand Prix racer, gave up his final frantic effort to be on hand in case of the worst and commended them personally to the care of God.

"Some day," thought Emily dreamily, "I shall be coming back to this world we are leaving now, in one form or other, ghost or woman; but not alone—never, never alone. Always with Esteban! The world is not a safe place for me alone," she decided.

They talked very little through the telephone apparatus made necessary by the roar of the engine. She did not wish to distract Esteban's attention from the controls, from the terrain map hung beside him.

Now and then she turned to smile back at him, and always his return smile was ready for her, eager, glad. Below them passed, rapidly as in a cinema, the toy fields of France—provinces, rivers, little hills which were strange to her, seen so from above; yet Esteban knew them all, and sometimes called out a name to her through the speaking trumpet. Words from Marpessa came to her memory:

We two in heaven dancing; Babylon
Shall flash and murmur and cry from under us;
We two in heaven running; continents
Shall lighten, ocean unto ocean flash,
And rapidly laugh till all the world is warm.

For the first time Emily felt no terror of the air; it seemed to her only another, gentler ocean. The steady roar of the engine soothed her as they dipped and rose upon invisible billows; she knew that close behind sat Esteban, sensitive touch on the controls, keen seaman's eyes alert for danger, ready with a quiet reassurance if they dropped too suddenly into an air pocket, if the engine stilled a little as they coasted down the wind. Presently, touching her on the shoulder, he handed her a roll of bread, a packet of chocolate, a small flask of wine. How like *la madre*'s grandson, she thought, to have remembered food! She ate obediently, and drank, and presently dozed a while, rushing through space at a hundred miles an hour.

Again he touched her shoulder, pointing eagerly. Before them, well below, was a tip of snow that caught the sun with a flash of diamonds. It was the Pmg Pené, in the Carlitte district, where the peasants believe the ark to have rested instead of upon Mount Ararat. They were approaching the Pyrenees; a very different approach from her first.

Far off shone a streak of silver on the horizon—the Atlantic! She leaned over, watching, waiting. Things became larger, more discernible; the tiny patchwork of fields at odd angles, the steepled towns, the miniature grazing herds which did not lift their heads to look at the strange thing passing over, with its attendant shadow long upon the hills. These were accustomed by now to the great mail planes on the daily air route between Morocco and Toulouse. Emily thought of how the soldiers of Charlemagne sleeping near would have stared. The people in the scattered villages had not seen a plane fly so close. The streets became white with upturned faces. All at once, near a three-arched belfry that she recognized, thrilling, Emily noted an antlike figure on a donkey set forth at full gallop; this was undoubtedly Hermose, the umbrella mender, ambitious to be in at the finish.

"Look, look!" she cried to Esteban, forgetting the telephone. "Now I see the tower of L'Ey Kahatcia! We are almost there!" But Esteban did not answer; he was preparing to descend.

Unfortunately, Madame Urruty, not expecting them, had seized the frugal opportunity to make some final usage of the pasture she had allotted to Esteban for a landing field, so that it was occupied at the moment by grazing beasts. Esteban saw this—too late. He set his teeth and muttered a prayer to Saint Blaise, patron of animals. The engine paused, there was a sickening stillness.

"*Garde-toi*, Emily!" he cried strongly. They landed, touched the earth in a series of long, leaping bounds, threading an intricate way among young mules that brayed their horror at this apparition, and cattle that scattered for their lives, the lead cow zigzagging just ahead of them, tail straight up in the air, gaping back over her painted wooden collar with a face of ludicrous dismay.

Esteban was laughing aloud, but pale, as he undid the safety belts and lifted his wife to terra firma. "Who says I am not a pilot?" he boasted. "If I had but injured one of those creatures—*pfui!* What my grandmother would have done to me! As it is, our cows will give nothing but butter for a week. But watch my father and *la madre*; they will show no surprise whatever at the manner of our arrival. It would be beneath their dignity."

As he spoke, small Wally appeared on the horizon, with old Nagarro in close attendance, both dog and boy speechless with agitation, followed by the entire population of the farm and its neighborhood, in various stages of enthusiasm. But true to prophecy, Madame Urruty and her son Pedro awaited the sky voyagers calmly at their door, as if visitors were in the habit of thus descending upon them from high heaven. Pedro knocked out the dottle of his pipe on the door-side bench to bid them a pleasant welcome; the matriarch said nothing at all, but kissed them on either cheek with lips which trembled, held them close with hands which shook a little, since she was growing old.

"Where is my baby?" demanded Emily tensely.

"At this hour, naturally, she sleeps," reproved the matriarch; the shadows were already long in the barnyard.

From above came the soft Creole tones of Angélique, humming, with strong negroid inflections, Bette's little familiar lullaby of home:

She broke off with a startled "Who dat?" as Emily came sobbing and running up the stairs, followed by Esteban, his son riding his shoulders. The Urruty family were reunited.

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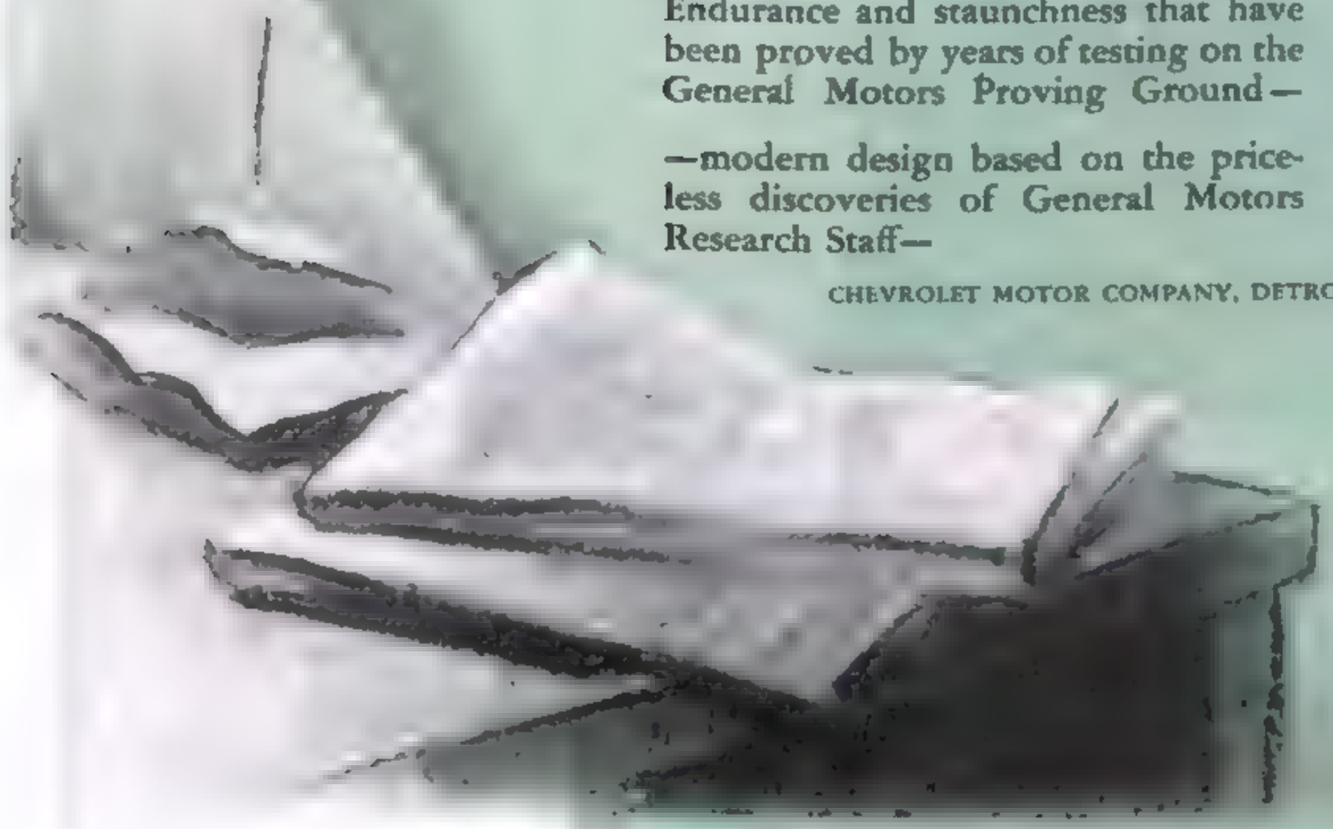

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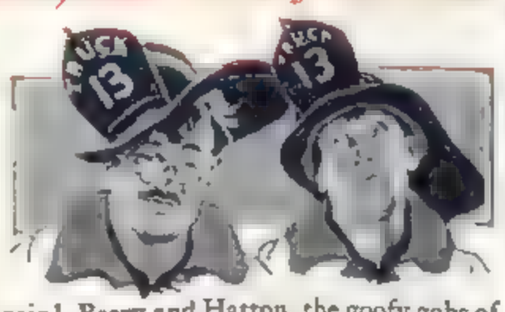
Wallace Beery and *Raymond Hatton*

Firemen, Save My Child



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THEY'RE in again! Beery and Hatton, the goofy gobs of "We're in the Navy Now." This time they're fighting fires, but it's just as much fun, if not more! Edward Sutherland Production, with Josephine Dunn and Tom Kennedy.

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ADOLPHE MENJOU loses his to a pretty heiress who is dining at the hotel where he is the head waiter. An impossible situation for anyone but Menjou, who solves it in his own aristocratic way. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast, from the story by Ernest Vajda. With Kathryn Carver, Charles Lane and Lawrence Grant.

Metropolis

HIGH into the air! Deep into the earth! Erotic, exotic, erratic! The indescribable Paramount-Ufa cine-miracle that startled New York. Directed by Fritz Lang, adapted by Channing Pollock.

TAKE MY ADVICE

(Continued from Page 17)

the chin in a set-to on the family hearthstone, he snuck round to the nearest rum place, bathed his troubled soul in bourbon and unbosomed himself to the philosopher behind the bar. Nowadays what can a husband do? You can't tell your domestic troubles to a lad over a chocolate pecan sundae."

"You don't have to have domestic troubles," said Jed Harvey.

Fewster laughed. "Who are you, Jed Harvey, to expect that you can marry the perfect woman?" he said. "Grow up, Jed. Stay conscious. Just because you see most married folks smiling and kidding round at parties, don't think things are sweet and pretty at home. I know. When my wife and I were with other people it was: 'Lovey, be a lamb and get me a drink of water.' 'With pleasure, dovey.' But as soon as the guests were gone it was: 'You big stiff, you danced three times with that hand-painted widow from Joplin,' and 'Well, I suppose you sat on the veranda with Wally Bissing talking about the farm-relief bill.' 'Yeah?' 'Yeah!' Oh, I know."

"I sort of gather from your remarks," said Jed Harvey, "that you don't think it would be a good idea for me to get married."

"It wouldn't be an idea at all; it would be a delusion," said Emery Fewster. "Why monkey with your life, Jed? Let it flow along."

"Then I take it you don't expect to marry again yourself, Em," said Harvey.

"If you see any signs of it," replied Fewster, "have 'em sweep out the nearest padded cell and put me in it. Get this—put it down in black and white if you want to: If the most beautiful girl in the world came to me tonight and offered me a million dollars cash to marry her, I'd call a cop and have her arrested for disturbing the peace."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah! I mean it, Jed. A wise man doesn't sit on a hot stove twice. I'm giving you a tip straight from the feed box. I'm giving you the benefit of my experience. Memorize this: Brunettes make bad wives, blondes are a lot worse, and red-headed women make the worst wives of all."

"Oh, gosh," said Jed Harvey, beginning to get maudlin again, "I've always been partial to red-headed girls."

"My wife had hair like a sunset," said Emery Fewster. "Just remember what Longfellow or some fellow wrote:

"I'm sitting in the jail house
With my face to the wall,
And a red-headed woman
Was the cause of it all."

"But what am I to do?" wailed Harvey.

"Forget it," said Emery Fewster. "Take up a hobby. Buy a plane and fly to China. Take up stamp collecting. Go in for astrology. Do something. But don't get married."

"I'll think over what you've said," promised Harvey. "Now let's talk about something else. What do you think about that new issue of stock of the Peterstown Cream Separator Works?"

"Good investment," said Emery Fewster. "There's a big chance it will shoot way up. Being on the inside, I know. In fact, they can thank me if their business doubles. It was I who suggested to the boss that they increase their production. I pointed out that they make a big separator and a small separator, but not a medium-sized separator. I proved to him that there was a tremendous demand for a medium-sized one. They took my advice and are putting a medium-sized separator on the market. The stock issue is to buy machinery to make it. It's going fast, and in my opinion it's a great buy."

"Thanks, Em," said Jed, and took another drink and fell fast asleep.

The next day Emery Fewster left for a long trip through the South and West. When he got back, Jed Harvey was tickled plaid to see him. Jed was bubbling with high spirits, and yet he seemed a bit shamefaced too.

"Come up to my room," he said to Fewster, "and we'll lift a few snifters. I've something to tell you."

"What's on your mind?" asked Fewster when they were in Jed's room.

"Well, the fact is," said Jed Harvey, blushing, "I have every reason to believe that I'm in love."

"Is that all?" said Emery Fewster. "I was afraid it might be something serious."

"It is serious," said Harvey.

"How serious?"

"Wedding bells," said Jed.

"No! Have they rung yet?"

"Not yet, Em."

"Thank heaven," said Emery Fewster; "then there's still a chance to save you."

"Don't want to be saved," said Harvey.

"Do you remember what I said last time we had a talk?" asked Fewster. "I didn't warn you not to fall in love. That might happen to anybody. But I did get off a few deep thoughts about the folly of marrying."

"I remember every word," said Jed Harvey. "But this girl is different."

"Pish-tush! None of them are different."

"Coralie is."

"Oh, don't tell me," cried Emery Fewster, "that it's Coralie Soper!"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Jed," said Emery Fewster in his gravest manner, "I got back just in time. You must get out of this."

"What's the matter with Coralie Soper?" demanded Jed Harvey.

"As a wife for you, everything," said Emery Fewster. "First, she has red hair."

"I like it."

"Just wait. Look here, Jed, are you engaged?"

"Practically."

"I tell you," said Fewster, "you are on the point of making a terrible mistake."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"How come?"

"I know that woman," said Emery Fewster. "She's so much like my ex-wife in looks, actions and disposition I get a turn every time I go into her drug store. Look at the way she runs her business! She's a born boss. And she's a widow."

"George Washington married a widow," said Jed Harvey.

"Well, she wasn't Coralie Soper," said Emery Fewster. "How did her first marriage turn out? I didn't know Ed Soper, but everybody says he died of double pneumonia as the result of her locking him out one winter night when he came home after eleven. They say she used to make him sit up and beg for fish like a trained seal. Jed, old pal, of all the women in the whole wide world you should not marry, that red-headed widow leads the list."

"She's pretty and she's smart," said Jed Harvey.

"Oh, yes, I grant that. How about her disposition, though? Come now, Jed, everybody knows Coralie Soper is a mighty peppery little lady. She'd rather fight than eat, and she flies off the handle if you look cross-eyed at her. Besides, there's mamma. Coralie's mamma has the meanest tongue west of Pittsburgh, and she'd snap at an alligator. You know that. Believe me, Jed, if you go through with this crazy notion, that pair will make you walk a chalk line the rest of your days, and you'll have no more chance of being yourself than a radio in a deaf-and-dumb asylum."

"Well," said Jed Harvey, "I'm not claiming Coralie is an angel. She does like to run things. And mamma is no cooing dove. Still, Grover Norton was keen to marry her; but she turned him down."

"Did she? I'll tell you something about that," said Emery Fewster. "I had a heart-to-heart talk with Grover when he was going round with Coralie. I gave him some sound advice while I was having a tooth filled. He's a sensible fellow and he saw the light. It was he who broke off with Coralie. If you marry her, he'll certainly have the laugh on you."

Jed Harvey became very thoughtful. "Em," he said, "I know by experience that your advice is always good. Look at Peterstown Separator Common. I took your tip and bought a wad of it at 89. Now it's at 147, and still going strong. You and I both cleaned up on it."

"I didn't," said Emery Fewster. "I didn't buy any."

"Well, anyhow," said Jed Harvey, "I'm going to think over what you've said about Coralie. Perhaps ——"

"Jed," put in Fewster, "why did you have your hair cut that funny way? You look as if you'd backed up against an electric fan."

Harvey gulped and got red.

"Coralie made me have it cut this way," he said.

"And that necktie you're wearing," said Fewster, "makes you look as if your name ought to be Tessie."

"Coralie picked it out for me," said Harvey.

"What did I tell you?" said Emery Fewster. "You're not even married yet, and already she's taken hold of the steering wheel and has you looking like a barber's apprentice at a ball. Jed, if you don't snap out of this fog, six months from now you'll be doing tatting—and liking it."

"You don't know Coralie very well," objected Jed Harvey.

"Don't I? Say, she might be my ex-wife's twin sister. I've seen her at many a party since I came to Peterstown. I was her partner at bridge once—just once—and my ear still hurts from the way she bawled me out. Oh, I know her! Why, she's even rolled her baby-blue eyes at me, which makes it unanimous. She soon saw that I was immune to her charms—and now she's turned 'em on you. Jed, listen to me. This is a serious matter. It would be foolish enough for you to marry any woman, but you'd win the solid-mahogany waffle for being the prize sap of the century if you married Coralie Soper. She has big broad thumbs and the man who marries her will spend his life under one of them. Are you going to be it?"

Jed Harvey sat mulling it over. "Em," he said, "the way you put it makes me wabbly. But how can I get out of it?"

"Vanish," said Emery Fewster.

"No," said Harvey, "I don't want to run away. You see, we're just about as good as engaged. She might sue me, even. By rights I should be calling at her bungalow right now and slipping this on her finger." Jed fished out of his pocket a two-carat sparkler.

Emery Fewster grabbed it out of his hand. "Give me that thing," he said. "They're dangerous. Jed, I'm your friend, and I'm going to keep you from making this mistake if I have to kidnap you."

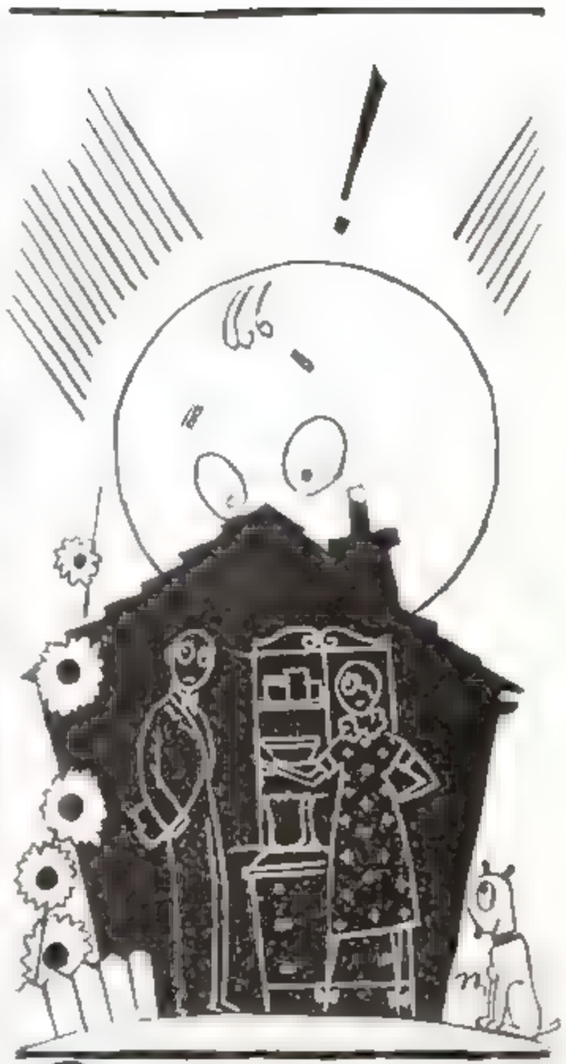
"But I haven't the nerve to go round and break the news to Coralie," moaned Jed Harvey.

"See?" exclaimed Fewster. "You're scared of her already. Now, Jed, I stand willing to prove I'm a true friend. Let me handle this. I'll go see Coralie myself and explain things."

"How?" asked Jed Harvey.

"Oh, I know how to handle her sort," said Fewster. "I'll let her down easy, of course. I'll tell her you're laid up, and that you asked me to drop in and say that you've been thinking things over and have decided that it wouldn't be fair of you to marry her, because she's such a fine woman and you're such a tramp—something like that. . . . Well?"

"Em," said Jed Harvey, "I've made up my mind. I'm going to take your advice. I knew Ed Soper well—and his life certainly was no picnic. I sort of made myself



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Right out of your kitchen pantry come the things from which OH HENRY! is made—the simple homelike things. You yourself could make Oh Henry!

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FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter, 1½ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk, ¼ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

Originally home-made in a little bit of a kitchen, OH HENRY! is still made that rough hewn, wholesome home-made way for the millions who prefer home-made candy. Just walk up to any candy counter, morning, noon or night and say Oh Henry!

Oh Henry!

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forget how Coralie used to keep him hopping round like a frog on a red-hot griddle—and as for that she hornet of a mother —— Honest, do you think you can get me out of it?"

"Do my best," said Emery Fewster, picking up his hat.

Emery Fewster went round to the bungalow where Coralie Soper and her mother lived. The old lady answered his ring. "Humph!" she said when she saw who it was. "We don't want any cream separators. Good night." She'd taken an instant dislike to Fewster when she first met him, and she wasn't the sort who kept it to herself when she thought somebody was a human parsnip.

"I'd like to see Coralie, please," said Fewster, trying to keep down the dirty look he felt rising up inside him. "Important private business."

"Oh, very well," said the old lady, and she left him in the living room with a look that said as plain as anything, "I'll be lucky if the piano is here when I get back."

Then Coralie came in, all dressed and made up, and she was very cordial to Fewster—the way a bank president is to a burglar.

"Coralie," began Emery Fewster, "you were expecting Jed, weren't you?" He took pride in the way he could handle delicate situations.

"Suppose I was," said Coralie.

"He won't be able to get here," said Fewster. "He's laid up. Got the pip—in his right knee. It's swollen up as big as a pumpkin. He asked me to drop round and explain."

"He might have telephoned," said Coralie Soper. "Or does he telephone with his right knee?"

"He's lost his voice," said Fewster. "Got a bad cold in his throat."

"Are you sure it isn't in his feet?" said Coralie Soper.

"I see you've guessed it," said Emery.

"Guessed what?"

"The truth is," said Fewster, "Jed has been confiding in me."

"He has, has he?" said Mrs. Soper. "Wait till I see him!"

"He'll be laid up a long time," said Emery Fewster. He was beginning to feel embarrassed. "Now this is what I came to tell you: You see, Jed has been thinking things over, and he thinks you're a mighty fine little woman and all that, but he's come to the conclusion that he'd better give up the idea of getting married and—and devote all his time to his career; and, anyway, he feels he'd make a bum husband, and so you see ——"

"I see apple sauce," said Coralie Soper. She turned on Fewster. "How dare you," she said, "come here and try to bamboozle me, you miserable, meddlesome chipmunk? I know you. You've always had it in for me because I never could see you with a spyglass. You put Jed Harvey up to this!"

With that Emery Fewster got a bit riled and decided to speak out.

"Believe what you want to, Coralie Soper," he said. "And as for your not seeing me with a spyglass, I can't see you with two spyglasses. Jed is my best friend, and I am not going to stand by and see him make a mistake."

"Mistake!" cried Coralie Soper. "How dare you say that?"

"I know what I'm talking about," said Emery Fewster. "I was married once—and the girl was just like you. Same hair, eyes, dimples—everything. She walked all over me."

"And just because your marriage failed you want to spoil mine," said Coralie Soper, and suddenly she began to weep. "It's it's not fair of you to hate me so much and try to hurt me," she sobbed

"Did I say I hate you?" said Fewster, beginning to feel like two cents' worth of nothing. She did look awfully small and forlorn, curled up on the sofa, sobbing away.

"You—do hate—me!" she sobbed. "You've made Jed hate me. Nobody lo-o-oves me. Oh, what'll I do?"

Emery Fewster felt worse and worse. "Now see here, Coralie," he said, "nobody hates you. I don't. I was just trying to do what I thought best."

"You want me to die of a broken heart!" she cried. "That's what you want, Emery Fewster! You don't know what it is to be a woman, alone in the world, with nobody to love you. I thought you were a nice man, too, and kind and sensible, and I don't see why you have to be cruel to a poor, lonely woman like me."

Fewster felt lower than the bottom of the ocean. He went over and patted her on the shoulder. "Hang it all, Coralie," he said, "I didn't think I was being cruel to you. You're all right. I don't hate you. It isn't that. Only ——"

She looked up at him and sort of half smiled through her tears. "Only what, Emery?" she said.

"Only Jed Harvey isn't the man for you," said Fewster.

She began to weep again. "Then who is?" she said.

Well, you know how it is—a woman starts crying and looking as if she needed somebody to take care of her, and men have hearts, and the next thing Emery Fewster knew he was saying, "Maybe I am, Coralie."

The man in the seat beside me took his coat from the hook. "We're getting near Muskogee," he said. "I hop off there. There isn't much more about Fewster. Before he left her bungalow that night he'd given Coralie Soper the ring on his own account. He didn't tell Jed, who was lying low in his hotel, about it until the following week. Then Fewster sent Jed a check for it from Chicago, where he and Coralie were spending their honeymoon."

"What did Harvey think?" I asked.

"He was peeved—at first. But he soon got over it. Fewster came back from Chicago with a horrible necktie, a funny roundhouse haircut and a wilted and subdued look. Every time Coralie looked at him he stood at attention, awaiting orders. Jed Harvey went back to his room and laughed so hard and loud one of the guests complained. . . . Well, here we are at Muskogee. They put the diner on here Take my advice and order the corned-beef hash. It's excellent. Good-by."

The small neat faded man gathered up his bags and went down the car aisle. I saw the back of his head. He looked as if his hair had been cut by Sitting Bull.

I went into the diner and ordered the corned-beef hash and found it very excellent indeed.

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THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

(Continued from Page 32)

When they see that strange intensity in the eyes of a man who has been too much alone they say that he has missed one too many boats."

"It is very bad to be without a boat," Klatakan sagely observed.

"And when did you tell Laverne the story of the Old Man of the North?" Villiers demanded suddenly.

"It was only last year," the old native testified.

"Tell no other," Villiers advised. "The Old One would be very angry."

Late in the summer Villiers returned down the Liard. He found that Harrington's dogs were still at the Nahané camp, evidence that his friend was still up in the country north of the Liard. He elected, instead of waiting for Harrington here, to go on down to the trading post at the mouth of the Liard, where it flowed into the giant Mackenzie, and to wait there for the coming of his friend.

The traders had come down in the spring on their annual trip with supplies for the posts. While Villiers was at the Simpson post the boats came back upriver, laden with a year's take of fur. They had yet another thousand miles of journey into the south by stream and lake before they would arrive at the end of the railroad. And they would travel fast if they were to reach it before freeze-up. A hundred miles south of Simpson post they would have to cross the Great Slave Lake, a vast body of water over ten thousand square miles in extent, and dangerous to navigate with small flat-bottomed river craft.

From down river, with the boats of the traders, came a bearded priest of the North, one Ruvierre. He was short and thickset, slightly stooped and with a forward thrust to his head. His long brown beard, shot through with white, hung almost to his knees. Through the belt cord of his flowing black cassock was thrust a crucifix. His black eyes lighted with pleasure at sight of Villiers.

"Most fortunate," he said. "You must help me. He has not come to the Mackenzie in over two years now. It is time to act and I am too old to travel fast."

"Over two years," Villiers echoed reflectively. "Yes. We must look into things."

XIII

THE winds that followed the big storm had shrieked savagely for days, but had now subsided somewhat, presaging a calm. Harrington sat before the blazing logs in the big fireplace, his mind engaged with the details of preparation for the start on their journey to the outside. As soon as this after-storm gale ceased they would be off.

Lynne slipped from the cabin and traveled swiftly to the defile that afforded outlet to the river, but she did not enter it. The time for entering that deep narrow fissure was past for the winter. The walls rose for a thousand feet, and above those first rims an abrupt slope pitched up for several hundred yards to the foot of the upper wall that terminated in a flat-topped plateau. Lynne had examined this spot after the first snow. At one point that intermediate slope was steep as a church roof.

Lynne knew that the winds of the past few days had scoured the snow from the flat top above, blowing it over the cliff to settle in heavy drifts on that steep slope. There should be an average depth of thirty feet of snow there now, clinging as precariously as an inch of new snow clings to a church steeple. It was a well-defined snowslide route and there was never a winter when that treacherous mass failed to descend and block the defile that led to the river.

As a consequence, the occupants of the basin had never used the river route after the big snows came. At best the going was bad, as Harrington had discovered upon the occasion when the lowering of the stream level had permitted the ice to cave, leaving only that precarious shelf. And they never knew at what instant the slide might come down.

Harrington believed that there was but one route of exit from the sink hole; and Lynne, with a very definite object in mind, had concealed from him the information that there was another. A narrow ledge led slantingly up the walls until it pinched out into nothingness. At that point a heavy rawhide ladder swung in a slender crevice that led up to a second sloping shelf. Three such stretches brought one to the top. It was the regular winter trail and Lynne, even in summertime, used it much more frequently than the longer route by way of the river, unless accompanied by the dogs.

Lynne had waited for that slide. With so heavy a weight of snow on that steep rock slope it should have occurred almost before the winds had finished piling it there. Any hour now one might expect to hear it. But it might also, through some unexplained freakishness, violate custom by hanging on for weeks. For three days, ever since the winds had started sifting the new snow over the cliff and depositing it on such old snow as had fallen there from preceding storms, Lynne had listened anxiously for the sound of the avalanche. The wind was receding now and Harrington was preparing to make the start for the long journey to that outside world from which she had determined to detain him. One more day, now—two at best—and he would be starting.

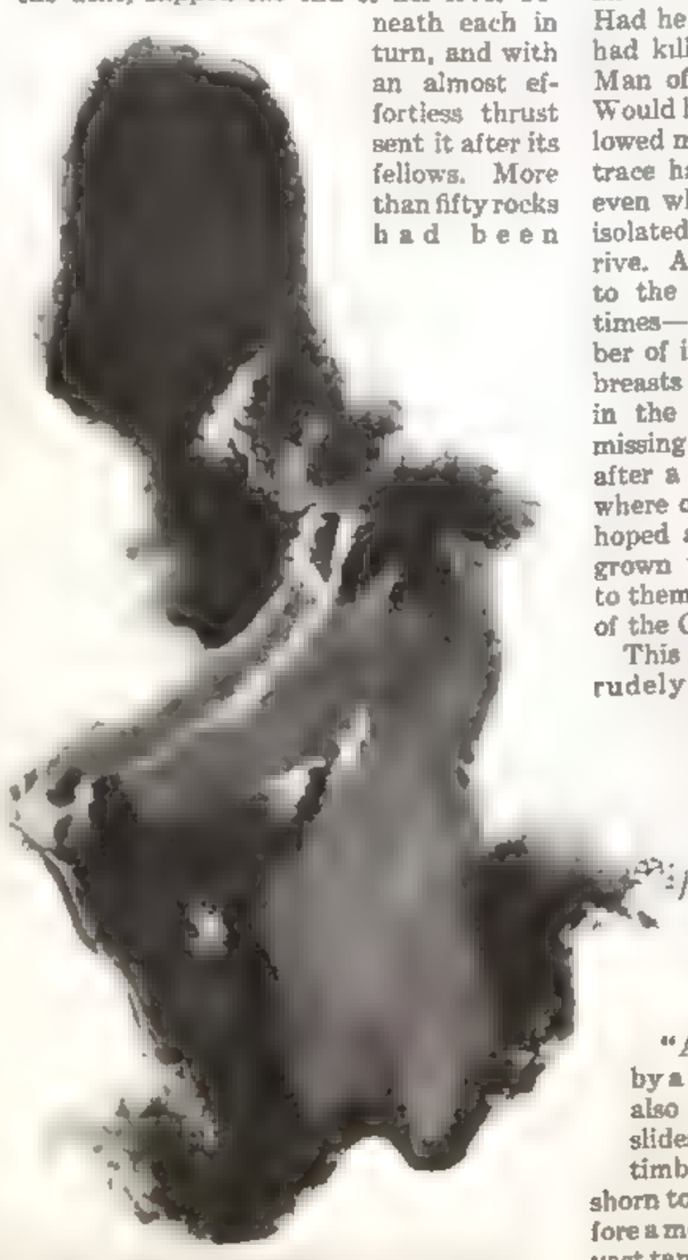
Well, if the slide declined to start of its own accord, there were ways. Lynne knew the tremendous energy generated by heavy bowlders liberated on a steep incline. She had watched them plunge down a slope, gathering force and snapping trees a foot in diameter. A few such, precipitated from the upper rim upon that treacherous mass of white that clung to the slope below, would touch it off. She retraced her way, passed the cabin and mounted the slope through the timber to the foot of the walls and started the ascent by way of the winter trail. Topping out at the head of a rock chute down which the uppermost of the rawhide ladders was suspended, she came out upon a little bench just below the upper rim. This was graced by a dog corral in which were a score of small individual dog houses built of logs and with drop curtains of caribou skin across the little doorways.

It had been the custom to bring the dogs to this spot before freeze-up every fall and leave them here throughout the winter. Then the occupants of the basin could mount to the top by the route over which Lynne had just ascended, hook a string of dogs to a sleigh and start. The corrals, of course, were empty now, unoccupied for the first time in a quarter of a century at this time of year, and the little dog houses seemed but mounds of snow.

Beyond the corrals, out on the flat-topped tongue of land that rose above the defile, its surface freed of snow by the winds of the past few days, were many dark objects—bowlders poised on the brink of the cliff. An observer who divined Lynne's purpose would have pronounced the arrangement almost providential. But Lynne had arranged all this long since. Frequently, on her lone excursions before freeze-up she had resorted to this spot and had freed bowlders from their beds, rolling them to the very lip of the cliff. Now everything was ready to her hand.

She neared the edge cautiously, sprawled flat and peered down over the cliff. At its foot, far below her, that intermediate slope, steep as a church roof and now covered with many feet of drifted snow, pitched abruptly down to the dark gash that was the course of the defile that led from the sink hole to the river.

Lynne rose, and by the use of a pole for a lever, she precipitated the first big bowlder over the brink. There was a splintering crash as it struck some outcropping point on the face of the cliff and was catapulted out into space, a dull thud as it plunged into the mass of snow far below with tremendous force. The bowlders were poised at the brink of the cliff at ten-foot intervals. The girl stepped from one to the next, slipped the end of her lever beneath each in turn, and with an almost effortless thrust sent it after its fellows. More than fifty rocks had been arranged there in case of necessity, but she had need of but few of them. Even as she toppled the fifth bowlder from its place there was a vast slithering sound from below. That great mass of snow, clinging but precariously to that smooth rock slope that was a natural snowslide route and almost ready to start from its own weight, had been touched off by the jar of the first few bowlders that crashed down mightily from that lofty height. The slithering sound increased to an ominous roar and terminated in a reverberating boom that seemed to rock the foundations of the earth, as a million tons of snow shot over the lip of the sheer walls at the foot of the slope and fell to the floor of the narrow defile.



She Rose and Clasped Her Hands About Her Knees. "Yes. It All Resolves Back Upon Your Statement of Some Time Ago"

Already Lynne was running swiftly toward the head of the winter trail and descending the first rock chute by means of the ladder, with the agility of a squirrel.

Harrington, seated comfortably before the fire in the cabin, was engaged in speculation as to how McNair had become aware of the presence of the gold deposits. Already Harrington had linked the Old Man of the North with the tales of the bearded stranger who sometimes turned up at isolated trading posts on the Yukon slope to purchase supplies, paid for them and departed. The gold-seeking fraternity, ever suspecting a new strike and determined to be in the rush for it, had whispered that this stranger whose trail disappeared into the unknown reaches of the interior had made a fabulous strike, and some had sought to follow him.

Had McNair been one of these, hanging on more tenaciously than the rest? Perhaps. And then he might have heard the mutterings of the Moccasin Telegraph about the Old Man of the North who lived in the spray of the phantom falls. Possibly natives of the Liard had told him of strange dog-sled trails that pointed into this region of winters, of mysterious phantom canoes that passed along the streams of summers, and he had linked all the tales together. Had he waylaid Pan and killed him, as he had killed Van Dorn? Who was the Old Man of the North and who was Lynne? Would he ever know? The North had swallowed many a man of whom no subsequent trace has come to light. Individuals and even whole parties have started for some isolated spot or another and failed to arrive. After a while their names are added to the long roll of the missing. Sometimes—not often, but in a sufficient number of instances to keep hope alive in the breasts of those who have lost loved ones in the North—one or another of those missing ones returns to the haunts of men after a span of years. Were there, somewhere out in the world, relatives who still hoped against hope that a tiny girl, now grown to womanhood, would come back to them? Others that hoped for the return of the Old Man of the North?

This train of peaceful speculation was rudely shattered, and Harrington was brought to his feet by an ominous rumble that rose above the thunder of the falls, a sound that increased in volume and terminated in a booming crash that shook the cabin on its foundations while padded echoes scurried from wall to wall. Outside, the huskies raised their voices in the dismal chorus of the North. Harrington knew that rumbling sound.

"Avalanche!" he exclaimed, assailed by a swift fear for Lynne's safety; for he also knew the devastation wrought by slides. He had seen clean-cut swaths on timbered slopes where the forest had been shorn to the last stick, like so much grass before a mower; the splintered trunks piled in vast tangled heaps of débris in the bottoms. He had seen mining towns crushed and buried. Lifting his voice, he shouted Lynne's name again and again. When she did not answer he donned his furs and started off down the floor of the sink hole. Reaching the crevice, he entered it and traversed the greater part of its length before reaching the near end of the slide. The narrow defile was blocked by snow that packed it from wall to wall to a height of two hundred feet. He was fairly sick with terror at the thought that Lynne's lovely body might be crushed somewhere in that mass. He was weak and nauseated, ready almost to tear at the snow with futile hands, when Lynne came racing swiftly to him from the rear, a bit breathless from her long run.

"I thought you might be under it," he breathed, still further weakened, curiously enough, from the sudden revulsion of feeling occasioned by his relief at the sight of her, the sound of her voice.

"No. I was at the far end of the basin," she explained. "A bad slide."

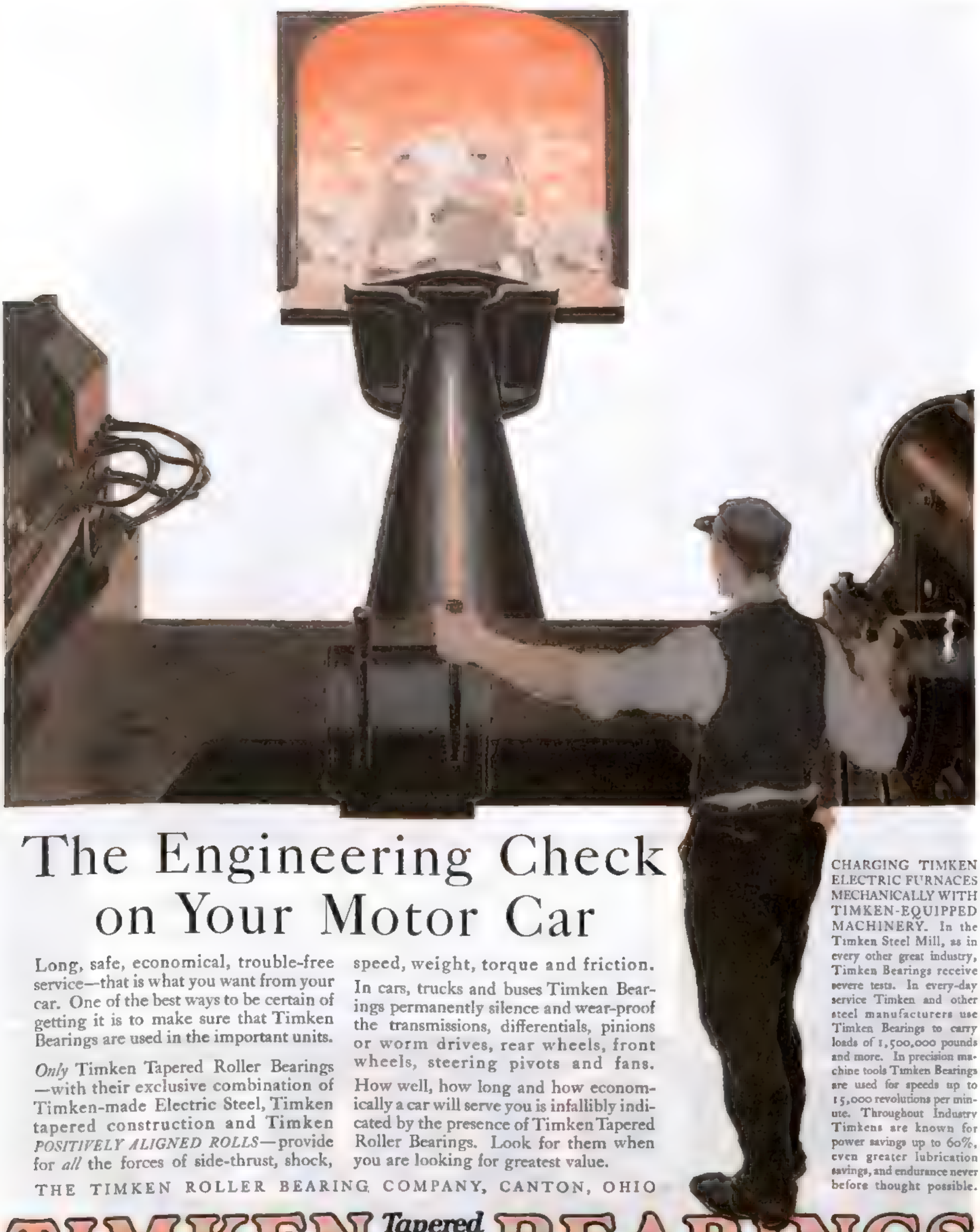
Harrington rendered the opinion that once the mass had become settled and packed they could cross over it and climb down the far side with ease.

"Except for one thing," Lynne amended. "The far end fills the defile clear to the river. All of it that protrudes beyond the walls will cave in, falling into the stream, and you'll find the far end a sheer drop of a hundred feet or more to the river. It always happens that way when we have a slide at this point."

"You've had them before?" he queried.

"Yes, a few. Now we're imprisoned here for the winter," she predicted

(Continued on Page 61)



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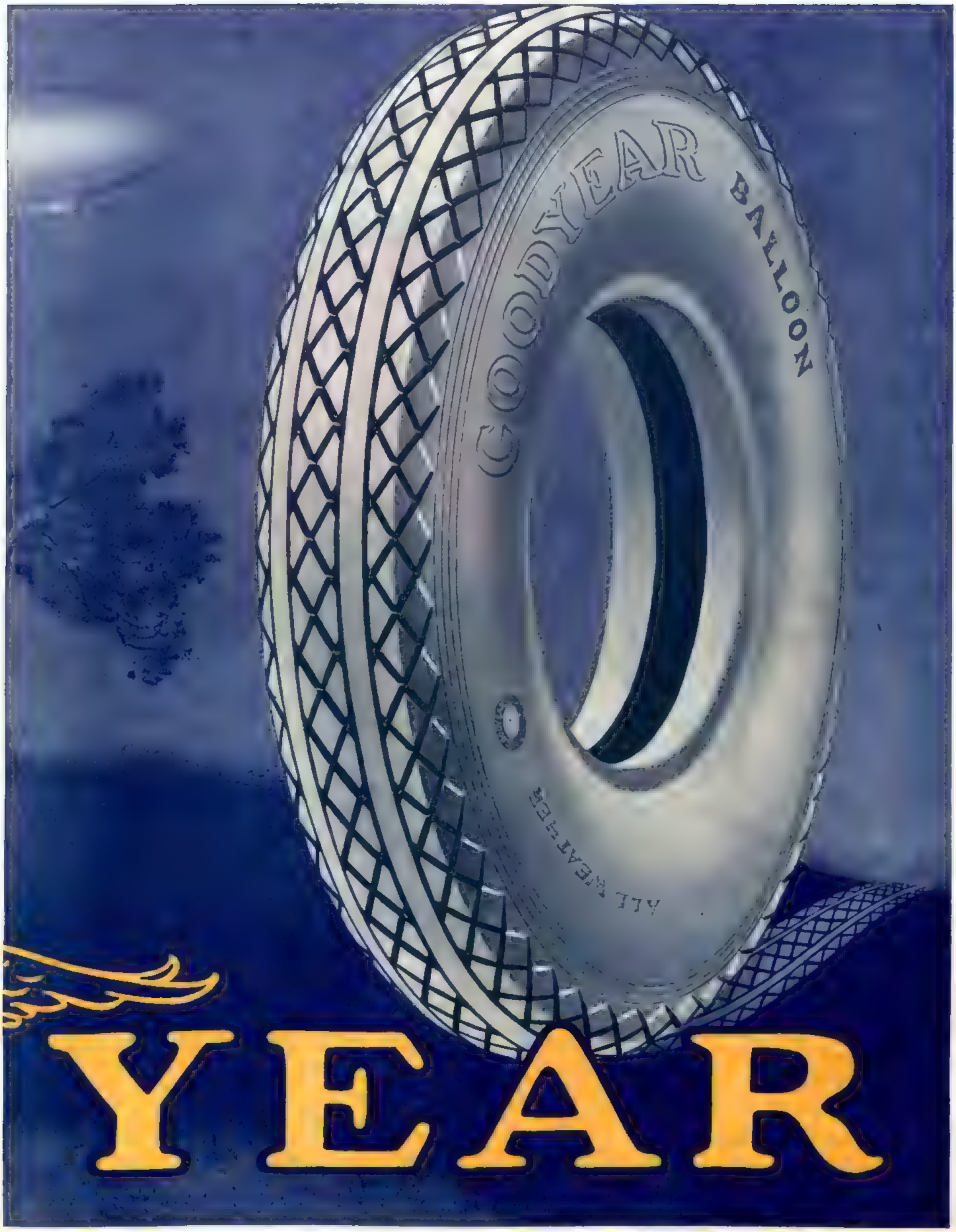
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(Continued from Page 56)

"Not that, I imagine; just when we have the snow and the traveling weather we've been wishing for," he said. "We'll make it out all right in a week or two."

He knew that it would be no particular feat for him to get out of the sink hole, but again he was conscious of a little lurking imp of elation over the fact that he might still find excuse for lingering on here for a few more days. Was he looking for excuses to delay their start? It was his procrastination that accounted for the fact that they were still here. In the early summer, after McNair had booted him over the cliff and the canoe had been wrecked, he had assented readily enough to Lynne's suggestion that it would be almost impossible to travel down to the Liard on foot, crossing all the muskegs. He had known, of course, that they could make it and that he should have insisted upon taking her to Father Ruvierre forthwith.

He could travel in any country, summer or winter, in drought or in flood. But, nevertheless, he had assented. Even upon being led down to the river and seeing the two little canoes that were used for conveying between the ledge and the mouth of the defile, and when Lynne had pronounced it impossible to reach the top of the canyon with one by way of those steep and narrow fissures, he had agreed. He knew, too, that he could have packed one to the top and down over the miles to canoeing water almost as easily as he could have worn his hat for that distance. What were big hulking shoulders such as his good for if not for such service? But he had lingered on. There had never been a time, even when McNair and his evil companion had lurked outside, when Harrington had had any real doubt but what he and Lynne could reach the Liard safely. Yet he had stayed on under the most flimsy pretexts.

It had all come about through his infernal reflections about the deficiencies of civilized modes of life, he decided. Civilization was headed somewhere, no doubt, but it certainly was headed directly away from the goal of peace and tranquillity for the individual. That being true, and since his own aim was the desire to find peace and serenity of spirit, just what good was civilization to him? Perhaps, he thought, he was just too indolent to strive further for material progress. Well, just what goal was there toward which it would benefit him to strive? Already he had toiled hugely and had attained all the material success that he desired, and the recognition of his fellow men. More of either, and the responsibilities it would entail, would simply bore him. And in the end he would find that he had harvested only discontent. Knowing this, why was it not his privilege to seek content along any path that opened invitingly before him? Or perhaps—but what did another "perhaps," or a dozen of them, really matter? What difference would it make if he did determine just what it was that had occasioned his present outlook on life or the source of his newborn beliefs? But what did matter vitally was that he had no right to make Lynne a party to his own efforts to attain lazy self-satisfaction, by depriving her of immediate opportunity to sample the civilization which she had never experienced, and of which he had experienced so much that he was ready to discard it. It just wouldn't do. He made a firm decision that he would work his way out of the basin so they could start at once—that is, in a few days now.

Back again in the cabin before the fire, Harrington felt that that shining quality about Lynne had become suddenly intensified. Or perhaps he imagined it; that it was a natural consequence of reaction from his fear for her upon hearing the avalanche descend. A dozen times she laughed with that low crooning note to which his whole being responded with a curious delight as positive as if roused by a caressing hand. Even her silences seemed electric, as if masking an odd, pleased excitement. Their glances met and locked and Harrington felt someway that to avert his gaze would require a physical effort greater than any of which he was capable. Lynne rose and moved slowly toward him, treading the path of his illumined gaze as if traveling the sunlit trail to paradise. Then she was in his arms, her lips against his own.

"Lovely," he whispered, caressing her. "Lovely." Then, suddenly he put her away from him, almost savagely. "Lynne, we can't do this."

For a space she was silent, startled at this abrupt exile from paradise. But suddenly she was devoid of all apprehension. His very fierceness had conveyed to her woman's instinct all that she desired to know.

"Why?" she asked, and her voice was low pitched and husky. "Don't you like it?"

"What a question?" he flared irritably, as if tried beyond his powers of restraint. "Too well!"

"So do I," she testified unevenly. "Oh, I didn't know that there could be anything in the world so lovely."

Again he was holding her. "But, Lynne, you don't know!" he said.

"Oh, yes. I know," she breathed.

"But you can't!" he insisted roughly.

"Then you tell me. Teach me. But don't put me away. I want to stay here always." Her hands drew his face to her own, while her lips tempted him.

Presently she drew back her head and gazed into his face, her eyes wide with an amazing conviction that had come to her. "You love me!" she announced. "You do! I know it."

"Of course, I do, you lovely little devil," he agreed. "The man doesn't live who wouldn't be mad about you at first sight."

She gave a delicious low chuckle, broken by the raggedness of her breathing as she clung to him.

"And I didn't know! Why didn't you tell me? I've had a perfectly devilish time to keep myself from creeping into your arms every second. To think how much time we've wasted out of one short lifetime."

Time flew by as she sat there on his knees, while they recited the things that have seemed original to all lovers since the dawn of man. Eventually she sat erect and asked, "But why did you try to keep from loving me this way, when you wanted to so much?"

"You were here alone with me," he explained.

"But, surely!" she agreed, surprised.

"Living here with you alone this way," he amplified. "I'm no puritan by any stretch of imagination, but there is a strain of decency in me that wouldn't permit of my doing anything that would harm you in the eyes of people that you will meet outside."

She nestled back in his arms again and held up her lips in invitation. "But this doesn't harm me. It's just what I want," she insisted. "It was your not telling me that was doing the harm. Now everything's all right."

Lynne was no economist in matters of love. Neither was she hampered by traditions which prescribed that the woman must not woo but instead must wait meekly for the man to take the initiative. Throughout the next few days she lavished her affection upon the man of her choice with the unreserve of some entrancing wild creature.

Harrington, mad about her, nevertheless made tentative efforts to put a check upon his own demonstrativeness, and on several occasions he declared emphatically, "We must be getting out of here, Lovely."

To which Lynne made invariable reply, "But I don't want to get out of here. I wish to stay."

On occasion Pan had brought in new dogs, some of them separated from masters whom they loved, others that had been subjected to mistreatment that caused them to be savagely distrustful. All of them had been transplanted into strange environment and company, great wolfish creatures that were shy and wild and eager to depart for the homeland that called to them. Always such new arrivals had been given into Lynne's care and she had won their trust and affection by giving to them of her own. When some great wolf dog, longing for his former master or for the scenes of his beloved homeland, evidenced a fresh access of restlessness and desire to leave, Lynne won him back by fresh evidence of her love for him. On such occasions she addressed the restless one in those crooning tones that convey to all creatures of either canine or human extraction—even though the words may be uttered in an alien tongue that is unintelligible to the ear—that they are love notes speaking to the spirit. And now, knowing that Harrington could not depart for the homeland that was calling to him, she set about winning him in this same manner—the only way she knew. That Harrington should feel that they must leave—and in the same breath announcing that if only his own inclinations were to be consulted he would elect to stay on here forever—was to Lynne a contradictory and incomprehensible viewpoint. In her mind they themselves were all that mattered, all other considerations being negligible.

Harrington, planning to discard civilization and become a man of the wilderness, nevertheless had been subjected to the pressure of civilized taboos, knew their weight and was now unable to disregard the edicts of the society in which he had been reared. "I must take you to some trading post," he insisted. "In lieu of a missionary's being stationed there, the post factor can officiate, I believe."

To Lynne this whole idea seemed utterly absurd. What possible difference could it effect in their natures or in their love for each other to have a few ritualistic words uttered over them by a stranger? During her voluminous reading she had absorbed the works of the great philosophers, perused weighty volumes on the customs of human marriage, studied the various creeds and cults. She viewed them all with detached impersonality. No single one meant more to her than another. Of one thing she was quite sure—that human beliefs and taboos are in a constant state of flux and transition. "There are so many scores of entirely different sets of beliefs and customs that it does not stand to reason that any one can be quite right and the rest all hideously wrong," she sagely observed. "In any event, if we subscribe to one we automatically violate the rest. It some way seems too utterly absurd."

Thus Lynne, as some pagan goddess, viewing from afar the affairs of men, shrugged the lot of them into the discard, casually dismissing the whole matter.

"But you cannot dispose of all civilization and its works in so casual a fashion," Harrington laughed. "It isn't done."

"Why not? Whose affair is it, other than our own? What do all those others matter?"

"Suppose we confess that we think that they do not matter," he conceded. "We may convince ourselves of the truth of our assumption, but we'll never convince them. They will still contend that they do matter greatly. By and large, I agree with you, but specifically one must face things as they are, instead of as he would have them. There are many taboos and customs that are idiotic in the light of reason. Still, in any society whose group interests must be paramount to the wishes of the individual, some method must be devised to regulate all things, great or small. Naturally many such devisements are stupid. However, the degree to which any taboo is observed has always rested largely upon the inflexibility of the interpretation placed upon it by the group majority. One person, having been denied a certain privilege himself and without courage to transgress, is first jealously to insist upon the punishment of some other who may have put a somewhat more lenient interpretation upon the restrictions surrounding that privilege.

"Those who are too cautious to transgress are always vastly in the majority and,

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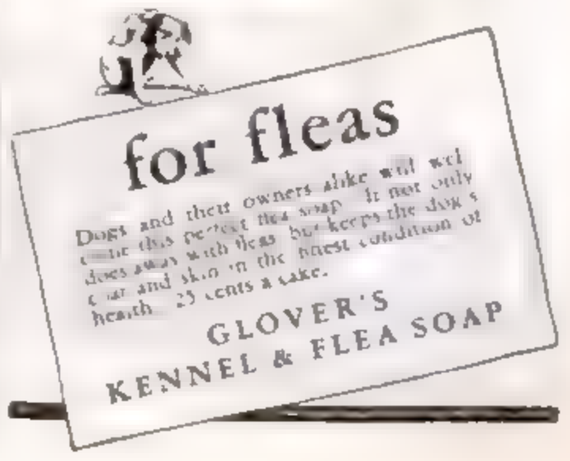
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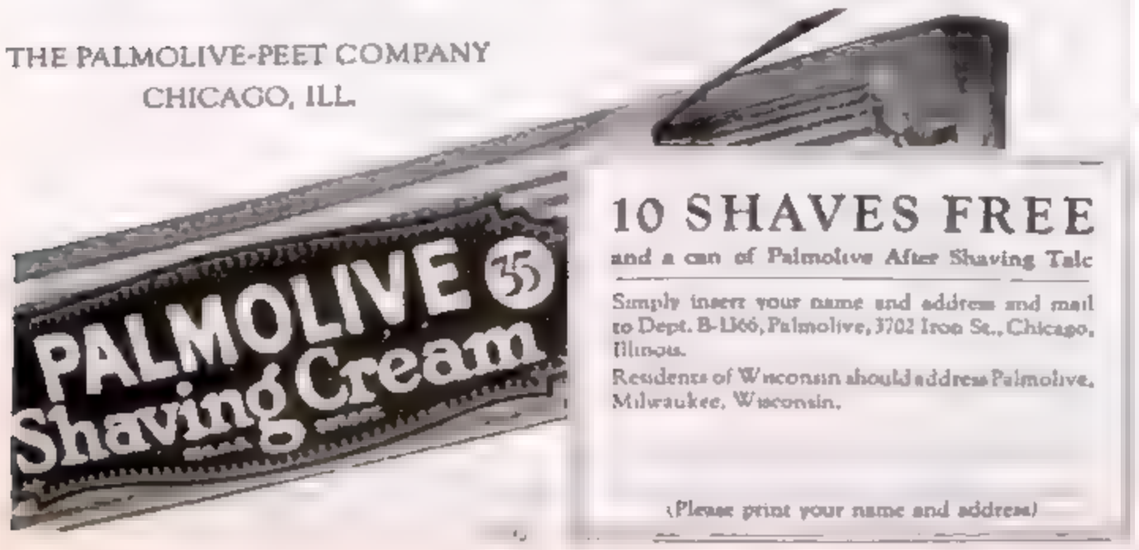

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as a consequence, cry out with mass clamor against the transgressor. That makes for inflexibility. On the other hand, if the example of the few who interpret a given restriction leniently were to be emulated by the many, it would mark the beginning of the end for that particular taboo through increasing public nonobservance. That's what has been happening throughout the centuries of the climb of man, resulting in the gradual discarding of a thousand and one taboos and obsolete beliefs that have been replaced by others. Nevertheless, for one's own comfort he must—outwardly at least—observe the current taboos of the group with which his lot in life is thrown."

Lynne conceded the logic of this, but it all seemed so far away that her interest in it was wholly impersonal. Meanwhile Clay was very near and her interest in him was extremely personal. So with a shrug of her pretty shoulders she consigned all the affairs of men to the discard, so far as accepting the fact that she should apply them to herself.

XIV

HARRINGTON himself viewed the thought of their return to the outside world with some apprehension. There was much to consider. Would Lynne become so thoroughly enamored of the variety that civilization affords that she would realize the deprivations of her former isolated life and come to hate the thought of it, along with all that was associated with it? That contingency was highly probable. Would the fresh bloom of her naturalness be rubbed off by contact with civilized artificiality of manner? That seemed almost inevitable. Then, too, there were their own personal relations to be considered. At the present time Lynne adored him, would probably continue to admire him extravagantly for so long as they were alone together and there was no way in which she could make unfavorable comparisons. Surrounded by millions of men, would she not discover by comparison that he was not the wonderful creature that she had believed him to be? That, too, seemed an inevitable result, even though her love for him might still persist. Why should he take that chance? He should not take the chance, reason answered; never in a thousand years. Having found what he wanted in life, would he not brand himself a moron to risk the loss of it? Again reason aligned itself on his side. Still there was duty, his conscience whispered. Duty!

He gave ironical consideration to an analysis of duty as the civilized mind conceives that fearsome term. He preferred to stay on here. Reason supported his preference. Lynne not only preferred to remain here but seemed determined to do so. Her reason also supported her desire. Why, then, should that persistent cry of "Duty! Duty!" surge up to urge the necessity of an action that was contrary to the dictates of both his inclination and his reason? Lynne was troubled by no such complexity of thought. Wherein were their mental processes so different? When the mind of an infant born into civilization first begins to unfold, its elders begin forthwith to insert into it a ready-made set of convictions, so as to make sure that it will later conform to the prescribed human pattern. Most of the prescriptions laid down as rules for conduct are entirely at variance with the natural inclinations of this growing mite of life. After years of more or less unintelligent schooling in repression of natural instincts and the substitution of the artificial, it results, logically, that any human so trained comes to view inclination of any sort with active suspicion. Every natural impulse has been thwarted entirely, or hedged about with taboos or mannerisms for so long a time that, unconsciously, one arrives at the point where the very thing that he desires to do, no matter what, automatically seems to be the wrong thing to do.

Thus conscience and a sense of duty seem to be in perpetual conflict with both reason and natural impulse. Harrington had heard duty defined in a hundred different ways: Be self-sacrificing; vote for Jones—vote for Smith, on the same issue; love your country before self; turn the other cheek—fight your own battles; be meek and you will inherit the earth—be martial and take up arms for the right; love your neighbor; be worthy; do your duty; always do right. He could go on reciting definitions of duty indefinitely, most of them vague generalities upon which one could put a wide variety of interpretations, and all of them, if linked in selected couplets, decidedly contradictory. He laid all this before Lynne.

"But through it all is the supreme idea of self-abnegation," he said. "That, distinctly, is the keynote of the duty symbol. The main idea seems to be to refrain from doing anything that you really wish to do; to put everything on earth—country, religion and neighbors—ahead of self. If one appropriates the tail end of the race for himself he has done his duty."

Lynne was reclining upon a bearskin before the fire. She rose and clasped her hands about her knees.

"Yes. It all resolves back upon your statement of some time ago, that all human conduct, down to the smallest details, must be regulated to pattern in order to make life livable in crowded centers, and that it must be done by taboos. The duty symbol is the basic part of the structure, I should say. With the great mass believing from infancy that subjugation of personal inclination in all things is the chief element of virtue, it makes for easy regulation of the mass of humanity by the leaders."

"Just that," Harrington agreed. "The average parents, following the dictates of leaders who rule by reason of individuality, and hoping that their offspring will develop those same qualities of leadership, nevertheless put in their time in impressing upon the unfolding mentalities the very formulas that tend to crush all individuality and to shape them into so many human patterns of conforming duty mites, ready to obey the dictates of any call save that of their own natural inclinations. With the mass thus controlled by the duty complex, the leaders have but to lift their voices and announce the nature of the duty to be performed—to espouse some cause and to fight for it, to espouse some cause and prepare resignedly to bear its defeat, to give of material resources, to curse, to pray or what not—and the mass mind accepts it as duty and performs it valiantly at the sacrifice of self, even to sacrifice of life, when actually the individual inclinations of all concerned are opposed to the movement of the hour. But how those taboos do cling." He laughed down at Lynne. "I'm an integral part of that mass duty complex of civilized humanity. Now, here am I, longing to stay on here with you. Reason and natural inclination urge that course. Yet there is that damned little interfering voice forever whining in my ears that it is my duty to you to take you into the outside world."

"It would seem to me that duty should follow the dictates of natural inclination supported by reason," said Lynne reflectively. "My reason and inclination urge that I keep you here. That is why I planned it."

"You planned it?" Harrington echoed.

"Of course," she confessed calmly. "When I told you last spring that it would be impossible to cross the big swamps between here and the Liard on foot I knew that it would be easy for me." Harrington knew it too. She could have traversed that country as easily as a wild thing. When tired of land travel she would take to the water as readily as an otter. He could picture her swimming tirelessly, hour after hour, across some lake or down the course of a stream. "Or I could have made a birch-bark canoe or a boat of green moose hide stretched on a willow frame," she resumed. When she reached the point of informing him that the snowslide came down every winter to block the defile,

(Continued on Page 65)

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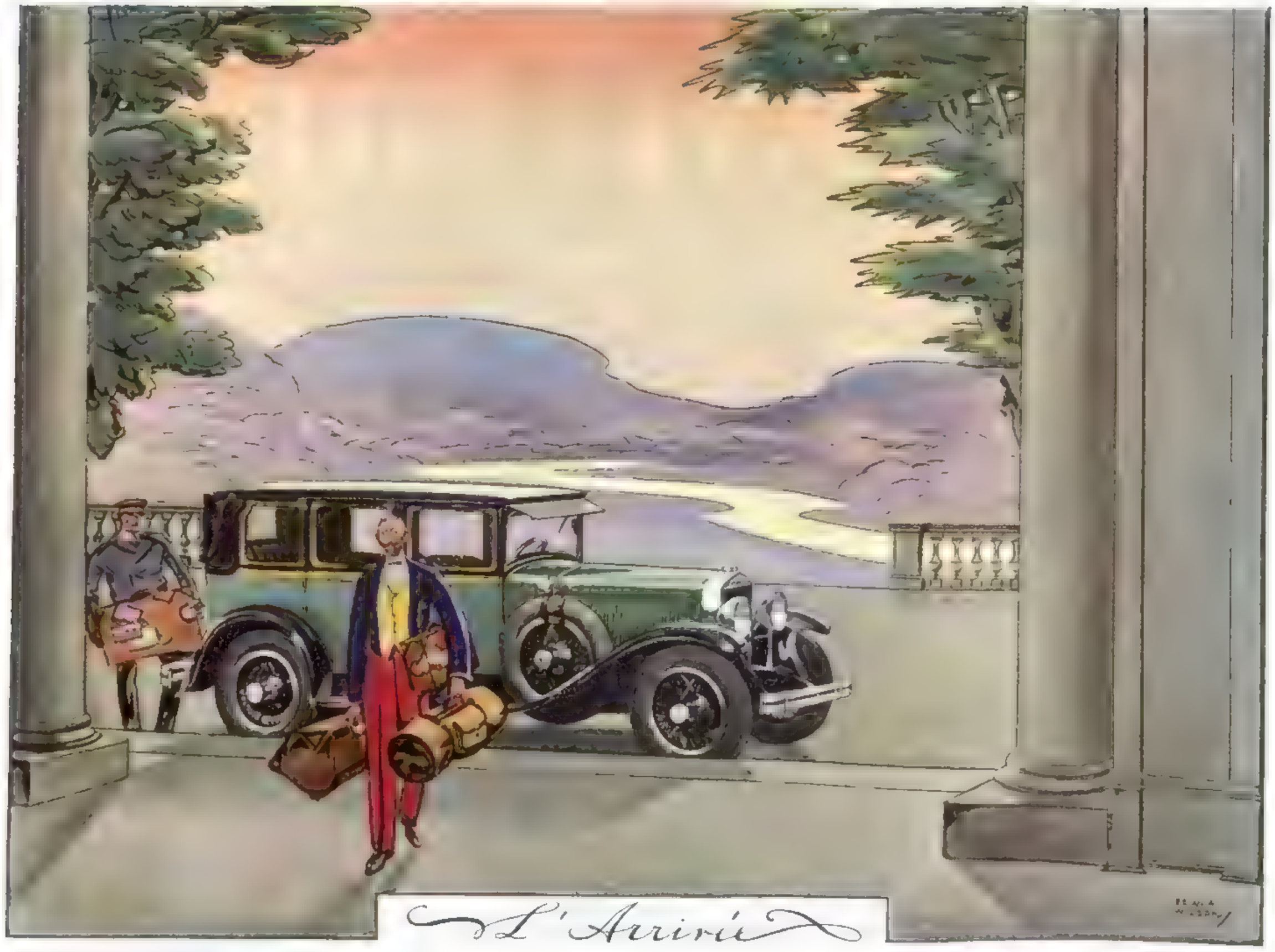

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(Continued from Page 62)

Harrington laughed aloud. He had imagined that the various delays had been occasioned by his own temporizing, and he had experienced a guilty feeling that he was catering to self-inclination in lingering instead of following the clear call of duty and starting on the journey to Father Ruvierre in spite of obstacles. And now to find that Lynne had planned it deliberately from the first!

"This is too good!" he chuckled. "Trapped! A prisoner of love to a beautiful Amazon. Held in bondage by silken cords of dear delight! Lovely, if only you realized how good this really is. But tell me, sweet, just why you so suddenly decided to keep me a prisoner of love here, rather than to go outside with me and love me there."

Lynne rose from the bearskin and transferred her entrancing person to his arms. "Because I would not let you go to her," she said.

"Me! Go to her! Go to whom?" he queried. "That's a bit too deep for me, Lovely."

"That other woman," she stated.

"But there's no other woman for me to go to, Lynne," he said. "None but yourself in the whole creation that matters a straw to me. Just you!"

"Um-m," Lynne murmured doubtfully, kissing him. "What about that girl in the story?"

"The story! What story?" Harrington demanded vaguely.

She told him.

"Oh!" he said, his mind groping back. He remembered now. "Oh, that!" Also, his mind wandered back to the woman who had obsessed his thoughts for so long a time. It all seemed so long ago—a part of a different state of existence. Meaningless now.

Odd how it had depressed him at the time. "Oh, that," he echoed again. "Yes, I recall now." He tried to visualize that other face, and with an effort he recalled it to his mental projecting room and flashed it on the screen of his mind. A beautiful face, and a fine one; something like Lynne's—just a bit—but lacking that shining quality that was Lynne's. "So you thought the girl in the story was the one that I wanted?"

"I knew it," Lynne concurred, a queer intensity in her eyes.

"But why? You'd never seen the girl. I suppose," he teased, "it was because you recognized in me the perfect character to be cast in the part of the Blundering Fool in that particular fairy tale? Confess, now."

But Lynne was unable to compete with him on a basis of tender raillery. It was without the bounds of her experience.

"It was no fairy tale, and I told you it was the woman who was the fool," she said gravely. "But I knew that if you were to see her again you might be the one."

"Bull's-eye," he said ruefully. "But, Lynne, I've scarcely thought of her in months."

"I believe that," she returned thoughtfully. "But I want you to stay here until I am quite sure that you will never think of her again. Now love me," and she slid into his arms. He watched the light in her eyes fade to a glow of tenderness; and he touched the lids gently with his lips, as if to seal and preserve that look in them for all time to come.

During the course of the next few days Harrington was amusedly conscious of the fact that he was actually a captive. A tractable captive, to be sure; a prisoner chained by the tender fetters of love, but a prisoner nevertheless. He adored the thought of being the object of it. What other woman in the world, even desiring it, would have been able to conceive and carry through such a plan? But he wished to dispel the apprehension that was behind the fancied necessity of her act, so he explained to Lynne that upon their entrance into the outside world it was an extremely remote possibility that he should meet that other woman who constituted the basis of her determination to remain here; that she might be thousands of miles removed from them, and that even in case of their sojourning for a space in the same city, the likelihood of their meeting was very slim.

But Lynne could not quite visualize the immensity of that other world. In the very forefront of it, whether trading post or city, she pictured the specter of that other woman waiting with outstretched arms to deprive her of her mate. Therefore she kept him here. Harrington waged a losing battle, since he fought, also, against his own inclination. After all, he thought, it was isolation that had made of Lynne the loveliest and most unusual creature of his experience. Why not dedicate her to the wilderness that had produced her? His uneasy sense of guilt at keeping her here away from civilization would not bear inspection in the light of reason. One could scarcely be deprived of what one had never experienced, so she would feel no actual sense of loss at not visiting the world of civilization. Her happiness in staying on here with him was assured, as was his own; while the happiness of both of them would be in constant jeopardy from the instant they entered the outside world. The feeling that he must take her to Ruvierre, then, to determine what the priest had in store for her future, was probably a perverted sense of that duty complex which they had discussed—far more likely to work out detrimentally than for the best. Yet he renewed his insistence that they leave as soon as possible and visit some missionary. As before, she shrugged aside all man-made rites, rituals and taboos as negligible considerations when applied to herself. However, she clearly recognized the fact that there are mental hazards, barriers of the mind that are not to be hurdled or transgressed with impunity. She had painstakingly planted in the brain of many a savage husky certain taboos that were observed thereafter far more scrupulously than would have been the case if only physical coercion had been applied. These things were true of men in a far greater degree. There were certain basic principles that Pan had implanted in her mind at an early age. They had become a very part of her and it would have been foreign to her nature to transgress them. And if this wish of Clay's—to have some third party sanction their staying on together—would serve as a mental hazard that would bind him to her irrevocably, then she was decidedly in favor of it, willing to submit to any sort of ceremonial rite performed by anyone he should choose, from a trading-post factor to a voodoo necromancer. But not just yet. Just at present she was too greatly delighted with the existing state of affairs to be willing to risk disturbing them. Some other time would do for that sort of thing.

As time progressed she devoted even more thought to that side of the matter. She must devise some means by which she could bind Clay to her beyond recall before they entered that great outside. She pondered for long. Clay, she knew, felt it necessary that they should have some sort of ceremony performed. He viewed it as very binding—a mental hazard that he would not lightly overstep. How could she bring it to pass? Dropping to sleep one night with that problem still uppermost in her mind, she waked suddenly with the full solution. Her subconsciousness had worked out the equation.

Rising quickly, she repaired to the living room and stirred up the fire, adding two fresh logs. She stood there for a space of minutes, her eyes shining as she gazed into the mounting flames. Then she summoned Harrington and he joined her before the fire.

"Listen, Clay. I have been thinking," she announced. "There are so many different marriage customs among various peoples—fifty that I could recite offhand. And you tell me that even among those of your belief there are various persons—religious, official, judicial, and so on—who are authorized to perform this very binding ceremony. I know that among other peoples chiefs of tribes, head men of villages, medicine men, military dictators, captains of ships at sea, royal personages and rulers of provinces can perform those rites."

"Yes, Lovely," he said.

"I'm the ruler of this region. It is mine. Pan bequeathed it to me—my heritage from the Old Man of the North. So I have devised a ceremony of my own."

"It would be binding upon me for all time to come," he conceded.

"Then, do you mind, Clay?" she crooned.

"No, my dear. I'd love it," he said.

She drew him out into the night and held out her arms to the flaring streamers of the northern lights that played across the skies.

"Before the Great Spirit of the red men and the God of the whites; before the deities and prophets of all peoples, yellow or black; before the powers that swing the sun, moon and stars in their orbits; before the stern spirits that ride the blizzards and those gentler ones that unfold the buds with the warmth of spring and bring song to the throats of birds at mating time; before the gods of all the creatures of field and woods, and before you, my Old Man of the North, who have gone somewhere on beyond, I take Clay unto myself forever and forever."

She turned and held up her face to him. "I have taken you before all of the gods of the universe. Now we may forsake one god and turn to another, but we can never forsake or turn from each other," she said.

He held her in his arms on the great skin-covered couch before the fireplace.

Chief, suddenly overcome by the mystery of the northern lights, elevated his muzzle and launched his long-drawn howl to the gods of the Arctic night. A score of full-throated huskies threw the volume of their lungs into the wild chorus of the North.

"Your subjects, Lovely," Harrington whispered, "voicing their approval at the wedding of their queen."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Tender faces welcome "The Better Shave"

WHEN you've just about become resigned to burning skin and irritation every time you shave, when you expect to have to scrape over and over again, when you think the razor isn't giving you much co-operation—that's when you will appreciate "the better shave".

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I want to try Fougere Royale Shaving Cream. You may send me a trial tube—no charge.

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ONE MAN'S BATTLE

(Continued from Page 9)

Good old Heinie. He is sure a fine old top kick and as brave as any man in the A.E.F. When things warm up Heinie don't do no diving. Here is the way he crosses those Germans. He says in a loud voice, "You know where regimental headquarters is?" "Sure I do." "Well," says Heinie in a soft voice, "I don't want you to go there. I want you to go to battalion headquarters."

MARCH 29. Somme-dieu. They issued French shoes to us. They asked us what size we wore then they gave us just one size, 19 by 21 French style. It is American style No. 11. You can put them on either foot and they fit just as good. We could not line up for inspection. You are supposed to get your toes in line but with these French shoes when your toes were in line your shoes stuck away out beyond.

MARCH 30. I changed my sox. Put the left on the right & the right on the left. It's the same pair I been wearing since we left Chaumont-a-ville two weeks ago.

What a nice beard we all have got. Dirty clear through, plenty of mud right to the skin. The cooties are having their work cut out, digging through to our skin. This afternoon we had cootie races. Slow sport.

MARCH 31. Somme-dieu. Our company officers got some nice turkeys & roasted same just like home. Sweeny gets the cook by the name of John away from the kitchen to give him a drink of vin & I reached into the oven & grabbed one of those fine turkeys. Gee, it was hot. It burnt my fingers but I kept a hold of it and ran. So we boys had turkey too.

APRIL 3. This land is nothing but mud & swamps. Say, the frogs should give it to the Germans & apologize for the bum condition it's in, let alone fighting for it. Coming in on these hikes after digging trenches, my feet are all sore and when we get to our dugouts we fall down in the mud & sleep & wake up as stiff as a board. Our eyes are swollen & red from the cold and damp.

APRIL 4. Got 24 packs of cigarettes from home. I wonder how come they got through the S.O.S. without being opened. I shared up with the boys. We have been smoking leaves. Not a cigarette in the outfit.

I held out 9 packs for myself and then they got me into a crap game & I lost all my money. I sold some of my cigarettes & finally lost the whole works. So I borrowed a franc and went off & played blackjack with some birds who was cleaned too & I won 15 francs in that game. We call it chiselin. So I won all the francs in that game which they had & went off & played stud poker with some guys in a larger game. Luck was with me. Won 120 francs. That game was too slow, so I went back to the big crap game. Gee, things sure broke pretty for me. I busted them all—2300 francs. There is no place to spend it though.

APRIL 5. I asked the captain how about sending my money home. He says how can you send it from here with everything shot to pieces. Wait till we get to a post office or some place.

I have got a roll big enough to choke a cow and no way to spend it. It is too big to go into my pocket so I put a rope around it & carry it hung from my belt. It sure makes a lot of these bozoes' eyes bung out.

APRIL 9. I asked Lieut Kennedy could I take a couple of boys & go back to a canteen to buy some eats. He says sure, but be mighty careful you come back, get me?

We hiked about 9 miles through bob wire and trenches, being challenged about every 50 feet. "What outfit, soldier?" Finally landed at a French canteen. Say, we bought him out. He had one case of canned goods left. I asked him if they was good to eat. Great, he says. So I bought those too. We did not know what they were. The only thing the frog had left was a few pipes.

Back to the front. We passed our cakes & candy among the boys. That case of canned goods turned out to be fishes' eggs. They were salty but tasted fine. A guy that eats them should stick around a pump for a couple of days. They spent all my francs but we sure had a good time.

MAY 12.

MY DEAR BROTHER DOM: Hello, Brother, how are you old boy, trusting you are enjoying the best health, the same I can say of myself.

Well, Dom, I had a lot of experience going over the top a few days ago so I am going to tell you same. Our lieut sent for a sgt & myself and asked us how we would like to go over on a scouting party that night. Gee I was more than pleased to have the honor so I volunteered to go. We went over to the O. P. & looked over the ground The rest of the day I got ready. Oh, boy, you ought to seen me. I was armed to the teeth with a trench knife, a .45 with 28 rounds, two hand grenades. At a certain hour over we went, the boys wishing us good luck. We got through our wire by crawling over & under it. Some places we cut through. While I was cutting through one wire I made a little noise & Gee, it seemed to me it sounded clear to Berlin. We crawled on our hands & knees & stomachs, so finally we got to where we were going and laid there.

We listened to what the Fritzies were doing. Everything quiet, so we started back & on our way back Fritz cut loose with a machine gun. Oh, boy, I stretched out on the ground and tried to look like a piece of sheet iron. Some of those bullets did not miss us a foot & had me talking to myself for a minute. After that we got going again & reached our wire. It seemed to me we would never get through it. Halfway through our wire & a star shell lit the ground up. Our boys sent it up to guide us in.

The boys were sure glad to see us back safe & sound. They asked us a lot of questions. They certainly wished they could of gone with us. Ha-ha. The funny part of it was, before I left they asked me if I had made out a will & if there was anything I wanted to have done. Some of the boys said, "Joe, I'll take your razor & toilet kit."

So next morning I got a big fruit cake from Sister Mary. One of the boys said, "Too bad you come back, Joe, I could have eat that cake myself." Well, anyhow, I gave all the boys a piece. I believe I crawled on my hands & knees just over 900 yds. Well, Dom old boy, I had my first experience. I would not take a thousand dollars for it.

Lovingly your
BROTHER JOE.

MAY 17TH – DOUCEY. We went into the village wash house where they wash all their clothes & took a bath. Along come some French women to wash their clothes. "Hand me my pants. Gimme that shirt quick." Not necessary. They didn't pay us no attention. We are supposed to be shock troops & we didn't shock them at all.

DAVE SWEARS HE WROTE HOME

MAY 25TH, '18.

MY DEAREST SISTER LIZ: Recd your kind and cheering letter yesterday. Sister dear, I got a nice letter from Jim telling me the good news. Gee, I bet he is a proud father. Who would not be. Sister, I am just as happy as he to know there is another Joe in this world. I hope he don't get the traveling fever his uncle had. Believe me I'll take care of him. And, Sister, I got a nice letter from Cousin C. and a nice long letter from Big Mary & card from Sister Mary and girl May. I am certainly getting lots of mail now. Oh, yes, Sister, my Pal Dave Felch was over and seen me and he is getting along fine. I told him to write home. He said he did. I showed him your letter & he seen for himself about not writing home. He felt bad about it so, Sister, tell his folks not to worry about him, I watch and take care of him. Will let him write a few lines in my letter.

How is my dear mother & father, trusting to God they are in the best of health, also my dear brothers and sisters, hoping that some day I'll see you all again in the near future.

Last Sunday I went to church & Sunday night three of us had a swell supper with a French family. We had roasted chicken, lettuce salad, French fried potatoes and a lot of other good things to eat. Oh, boy, I ate till I could hardly move. The people in that town were sure nice to us. Then we moved the next day so Tues. night we landed in another town after hiking about 14 miles and another fellow & I got supper from a nice French woman. The best part of it was we stayed there that night & had a honest to God feather bed. Well, anyhow I slept like a log. Sister dear, it was the first real bed I laid in since we left home so the next day we hiked 13 miles more. Gee, I was tired out the last few miles. I walked on my nerve. My heavy marching order weighed a ton. I carried my pack just the same.

Well, Sister dear, take care of the old folks, do everything you can to please them. Tell Sister Mary not to forget that cake. The other one was fine.

Give my love to Mother & Father & Brother & sisters. Lots of love to you, my Pal.

Lovingly your
BROTHER JOE.

I am with Joe and feeling fine.
And also wrote home.

DAVID FELCH.

JUNE 3RD—Back of Lucy-le-Bocage. We were laying out in a wheat field. Runners come back from 95th Company that the French were retreating. Major Sibley says, "Well, I can't help that. Let them go through. We have no orders to retreat."

He sent Marshall & I into the town of Lucy to see what the trouble was. A shell came along & hit a wall & knocked me into a Frenchman. I lit right on top of him and knocked him ten feet. He sure did cuss, that frog. It knocked Marshall down too. I got up & shook myself to see if I was all there and the lieut says, "You don't need to worry no more. You wrote home & told your mother the Germans did not make the shell with your address on it, didn't you?" I says, "Yes, but they are sure knocking next door."

Them fool Germans will hurt me yet. We got back from scouting this afternoon & I laid down in back of a tree and it seems like Fritz won't leave me rest. A shell bust close by & killed a mule and a piece of the shell tore a hole in my tree big enough to put my head in. My feet are tired. I have not had my shoes off in four days. Also, no sleep. I have eat very little. Seemed though I was not hungry. I don't like artillery fire at all.

JUNE 7TH. Young Venn from Detroit & Beatty from same state, coming out of Vouresches, a shell lit under both of them. Venn was only 17 yrs old. He got in as a bugler and changed for a rifle.

JUNE 10. The only thing left alive in Lucy was a chicken. We took it and kept it for the 3rd. Batt. pet. We thought a lot of that bird too, but some sucker has gone & ate it.

JUNE 11, '18.

Postcard:

DEAREST SISTER MARY: Hello, Mary, we were up & at them this time. The square heads can't fight. Mary, I am getting alone fine, will be out of hospital in few days & ready to go back & finish them. Give my love to Mother & Father & Sister Mary, how is she. Love to John, children & you, Mary.

JOE.

JUNE 12, '18.

DEAREST SISTER LIZ: I have been thinking of you & mother & all my loved ones at home, so I am writing to you and relieve my mind a little. I bet Mother is worried about me thinking something happen to me on the battlefield. I know how Mother is. Well, sister dear, I am getting alone fine, will be out of hospital soon and will be ready to go back and fight again.

Gee, sister, we sure did give Fritz a good licking. You ought to seen the prisoners we took. Why, they were scared to death. Most of them were only kids and I don't believe they ever took a bath. I seen some of the hard black bread they eat. Why, I would be ashamed to feed it to the hogs. Some of the prisoners got packages from their homes but they did not have time to open them.

Well, sister, how does old dad feel toward his son now. He ought to be a proud old man to have his son fighting with the U. S. Marines.

Sister dear, look for a letter dated June 10, it will tell you all. And, sister, I leave the hospital today. Back to duty for me. Well, sister, cheer Mother & father up, also give Sister Mary my love.

Lovingly your
BROTHER JOE.

JUNE 22. Two runners sent out, boy by name of Reynolds & self. We both started out with a message apiece to same commander, 2 different routes. I delivered my message & on way back I came across Reynolds. He had no head. We did not have anything to eat. I rolled him over & looked in his pack for bacon & found only a set of barber tools.

The Germans must of knew we were going to relieve the 7th Infantry, Third Division. They were shelling the crossroads & roads leading into Lucy-de-Bocoy. I led the battalion across the fields as guide & into that ravine I went through June 6. We lost 18 men. Not so bad for going in.

JUNE 23—Pvt. Byington, a Tennessee mule skinner who drives a ration cart, was trying to get food up to the line. Up on a ridge one of his mules balked when the Germans was shelling the road. There he was in plain view. He busted the General Order and beat them up a while. They would not move. He left those mules & carried some of the rations on his back. "All right, you ——— ———, stay there & get killed. I don't aim to."

AFTERNOON OF JUNE 23RD—Word came back to Batallion hdqrs there was a machine gun out in front spraying our lines at night. They can't locate it. So Lieut. Marshall, Dale, Truitt & myself crawled out around the wheat field and finally found where this guy used to come up at night. We could easy see the path he made through the wheat. We laid there till 1 A.M. & heard a rustle in the wheat & we all got set. Sure enough, there was a big Heinie with a machine gun strapped to his back, coming along to give our boys another dose. We let him set his gun up & then before he had a chance to fire we lit right on to his back. Then it was Kamerad. There was no firing that night. We took him a prisoner because we wanted information & I got it too. His name was Sgt Wiener of the Prussian Guard.

JUNE 24—BOIS DE BELLEAU. Pvt. Humler & Kerr were ordered to take 28 prisoners back to regimental headquarters. When they got there they had 43. It sure did surprise them. They could not figure it out & nobody else could. Some of the German dead they passed must of come to life & joined the parade.

The boys sure do hate this digging in. In Belleau Woods they would all get mighty busy when the shelling was hot. As soon as it eased off they would quit digging until the Germans opened up again.

NIGHT OF JUNE 26TH—Water is so scarce we put pebbles in our mouths to keep them moist. When I found that bugler in that shell hole with his leg shot off I gave him my canteen. He was acting as a runner.

(Continued on Page 71)

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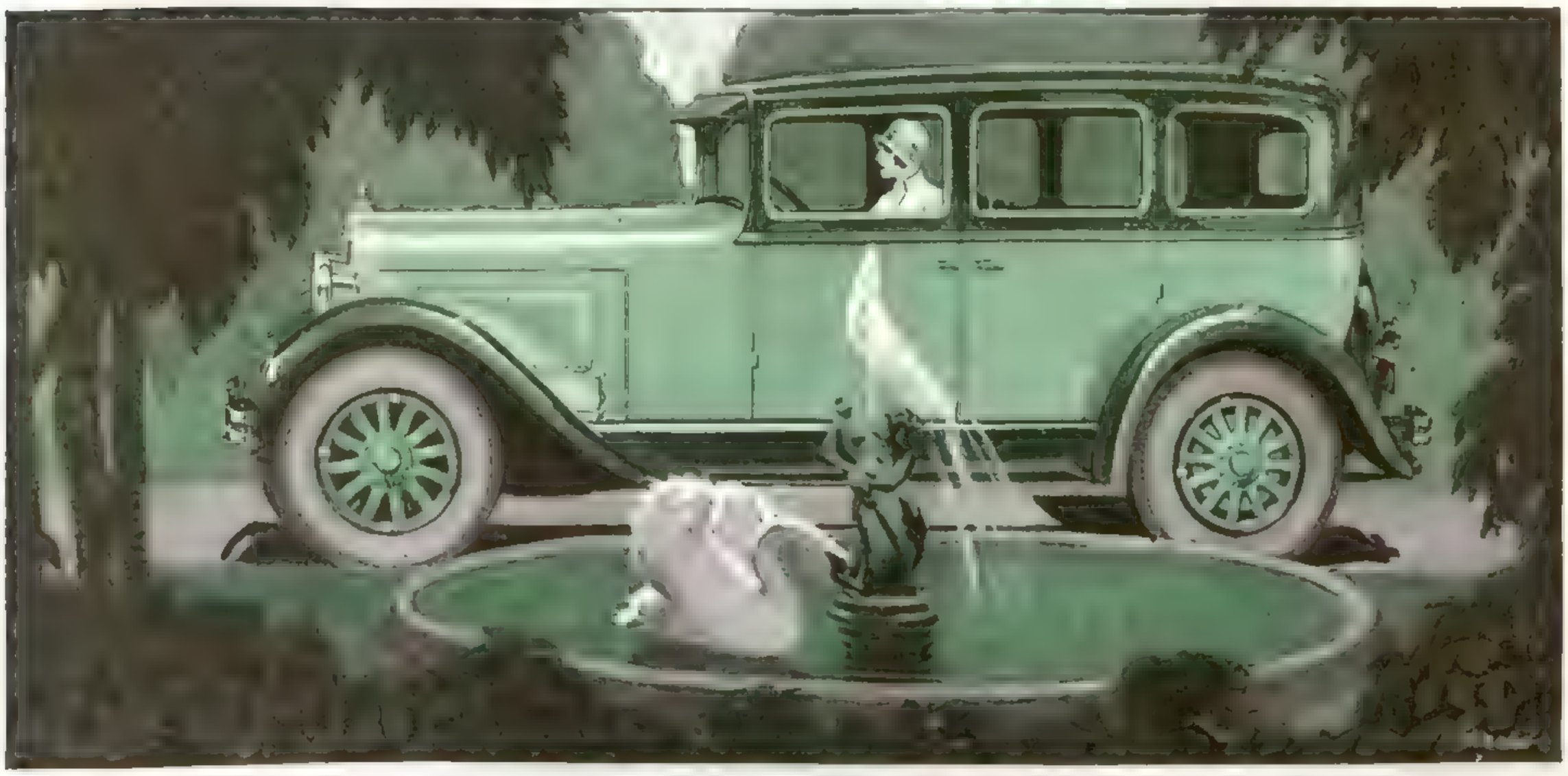

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Why . . . in Humanity's Name we are *spotlighting* The Gray Specter of Infection

. . . a verbatim letter written by an American Mother to other American Mothers

by Mrs. R. V. PEEBLER,
Fairfield, Iowa

"If, by giving our painful and costly experience with First Aid ignorance, this account will awaken just one mother to the dangers that lurk in the tiniest cut, scratch or bruise, my letter will not be written in vain.

"Last summer, during the hot forepart of July, Junior came running to me crying over a tiny 'skinned' place on his knee.

"Of course, it was dust infected from the cement walk where he had fallen, but it looked like such a very small bruise I simply washed it off with some clear rinse water from the well, and sent him about his play with a kiss.

"Junior made no further complaint until two days later, when he was fretful and seemed feverish. I picked him up and found a tiny festered place on his knee. A cold fear clutched my heart, and I thought of lockjaw . . . but at that time I knew nothing of general septic poisoning.

"I took him to the local country doctor, for he had begun to complain of a soreness in his back. The doctor found nothing alarming. But the next two days and nights were filled with true agony for the poor baby. After three days of high fever and suffering, two lumps appeared on the satin smooth back. In a panic, we rushed to the city physician.

"A deft examination of skilled fingers located the trouble and brought the command that we go at once to the hospital for a septic poisoning operation.

"Oh, Mothers! I hope you may never live through the agonizing experience of seeing your child suffer, through your neglect, as I was forced to do with my child during the weeks that followed.

"It was a brave and successful fight waged by a babe, mother, father, two doctors and several nurses. That tiny scratch cost us two hundred dollars . . . to say nothing of the fear, heartache and remorse we were forced to face . . . because of a mother's thoughtless neglect.

"Today, Junior is the picture of health, but his little body bears mute testimony to the hideous danger that lurks in the tiniest hurt.

"Needless to say, I am never without iodine or mercurochrome, sterile dressings, bandages and adhesive plaster within easy reach for each little hurt, no matter how small."

Don't neglect any break in the skin, however tiny. Treat minor wounds with proper respect and prompt First Aid. Apply the four simple First Aid precautions described below:

4 Simple things to do for cuts or bruises
—Available at all drug stores

1. Sterilize the wound with a Bauer & Black Iodine Swab or a Bauer & Black Mercurochrome Swab . . 2. When antiseptic is dry, cover with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze . . 3. Bind with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze Bandage . . . . 4. Fasten with Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster.

BAUER & BLACK
CHICAGO • TORONTO • NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 66)

Going through that barrage with a message I kept throwing myself flat when one busted close to me. Once I fell right on top of a dead German. He had been dead a long while. His face came away under my hand.

When I was trying to make the 49th Company, a sniper cracked down on me. I never did see where he was shooting from. I wriggled around in every direction and finally shook loose.

JUNE 27—Some of the boys heard I had barber tools. Their hair was getting all matted up under their helmets & they asked me to cut it. OK. We were standing in some fox-holes when they asked me. I sat on the parapet & they stood up and I gave 15 or 16 of them a haircut apiece. One bozo says, "Joe, the last guy who cut my hair got bumped off." He didn't get no haircut from me.

JUNE 28—The only time we do not growl about a hike is when we are going back to reserve positions. The 26th Division relieved us in Belleau Woods & we ran practically the whole distance back. Did not even feel tired, but oh that death march going in! You hardly say a word. How we envy a guy going back to hospital with a nice wound, maybe an arm or a leg off. There will be no more war for him.

Our dugout in Belleau Woods had a log through middle. One day when it was quiet, all us battalion scouts were sort of celebrating by singing songs. We was singing Back Home in Indiana. A Sgt. was frying some bacon & potatoes at the door of the dugout.

Along come a German airplane and dropped a bomb in the middle of the song. It tore up the ground about twenty feet from us. We all took a header for the dugout. I sure did make fast time. When I dove into the dugout I smashed into the sgt at same place. He was sore. He says to me, "Joe, don't you know I'm married?" "I can't help that." He thought I ought to let him go first on account of the wife & kids.

JUNE 30—I met our old top kick Heinie on the Paris-Metz road. "Say, sarge, they tell me you had a dugout in Belleau Wood 20 feet deep." "Aw, don't believe them guys, Joe. It was only 12," says Heinie. Then he says, "Say, do you remember all those shells the Fritzies sent over? Well, most all of them landed slam on my dugout, and right where my head was there was only one foot of ground." And then Heinie whistled a bar of the National Anthem like he always does after he says something. "How did you find that out?" I says. "Why, Hank Springer the Company's runner's foot come through the roof." Good old top, he did not know he was digging himself out the deeper he dug in. His dugout was on the side of a hill.

JULY 2ND—Word reached me that my pal Dave Felch was in hospital shot through the hip in Belleau Wood.

JULY 10. This is a funny war. Yesterday we had hundreds of airplanes. Today there's nothing but German planes. What has become of those guys, anyhow?

German planes were giving the wounded hell on their way to field hospital. They flew about 20 yds above their heads & fired machine guns & dropped bombs. Their artillery sent over shot after shot of G-I cans, trying to hit their own ammunition dumps we had captured in this town of Verizy. They hit everything else but.

I wonder how those boys lived through that. Like Father Darcy of the 6th. He went around taking care of wounded, saying a prayer over the dying & dressing wounds. Never got a scratch.

FRANCE, JULY 13.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Mother dear, I went to mass this morning & prayed for you & father & all my brothers & sisters. Mother dear, I am a good boy trying to do better every day. I went to confession & communion yesterday morning, that makes twice this week so far. Gee, mother, you will be surprised to know how I have changed in my habits. I am a different boy now and am going to be good all the time. Mother, do you remember when you sent me that little prayer of St. Joseph? Well, I am saying them every morning.

Well, Mother, how are you, trusting to God you are in the best of health the same I can say of myself. And, Mother dear, I want you not to worry about me. I'll take care of myself, like I have been doing. The good Lord watches over me.

I reread Liz's letter and gee, it makes me feel good. She sure is a nice writer.

How is Dad getting along? Is he still working as usual? Dad always wants to work. Say, Dad, I love a shovel now. It is my best Pal. It is better than my rifle. I carry a shovel all the time now. Do you remember when I hated the shovel & pick. But not no more. I am going to buy all the shovels you got and am going to keep them. When we were up there fighting they told us to dig in. I did not have a shovel & had to use my hands & baynote. Some of the boys wanted to pay 100 francs or $20 for a shovel. Gee, it was great seeing those guys looking for shovels. I found a German shovel & dug in with that & used a German overcoat to lay on.

It gets cold here at night. Gee, Dad, I certainly did go through a lot of hardships & more things I would not be allowed to say from here. Oh, well, it is all in the game. Father Darcy & I went out for a little walk a night ago and we sure had a nice chat. I was telling him if my mother could see how & where I sleep & what I went through, she would die, so I am not going to say nothing about it to you.

Mother dear, I can stand anything now. Any place is good for me. Well, mother, give my love to sister Mary & Liz & Rose, John & B. Mary & Jim & Dom & Frank, Bill & Chas & dear old Dad & you, my dear mother.

Lovingly your
SON JOE.

JULY 16, '18.

MY DEAREST SISTER MARY: Hello, Sister dear, I was thinking of you all morning so to ease my mind a little am writing you a nice letter telling you I am in the best of health & doing good. Sister dear, how are you feeling by this time? Cheer up & say I am going to get well.

Mary, you are not the only one who has suffered. I went through a lot & at times I wished I was dead but just the same, Sis, I held out. Some day, Sister, I will be back home & then I will tell you all. I seen something yesterday I never have seen before. Our sausage balloon was up all day & toward night 5 German airplanes came over disguised as French machines & American. They come over our lines & flew all around, then they went straight toward the balloon & set it afire. The men in the balloon jumped out. Of course they had parachutes and they came down slowly. Those Germans fired at them with machine guns & hand bombs. Wounded one of the men, the cowards. Those poor fellows were helpless against airplanes when they were coming down. Well, anyhow, our planes went over to their lines last night & 2 to 1 they got a dose of their own kind of work.

Oh, yes, Mary, I met a fellow from Youngstown who lives across the street from B. Mary. He knows Joseph, Frank & the whole family. His name is White. Gee, it sure feels good to see a fellow from your own home town.

Well, Mary, how is everything in Youngstown & how are the old folks & all my brothers & sisters? Tell Bill to save me a few cold ones. I'll be right over on next car. Gee, when I get home again I'm going to get me a job as bar tender. I will boost their beer by drinking it all. Honest, Mary, I wish I could get some good American beer at times. This stuff here is like drinking the water you wash beer glasses in. Well, sister dear, give my love to Mother & Father, Liz, John, B. Mary, Jim, Frank, Chas, Rose & children & Camela.

Lovingly your
BROTHER JOE.

JULY 17. The whole 6th Regiment on the move, going up to relieve the 5th. We passed a food dump. Everybody loaded themselves with bread, bacon & jam. We stuck our baynotes through the bread & carried it that way. On the right of us an officer was trying to shoot his horse because it was wounded. He missed the horse six times. It sure was comical.

I seen the prettiest sight of all today. A French 2 seater airplane tried to shake a German off of his tail. What lovely manoeuvring that frog made. He dove within ten feet of the ground, then straightened out & flew over the top of some French cavalry. It sure did scatter them. The Fritzie was flying about fifty feet above, shooting down with a machine gun. We all brought up our guns and took a crack at him and finally brought the German down as dead as a doornail.

OCT. 15. While lying in hospital some of my buddies came in wounded. They told me about Corp. Forbes. He used to be with the Texas Rangers. He got an attack of appendix but did not want to go back for fear somebody would call him yellow. A Fritzie performed the operation with a .77 shell. That's what I call nerve.

The nurses asked me why I went back to the Front so soon after being wounded last time. Well, I will tell why. I got treated better up there from the men & officers.

RENDINELL HEADQUARTERS,
405 FAIRGREEN DEPOT,
SERVICE OF HOME,
A. P. O. YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 98.

Par. 0. The following list of service and Prohibition will take effect when Cpl. Joseph Rendinell gets home.

Week days and Sundays (Leave alone holidays).

Reveille: 1st Call, second and third	10 A. M.
Assembly: When I get dressed	
Mess: Breakfast—dinner me	12:00 NOON
Fatigue Call: Not for me	
1st Call: For what?	
Assembly: For a good Show	1:45 P.M.
Recall: From show	4:30 P.M.
Mess: Dinner	5:00 P.M.
Telephone Call	6:00 P.M.
Auto Mounting	7:00 P.M.
1st Call: To see my GIRL	7:30 P.M.
Assembly: For Show—Encore—Reserved Seats. Oh, Boy	8:15 P.M.
Recall: From Show	10:30 P.M.
Retreat: To Hotel Ohio for Supper	11:00 P.M.
1st Call: To go to her home	12:00 P.M.
Assembly: In the parlor. Ta-too?	

WHAT A SOLDIER SEES OF BATTLE

A lot of folks have asked me what a battle looks like to the boys who are in it. Well, I can tell them what one of our battles looked like to me. That was the fight of July 18th.

We had hiked from Bassoir to Foret de Retz. I never seen such a jam on the roads. They was full of artillery and ammunition trains and big tanks and baby tanks and cavalry and ambulances and food carts and wagons.

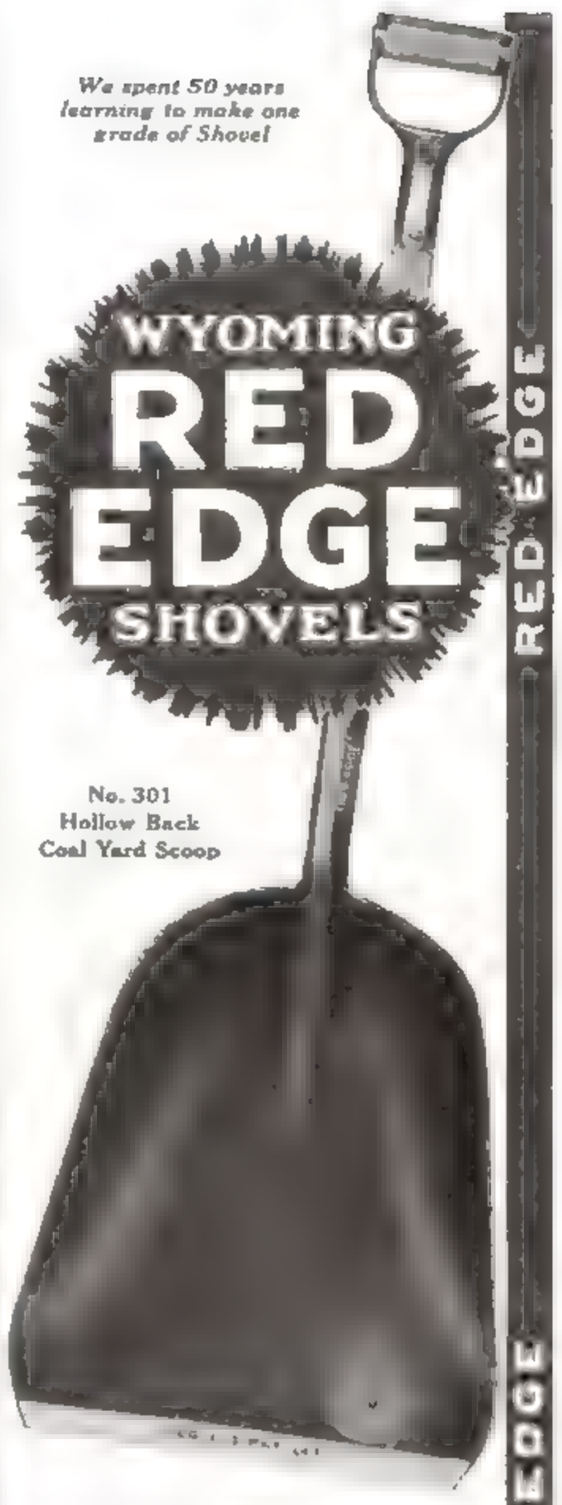
Plenty of troops too, white & colored, because besides us boys from the U. S. there was the Moroccans with the French. It was so crowded on the roads we marched single file along the edge and the rain kept pouring down. Gee, the mud was terrible. We slopped around in it and if you stopped a minute, you sank up to your leggins.

It looked like it never aimed to stop raining. Trucks got stuck and guns too, and then we would get in back of them and shove. When they would not move, over into the ditch they went. We just hove 'em over. The road had to be kept open.

The night was as black as ink. Orders came down the line: "Hold on to the man in front of you. No Smoking! Cut out that talking!"

You bet we hung on to the man in front. A lot of the boys were walking in their sleep, we was so all in, and we only kept up by hanging on to each other. I've seen that happen often, when we was coming back from digging trenches all night.

Now and again there would be a crash and rattle of a rifle. Another soldier down for the count, passed out. You wouldn't



What Do *Your* Shovels Cost, Mr. Coal Dealer?

WE don't mean the cost in the hardware store, but in your yard?

To illustrate—

The Springfield Paving Brick Company of Springfield, Ill., tell us that they use their Red Edges to shovel coal from a rough brick floor. The best service they have gotten from other shovels is 37 days. They figure these shovels cost them 4½ cents per day. Red Edge averages *70* days at a cost of 2½ cents and in that time lifts 3,500,000 lbs. of coal.

But the money Red Edge saves on shovels is a mere bagatelle compared with the money it saves on *shoveling*. Red Edge's real claim to distinction is the way it speeds up the work and helps your drivers move more loads per day for the same wages.

The shovel that does that would be cheap at three times the cost of Red Edge.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS

WYOMING, PA.

RED EDGE

hardly believe what men can stand up under when they got to, though.

Oh, how it rained! We marched through that sea of mud until I could hardly move my legs and we got into position about 1 A.M. We got into position near the edge of some woods.

Boy, you ought to seen the artillery around there. The guns stood hub to hub. It sure did me good to see those babies. I run into a French lieutenant and I asked him what was coming off. He said you could search him, he did not know what was coming off. He had been fighting for four years, he says, and he never knowed what was coming off till after it happened.

Well, we sat there and waited. Waiting around is the worst part. When you know you're going over next day it sure does make you think back. You wonder about everybody you ever done a wrong to & you don't hardly say a word to anybody. You don't seem to recognize anybody. I hardly seen them and that's a fact. You're sort of walking in your sleep. Then every so often you begin to figure, Well, what'll we find over there in the enemy's lines? And also, what'll they do to me if they catch me? Oo, la, la!

That waiting around before you go over used to get my goat. Gee, it made me nervous. After I got started it was different, but that waiting around sure got on a guy's nerves. It made your mouth dry and everybody kept asking, "What time is it?" They would ask it a thousand times.

We waited there about three hours, I guess. It was still raining. Then at 4 o'clock, Bam!—a 105 cut loose on our side. Then another one and another, and in a minute the whole woods was roaring & spitting flames. Boy, oh, boy, it sounded pretty! We thought our ear drums would bust and the ground begun to rock and shake. What a barrage! Those artillery boys sure knew their stuff.

Well, we stayed there and listened to that barrage for two hours. We did not mind how long they took. They could of shelled ten hours and it would have been O.K. with us. But we all knew zero hour was close.

At 6:30 A.M. the first wave of the Marines went over and about seven o'clock the sun came out. There was mists hanging low down close to the ground but it was a right pretty day. The country was rough and a tough one to fight over. Plenty of woods and wheat fields and there was stone quarries, too, all full of Germans. The wheat stood as high as your waist in the fields.

We could not see the battle from where I was. Nothing except the flashes of the guns and the shaking of the ground. Then Lieut. Marshall sent me out to find out how the attack was progressing and I got out where the battle was.

Away over where the enemy's positions was I seen a cloud of smoke and dust churning up. All along that line there was flickerings like heat lightning and you could hear a sort of bubbling sound, like tar when it boils. That was the shells busting. It was sure nice to hear.

Then I saw our boys. They were going forward in waves across the wheat fields, one line about ten or twenty paces behind the other. They were walking slow and held their rifles at the firing-from-the-hip position. They kept pretty good distance, too about five paces apart. Sometimes there would be a gap before you seen how, then another man from the rank behind stepped up to fill the place. In five minutes I saw one man move up from the fourth line to the first. And that good old front line kept right on going no matter how many dropped.

I had to get in there, so I followed along behind some baby tanks. Shells were screeching above our heads and a lot busted all around us. What I liked, though, was a sort of heavy rumble up in the air, like a freight train going through a tunnel. That was our big stuff going over to call on Fritz.

Then tat-tat-tat-tat! Another machine gun cracking down on us. They had them hid out in the quarries and behind trees, and a bunch of them was camouflaged in the wheat fields, shooting point-blank at our boys as they come.

When I was following that baby tank, it spotted a machine-gun nest and headed straight for it. No place for me. I quit that baby tank and watched it from a shell hole instead. The Heinies tried to shoot it up, but it kept right on like it was going to finish this job. Then the Germans ran out with their hands up, yelling Kamerad. The tank did not pay it any attention but went right on through and over the nest and flattened it out.

There was a lot of these tanks moving about the fields and the German artillery was trying to hit them. Whenever a tank spotted a gun nest that was cracking down on our boys, it turned and headed for that place and the Heinies there were sure glad to call it a day.

Well, I got up and followed along again. A guy had to watch where he was stepping, though, or he would fall into a shell hole or maybe bust himself against something. There was airplanes going overhead and all of them were ours. They flew low toward the enemy positions and it was pretty to watch. Then back they came, shooting off Verey lights with their pistols. That's the way they signal the range. I would see five stars and then three stars, whatever they happened to use for the signal.

Ahead of me our boys kept on going. A lot of men went down but the lines never stopped. I would see a man walking across the fields with his rifle at his hip and suddenly he would take another step and there wouldn't be no step there and he would go down.

Some fell flat. Some grabbed at their wounds and sort of crumpled down. And some would sit down slow like they were sitting down in a chair. I don't remember ever seeing a man throw up his arms and fall back. Maybe that's because they are moving forward and they've got the weight of the rifle and baynote in front.

I passed a lot of dead and wounded. It was pitiful to hear the wounded moaning and crying: "First aid! First Aid! Help! First aid men here!"

The ground was getting rougher. It was all tore up with shell holes. They kept coming over faster all the time. Oh, that horrible screeching sound! One exploded near me and knocked me flat. It felt like somebody trying to tear my clothes off in a hurry.

I seen a beautiful bird flying around right in the middle of all those shells screaming over us, and I looked up and says to one of the boys who was walking along near me, "If I didn't have any more business around here than that fool bird, I'd sure fly away."

The air was sort of blue and smelt like sulphur. After a shell exploded, little green flames kept curling and licking around in the centre of the hole it made in the ground.

Right in front of us was a German .77, buried in a hole in the ground and covered with wheat. It was firing point-blank at us. Some of the boys circled around and got in behind and then it was a hand-to-hand fight. You bet there was no prisoners there. They gave them the baynote.

A shell exploded not far in front and when the smoke cleared away, I found five men hit. Four were dead and the other dying. When I went to fix that poor boy up, the whole side of his head was gone and I knew it was no use to bandage him.

They kept on going, those waves of marines. Across the fields, through the wheat, down into a ravine, up the other side, into a stone quarry, over a ridge—they kept right on through that artillery barrage and machine-gun fire. I looked back and seen our .75's on the move. They had pulled right out into the open and began to crack down. It was nice work.

We came to what was left of a town and cleaned it out, mopping up from house to house. The name was Versey, or something. I saw a right funny thing happen in that town. A marine was down on one knee picking off the Germans with his rifle as they beat it back out of the town. Say, he picked those Heinies off like you would pick off the moving figures in a shooting gallery. He was having good hunting all right, that guy.

Stretcher bearers were on the run everywhere now. They kept coming back, carrying the wounded. German prisoners were coming back, too—hundreds of them. The dust and smoke and flashes of our barrage was closer.

Pretty soon we got close enough to the German positions to see them operating their big 155's. The barrels stuck straight up in the air. The enemy never got away with those guns. Our boys killed the crews or took them prisoners.

Germans were jumping up on all sides with their hands up. A few put up a fight but not many, and they got baynoted. The rest was sent back as prisoners. I started back to report to Marshall that the Marines had taken all positions and advanced about six miles.

There was a lot of German wounded lying out side by side with our boys. They were crying for help.

An officer spotted me and sent me back with seven other boys to escort four hundred prisoners. Along came a marine all by himself with a German Colonel. That bozo was a dandy. He had the German colonel marching in front and the colonel was carrying the marine's pack. He made him step lively, too, because shells were busting all around.

The boys stopped him and some of them tried to get the colonel's shoulder straps for a souvenir. The way they held the colonel's head and tugged at the gold braid to get it off made the colonel plenty mad. But the German privates who were prisoners seemed to think it was a good show. They laughed.

We marched those prisoners back as far as Vivieres and we did not waste no time about it either. On the way we passed hundreds of dead and dying. The ground was covered with them. We saw a lot of other prisoners too. Some were helping stretcher bearers carry in the wounded, both our boys and their own. Say, those German hospital attendants sure know how to bandage. I seen some German officers looking on. They will never do a lick of work. They were prisoners, and we needed every man we could get to carry in the wounded, but they could not be made even to help with a stretcher.

Laying out in the fields in shell holes and in the wheat were hundreds and hundreds of wounded. They kept crying out to us for help, or for God's sake to put them out of their misery. We sent all the stretcher bearers we could find.

Some French cavalry came along and passed us, going up to the front. They looked dandy too, with their spears and everything. There seemed to be thousands of them and they were going fast.

Further back, doctors were performing operations under trees. Gee, it was pitiful. Some of the wounds were enough to make you sick to look at.

Trucks and ambulances were starting back along the roads with the wounded. And no matter where I looked, there was some more prisoners, standing round or hiking toward the rear under guard. They was all in, and covered with mud and dust, and looked scared half to death. A lot had cheap glasses on. I bet they wondered what we would do with them.

When we got back to Vivieres with our bunch, then came the job I liked best of all—searching the prisoners.

Oh, boy, when you get back to your own lines! You are walking on air. It don't matter how hard the enemy is shelling—you're with your buddies again and the place seems as safe as home.

Well, that's about all I seen of the battle. Next day the 6th Marines had some hot fighting and I got wounded in the scrap and was evacuated to a hospital.

Say, they asked me while I was laying in the hospital afterwards, "When was you scared most?" I said, "All the time." And that's the truth.

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GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS

WHITE HANDS

(Continued from Page 25)

"Surely," said the placid-eyed Paddy.

"Him no come again," proclaimed the old Indian.

"Why not?" demanded Janet, sudden fire in her eye.

Pierre stood silent a moment. "Black Arrow him bin here," he said, his sagging shoulders held higher.

"And is Black Arrow also taboo?" demanded Janet. Her laugh was not an altogether pleasant one.

"Him no come here," proclaimed Pierre. "If him come, I kill um!" He moved away, unnaturally erect, saying as he went, "Him squaw-man Injin. No good! Him come here, I kill um!"

Janet, at the moment, was able to laugh at that foolish threat. But later in the evening, when she wandered guardedly over the glooming hills to the cove shore where the war canoe had been left, she found that both the canoe and the log raft which Casey Crowell had coopered together had mysteriously disappeared.

x

JANET, during the ensuing week, remained oddly preoccupied and thoughtful. If she found any consolation in a widening margin of safety and a decided increase in material comfort, she made scant effort to put her feelings into words.

Paddy, on the other hand, betrayed a somewhat unexpected lightening of spirit. She seemed, for the time being, to be almost relishing her newer manner of life. She swam with vigor and sang at her work and ate with the unashamed and honest appetite of a Boy Scout on a mountain hike. Her hands hardened and her skin browned under the prolonging summer sun. She became more adroit at both cooking and sewing. She also formed the habit, when tired of fishing, of shouldering a duck gun and exploring the remoter portions of Adanak Island. On the southeastern slopes of that island she even found a bank of wild flowers, fragrant, star-like, delicate. But she knew no name for them. And as she turned homeward on that warm and windless afternoon, she sniffed from time to time as she followed the line of the wavering shore. She was agreeably conscious of smells, earthy smells, dozens of smells, smells of sun-steeped pine needles, of sappy young leaves, of water musk, of parched lichen on bleached old rocks, of woodland blossoms and buds, of warm pool water and resinous spruce bark, and the final aroma of wood smoke from their own cabin chimney.

Before she reached that cabin, however, she caught sight of her sister poised against the cobalt blue of the afternoon sky. Jinny was standing on her favorite shore rock, staring silently out over the unruffled waters of the open lake.

"Jinny, the one thing you remind me of is Napoleon on St. Helena," she said, as she advanced laughing toward her sister. Paddy's spirits that day were running exceptionally high, for early in the morning she had heard the hum of a motor over the shack roof, and when she stumbled sleepily from her bunk and ran out to look she found a small parachute made of airplane linen tumbled within forty paces of her door. And beneath its crumpled folds were two cakes of rather violently scented hand soap, a box of unmistakably stale chocolates and a round and slightly battered wooden carton of dried fruit fringed with paper lace. They had, plainly enough, traveled far and long. But they came, after all, from that kingdom of chivalry which lies golden before the eyes of womankind.

"You look exactly like Napoleon on St. Helena," repeated the girl with the duck gun.

"Well, that's what I am!" was the other's slightly acidulated retort.

Paddy sat down and industriously extracted a brier thorn from her knee. "You know, this isn't going to last forever," she said, as she slapped at a black fly that tried to bury itself in her hair.

"That's truer than you imagine," proclaimed Jinny.

"What's in the wind?" asked Paddy, studying her sister's back.

"Nothing that I know of," was the half-listless reply.

"Either of your woodland sheiks over today?" was Paddy's next question.

"Both," said Jinny, a trifle grimly.

"What happened?"

"A fight."

This seemed to puzzle Paddy. "But surely your poor old Pierre couldn't ——" And that was as far as she got.

"It wasn't that sort of fight," explained Jinny. "It was mostly a battle of words. They had it out together down on the beach."

"About what?"

"I had no way of knowing. They talked in their own language, whatever that is. But Black Arrow didn't back down any, and Pierre paddled off as hot as a hornet."

Paddy sat silent a moment. "I don't think we could get along without Pierre," she finally ventured.

"Oh, he'll be back," averred Jinny.

"And how about Black Arrow?"

It was Jinny's turn to sit silent. There was a slight hardening of her eyes as she looked at her sister. "Black Arrow's taking out a message for me—a telegram to Peter," she proclaimed.

"Will he?" Paddy meditated aloud.

"I think so. I also did a letter on birch bark and glued it together with spruce gum."

Paddy's frown was a cogitative one. "His practice would go to pot," she said, obviously following her own line of thought and speaking of Peter.

"He may not come," asserted Jinny.

"And if he doesn't?"

"I'll have to fall back on Black Arrow."

Paddy's shrug was an ambiguous one. "He's an Indian," she reminded the other.

"But slightly different," observed Jinny. "He brought me a couple of fox furs today, and two wild duck all picked and dressed for roasting."

"Just how does that man live?" questioned Paddy.

"He told me he had a camp of his own about twenty miles up the lake. I asked him if I could see it, but he hesitated. He seemed afraid I'd think less of him if I found out just how he existed there. He has a trap line in winter, but he doesn't seem to do much in summer."

Paddy suppressed her smile. "He seems to be busy enough just now."

But Jinny's face remained solemn. "Yes," she acknowledged; "I've been wondering if I can't help him to live better, to knuckle down and do something worth while."

It was Paddy's turn to look impatient. "But I thought that was our own private nut to crack," she said, as she glanced over her shoulder toward the cabin of spruce logs. She sat silent a minute or two and then turned back to her sister. "You know, Jinny, I ought to be worried about you. But I'm not. I don't seem able to worry about anything these last few days. I find I can get rather drunk on this sunlight and open air and balsam smell all mixed up together. It's almost like an anæsthetic. I feel so satisfied, just to be alive, that I seem half animal—like a cat in a sunny window or a black snake on a warm rock. Honest, I'm getting Indianized."

Jinny inspected her with a casual eye. "You look healthy enough," she acknowledged. "But the rock isn't always warm for the black snake. Wait until a week or two of fall rains in a spruce-log hut."

"Other people have done it."

"Of course they have. But they never knew much about the other sort of life. That's why I feel rather sorry for a man like Black Arrow. There's so much he has to forget. He played polo with a duke's son and then went back to a dirty tepee. He was asking me today if I remembered how Max Beerbohm described the bells of Oxford in Zuleika Dobson. That's what I call tragedy."

"Tragedy?" echoed Paddy, her brows knitted.

"Yes; it isn't not having things that's tragic. It's having them and then seeing them taken away from you. That's where the big ache comes in. And when I tried to explain that to Black Arrow this afternoon, that backwoods Indian asked me if I recognized the fact that I was quoting Aristotle."

"Well," said Paddy, as she rose to her feet, "I wouldn't waste too much sympathy on that redskin, if I were you."

But Jinny, for all Paddy's advice, continued to give considerable thought to Black Arrow and his incongruous manner of existence. When he returned to Adanak Island, several days later, she took him off fishing from her favorite rock point, and Paddy, inspecting them from time to time, could see that they were in deep and earnest conversation. Even these fleeting glimpses of them, thus immured, tended to touch her with a vague disquiet. And if Paddy could have heard the talk taking place between the two preoccupied figures, that disquiet might, indeed, have sharpened into actual alarm.

"But your telegram," said Black Arrow, "may not have been delivered."

"It may not have ever gone out," amended the morose-eyed young woman.

"Why wouldn't it?"

"That small-fry dispatcher would have to read it," explained Janet, "and he may be like the rest of the men in this territory—afraid of the pulp-wood king."

At this, however, Black Arrow betrayed no trace of animus. "But your letter must have gone," he reminded her.

"A letter travels slowly." She lifted her eyes, lustrous with anxiety, to the bronze-skinned man at her side. "And supposing even that doesn't bring any answer."

He stared thoughtfully out over the lake. "Will it make much difference?" he asked.

"It'll mean that I've only you to depend on," was her reply.

That held him silent a moment. "Then I hope no answer comes," he quietly affirmed.

"Then take me away from here," she found the courage to say. She could see, for all his quietness, the struggle that was taking place in that swarthy lithe body so close to her own. "Take me anywhere," she added more abandonedly.

"That is impossible," he finally affirmed. And she was once more impressed, as he spoke, by his remoteness, his almost animal-like self-estrangement. "I am only an Indian," he added.

"I know that," she agreed almost sharply. "But we've both a great deal to forget."

"Some things," he explained, "can't be forgotten." He found it easier to speak, apparently, when he was looking away from her.

"What things?" she demanded, her slightly hardened eyes on his averted face.

"Your father," he explained, "is a strong man in this district. He could find many ways of making life uncomfortable for me."

"Are you afraid of him?"

"I know the length of the bull whip he can crack over the man who crosses him."

"That sounds like paleface talk," said the white woman, her lip slightly curled with scorn.

"Today," the other reminded her, "paleface talk rather rules the world."

"But not your world."

He stood, under her estimative stare, less flashing and valorous and exotic than he had seemed. She became conscious of the shabbiness of his attire, the oddness of his footgear, the less resolute lines in the aquiline Indian face.

"I have two worlds," he was saying to her.

"Then go back to the real one."

Still again he found it necessary to stand silent. "You don't know what that means."

"I don't care much."

"Your father has power," he once more reminded her, and it caused Janet's eyes to narrow.

"That's what I hate about the whole thing," she protested. "That's what I'd fight against to the last ditch—the human right to live as I want to and not as somebody else says."

"I tried that once," said Black Arrow. "It didn't work."

Janet stared out over the lake. She noticed, as her gaze returned to his face, that he looked older, more time-scarred, than she had at first realized.

"Wouldn't city life appeal to you?" she asked.

"It's too late," was the laconic reply cutting short her vision of him in evening clothes, silent and dark and slightly mysterious at a dinner party where her friends secretly waited to see if he carried a scalping knife and ate with his hands. He failed, for some reason, to fit into the picture. He seemed best, after all, in his natural setting.

"Will you take me away from here?" she finally and curtly demanded.

"Yes," he said; and the solemnity of that reply brought a small and wayward thrill to her body.

"When?"

"When it can be done safely."

"But why must we wait?"

"They would come after us," he said out of the silence that had fallen over him.

"So much the better," averred the white woman with the old hard light once more in her eyes.

But Black Arrow, at the moment, was not looking at her.

"But if you take me away," she persisted, "what will you do with me?"

"I am a good guide," he proclaimed. "I will be a guide like that for a party of one."

"At three dollars a day?" she mocked. But he seemed impervious to her taunts, and her brooding eyes became solemn again. "Well, that will be better than going alone. For I may as well tell you that I intend to go."

"I know," said Black Arrow.

"I suppose we can't take very much with us," she averred.

"Only what you need," was his answer; and this seemed to give her considerable to think over.

"I suppose we can live off the land," she suggested—"get what we want on the wing, so to speak."

"If you are willing to live that way," he conceded.

"You don't seem very triumphant about it," she demurred, still disturbed by the melancholy of the meditative dark face so close and yet so remote from her. "In fact you seem more afraid of it all than I do."

"Perhaps that's because I have most to lose," was his altogether unexpected reply. Her levity had quite failed to touch him. His face even hardened at her quick and brittle laughter.

"So in this particular case it's the poor man who pays and pays and pays!" cried the daughter of the pulp-wood king. "How wonderfully we're turning the old-fashioned romances upside down! You may not know it, Black Arrow, but it used to be the woman who paid and paid and paid."

"Perhaps she still can," observed the Indian who had once studied at Oxford. And as Janet, arrested by the quietness of his tone, stared up into the barricaded bronze face she harvested the impression that she, after all, was the primitive while he in turn was the child of timelessly accumulated tradition.

(Continued on Page 79)

"We want the highest quality wall paint"—they said

and tested 9 brands 5 ways with this result

A LARGE corporation, before painting the interior of its building, determined to find out the best flat wall paint to use. A wall 48 feet long by 11 feet high was divided into 9 panels of equal width. On each panel, a skilled painter applied a different brand of wall paint.

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To awaken the public to the difference in paint qualities, Devoe has instituted a series of practical tests. These tests prove beyond dispute that your one safeguard is to insist upon a Devoe product whenever you buy paint and varnish products. Go to the Devoe Authorized Agency in your vicinity for advice on paint and painting.

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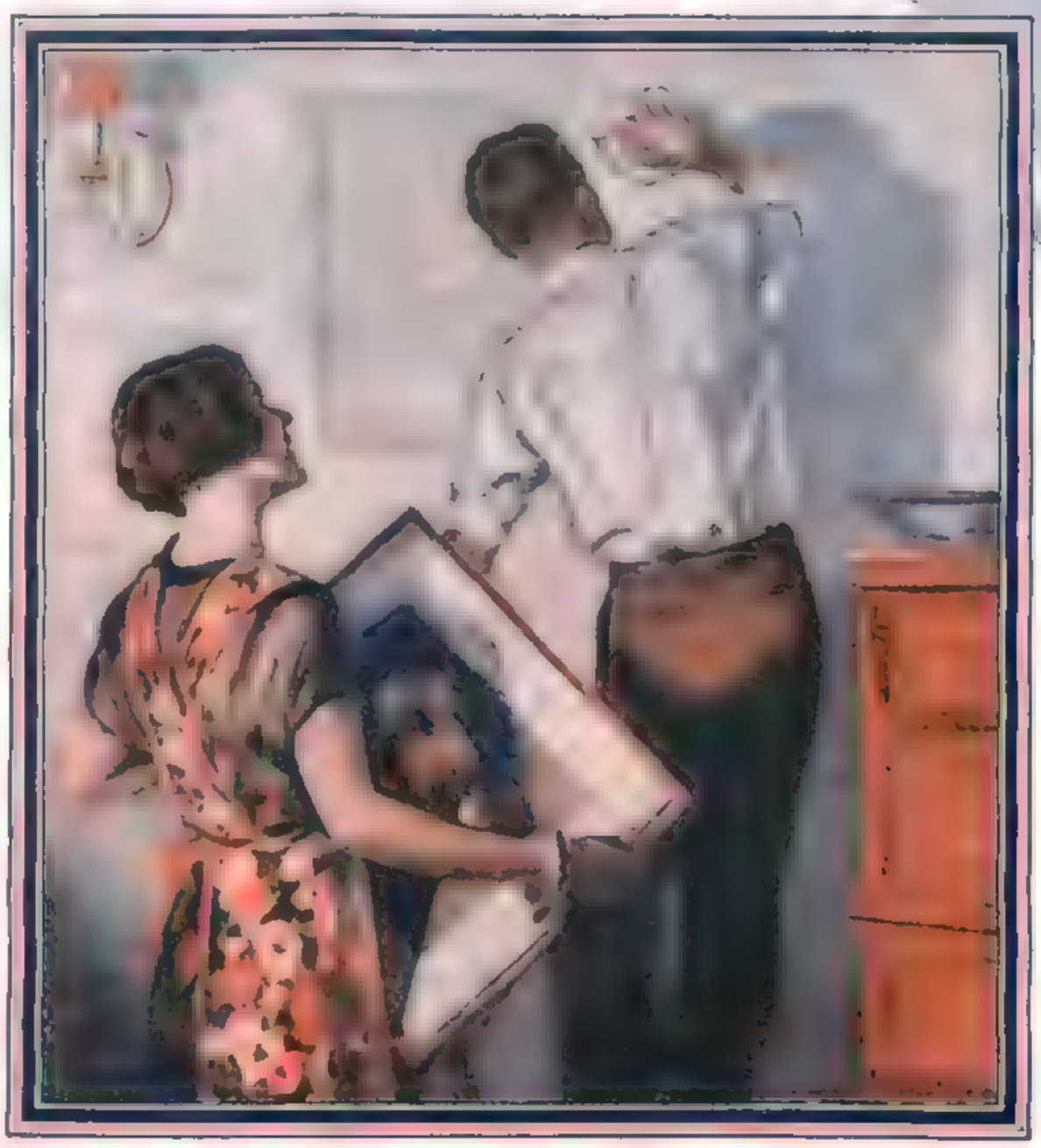

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In price, maintenance and long life these qualities are economical to own and employ. Essex production is the highest in history—an effort on our part to assure buyers of prompt delivery.

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ALMOST everybody who built a house up to a few years ago will tell you about the things they left out of the wiring. They have cords dangling from the light sockets to lamps and electrical appliances—untidy and inconvenient. They miss an outlet for the vacuum cleaner in one room—another in the breakfast nook for the toaster and percolator—so many details important to comfort, and easy enough to have.

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WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 74

"Well, I'm not going to whimper over it," proclaimed Janet, her levity vanishing in a characteristic flash of intensity.

XI

PADDY had had a busy morning of it. She had swept and put the cabin to rights, had washed and dried her clothes in the sweetening summer sun, and standing in a tub to protect her feet from faulty ax strokes, had made a solemn effort to school herself in the art of chopping wood. After that, revolting against bannock, she had kneaded and baked three loaves of bread whose pale brown crust carried an aroma altogether satisfactory to her interrogatively sniffing young nose; whereupon she turned her attention to scaling and gutting a catch of fish which she strung out on Pierre's crudely built smoke frame and proceeded to dry over a slow-burning fire of bark and punk wood. And in these tasks, oddly enough, she was unexpectedly though meagerly happy. Even with Janet off for the day, fishing on the far side of the island, she was able to forget a loneliness that might otherwise have weighed heavily upon her. But there was a joy, she found, in this daily small battle for organization, in getting things clean, in the accumulation of stores against a vaguely threatening future, in remembering that she was functioning, however crudely, in a world where she had hitherto stood functionless.

Yet contented as she appeared, her pulses quickened a little when in the midst of her work she heard the increasing low hum of a motor and looked up to see a wide-winged beetle bearing toward her in the cloudless azure sky. There was no longer room for loneliness in her heart as she saw the advancing seaplane veer and turn and drop lower, until the intervening spruce tops cut it off from her vision. But she knew by the sounds along the lake shore that Casey Crowell was making a landing, that he would be there beside her, a helmeted messenger from the outer world, before she could get the fish scales out of her hair and the gore stains off her forearms.

But it didn't much matter, she decided, as she piled more bark on her smoke-frame fire. In that life, she remembered, she had few illusions to sustain. And when Casey came over the hill, with oil stains on his flying jacket and a smile on his wind-reddened face, Paddy was still keeping a monitorial eye on her smoking fish. There was a smudge of soot on her cheek and her hardened small hand was soiled with dust and ashes.

"Hello, Indian!" he called out with his youthfully grim smile.

"Hello, cloud dodger," retorted Paddy.

"How goes it?" he asked with a purely paraded off-handedness.

"Swimmingly." She obviously was not sorry to see him. "And with you?"

"I'm fired," was his unexpected answer.

"Why?" she demanded.

"For breaking quarantine."

"What does that mean?" demanded the girl with the soot smudge on her cheek.

"Your father warned me that if I flew back to this island, I was no longer flying for his company."

"Then what made you come?"

"You did," was Casey's prompt reply.

"Thanks," said Paddy, with a quick look into his eyes. "But what'll you do?"

Casey, after a casual look about the camp, let his glance return to the sunburned girl in moccasins.

"The Department of Railways and Canals is asking the Northwest Airways Company to link up their Hudson Bay road with Port Nelson and Fort Churchill this summer. That means survey and investigation work, besides carrying freight and passengers from Kettle Rapids up to the bay, and I guess there's room for me in that service."

"But is that being fair to father?" asked Paddy.

Casey's eyes, at that question, widened perceptibly. "You don't seem to want me around here," he challenged.

"That isn't the point," retorted Paddy, frowning over her soiled hands. "It's my father, apparently, who doesn't want you around here."

Casey looked out over the lake and the blue-misted hills beyond it. "But your father's trying to do something that can't be done," he finally protested. "He can't keep men away from a girl like you. He can't do it any more than he can keep bees away from a flower garden."

Paddy betrayed no outward signs of any inner emotion. "Do I mean all that to you?" she said with self-protective cynicism.

Casey, for a moment or two, found it rather hard to explain himself. "You see," he said, without sign of guile or shame, "men want music in their lives. Some of them want it tremendously, but aren't able to get it. Take me, for instance. This is pretty rough stuff I'm biting off now. There used to be a thrill to it, of course. But as you get older, you lose that."

"And?" prompted Paddy, as she studied his shadowed face.

"There's a steady ache that nothing seems to fill. You can say it's for music or beauty or anything you like. But it's there and we can't quite forget it."

"And?" again prompted the impassive Paddy.

"You happen to mean in my life about what music does," he said, with an effort at casualness that fell short.

"But," contended Paddy with her barricading frown, "we were talking about playing fair. And when we've something we're expected to be loyal to, we ought to be loyal to it."

Casey, as he lighted his pipe, seemed to be giving this considerable close thought. "The trouble is in deciding just what you should be loyal to," he observed, unexpectedly solemn. "But those were the things, I supposed, that you never thought much about."

"I've been thinking about them a great deal," protested the sober-eyed Paddy. "In fact I've been trying to dry-clean my soul, and I've discovered that some of the spots don't come off easily."

He laughed at that condoningly. "I don't think I'd want much change in you."

"For that," proclaimed Paddy, "I'm going to ask you to luncheon."

"Thanks," said Casey, ignoring both her shrug and her faint change of color. "Where's your sister?"

"Knocking about the other side of the island somewhere. Would you like to see the bread I've made?"

"I'd rather eat it," acknowledged the russet-browed youth as he followed her into the cabin. But Paddy, as she exhibited the three brown-crusted domes, was paying scant attention to her visitor's sounds and signs of appreciation. For her wandering eye had seen, for the first time, an oblong of folded birch bark pinned to the shack wall just above Janet's sleeping bunk. The habitual small frown wrinkled her forehead as she stepped over to that unexpected missive, and her frown deepened as she took up the plaque of pale-tissued bark, unfolded it and read the brief message thereon inscribed. She read it a second time, in fact, before the meaning of the hurriedly written words filtered through to her brain. And then she stood so blank-faced that Casey once more swung about and stared into her bewildered eyes.

"What is it?" he demanded.

She did not answer him by word of mouth. She merely held the oblong of birch bark out for him to take. He read aloud:

Dear Paddy. Father seems determined to Indianize us, so I'm going to give him his money's worth. I'm having Chief Black Arrow take me away. I don't quite know where or what we're headed for, but I'm at least on my way. There's nothing to worry over, for whatever happens, I don't think I could be unhappier than I've been on Adanak Island. And if you're in the business of being barbaric, you may as well go the whole hog. At any rate, I've made my decision and Black Arrow seems willing.

JINNY.

Casey, as he put the oblong of bark down on the table end, uttered a quiet but wicked word. Then he stared, blank-eyed, out through the open door. "This is rather awful," he said aloud.

Paddy, who had been making a quick assessment of Janet's belongings, swung about on him with almost a show of anger. "Why is it so awful?" she demanded.

"What do you know about this Indian who calls himself Chief Black Arrow?" he countered.

"What should I know?" demanded the girl.

Casey apparently found it hard to proceed. "I guess there's no use going into that now," he evaded. "What we've got to do is get after them."

But Paddy was obdurate. "What is Black Arrow?" she demanded.

"Frankly, he's a good-for-nothing redskin. He boasts about having danced once with English aristocrats, but he's willing to let a woman support him while he lives like a pig."

"What woman supports him?"

"His wife, or his squaw, or whatever you want to call her."

"Then he's married?"

"Yes, to old Pierre Pecotte's daughter, and with two or three little redskinned papooses around their camp to prove it; and that's why it's so awful."

"How would his—his squaw support him?" demanded Paddy, her lower lip a trifle unsteady.

"In any way she could—making moccasins, sweet-grass baskets, hickory ax handles, trapping, fishing. And while she does that, he smokes on a blanket and talks about the fancy polo he played before he went back to the feathers—and for two-thirds of the year he won't even live with her."

"It is rather awful," said Paddy, with a little wringing movement of the hands. "What can we do about it?"

"Did you ever fly?" asked Casey, following her out through the narrow doorway.

"Never!"

"Will you risk it?"

"Of course," was her prompt reply. "But what can we do?"

"We've got to find them, and find them right away."

"But which way would they go?"

Casey stood thinking this over. "They started by canoe. They had to, from here. The natural inference is they'll keep on that way. They'd never work back toward the railhead. They'd go north or northwest, for they'd want to get deeper into forest country. That means they'd go by the Washabo and Lac aux Loups or by way of the Little St. Onge and Boiling River, if they stuck to the waterways."

"And if they didn't?" asked Paddy.

Casey's face was grim. "They could go a dozen different ways on land. And if they wanted to hide out, of course, we wouldn't have one chance in a hundred of spotting them from the air."

"You mean they'd always see us first?"

"Of course," was Casey's answer. "But they'd need fire now and then, as they go, and I'm a bit of a sniffer hound for smoke in this territory."

She was hurrying about a moment later as a result of his reminder that she would need warmer clothes. But she stopped suddenly in the midst of her search. "Why not get Pierre?" she asked.

"Pierre's a good trailer," agreed Casey, "but he might not be so good a father-in-law. Let's not drag him in until we have to. Are you ready?"

"All ready," announced Paddy, as she swung shut the cabin door.

It was halfway to the water's edge that Casey abruptly stopped.

"Would they strike down towards the railway?" he interrogated. "I mean, as you know and understand your sister, would she want to work her way back to civilization with this Indian?"

"When her Irish is up," proclaimed Paddy, "Jinny would do anything."

"But would she want to lead Black Arrow around Park Avenue like a tame bear?"

Paddy frowned over this problem. "No, she'd never go to New York," was her final decision.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive!"

"Then that simplifies things a little," asserted Casey. "We'll work out towards Big Squaw Lake."

Paddy's emotions, as she sat in the plane cockpit and felt the first pulsations of the singing engine, were oddly mixed. Fear for herself, however, was scarcely one of them. What she was thinking about most was her father. "This will pretty well bowl the old boy over," she muttered to herself. She was wondering if Casey was right in contending that he should not be sent for until they knew it was quite necessary. Then she wondered if Casey was right in his estimate of Black Arrow, asking herself if, with the arrogance of the white man, he wasn't a trifle unjust to the red man who had lost rootage in both civilizations; who, if without anchorage, seemed also without enmity. Black Arrow, in fact, impressed her as an essentially tragic figure. Jinny hadn't been so generous with that human derelict as she might have been. And this was a fine way to spill the beans, just as they were getting their second wind and showing they had some fight left in them. Not in the beans, of course, Paddy secretly amended, but in their rotten second-generation Winslow make-up.

By this time, however, Paddy was no longer thinking of herself. The boat had risen with a crescendo roar from the lake water, tilting a little as it turned, and bringing home to the girl the fact that they were, indeed, flying. She could see, as she stared down from the narrow cockpit, the world flattening out and dropping away from them. They were traveling now on steady wings, but it surprised her that they should climb so high. The wilderness, from that distance, seemed to lose its roughness. It spread out below them like a pile of dark-green velvet, softly furred with the close-packed spruce tops, freckled here and there with pallid blue lakes and seamed with the narrow threads of its waterways. It looked oddly peaceful and untroubled and remote. It also looked empty—so empty that when Paddy's eyes discovered a thin wisp of smoke drifting across the darker green her pulse quickened and she cried aloud.

"That's an old muskeg fire," Casey shouted in her ear.

They were swinging back on their course in a wide arc, dropping a little as they went. Paddy, watching over the side, noticed how an occasional rock ledge looked like cloth with the nap worn off, and the hills and valleys looked like creases in carelessly folded green velour. It seemed a very big world to the watching girl as she stared from one illimitable sky line to the other, a pitilessly big and lonesome-looking world that could so easily swallow up its trivial atom of a human life. Her earlier mood of exhilaration passed away in fact as they doubled back and forth and dipped and circled, always studying the wrinkled dark landscape beneath them. When, a little later, they caught sight of a second wisp of smoke, Casey shook his head at her sudden excited gesture.

"That's Black Arrow's camp," he shouted. "They couldn't be there."

She thought she saw a skirted figure moving about in the clearing, but she couldn't be sure. A little later she thought she recognized Lake Wapanapi as they veered and circled over a darker green body of water with a broken-lined island in its center. And her earlier feeling of homelessness slipped away from her as they sank still lower and swung about once more into the wind, as the world came up to meet them and she realized the fact that they were taxiing in toward Adanak Island.

"You're not giving up?" she demanded of Casey as he pulled off his helmet and they drifted in toward the shore line.

(Continued on Page 82)

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VOL. 24, NO. 1

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Buick

(Continued from Page 79)

"Not by a long shot," he said. He sat scowling for a moment into the strong sunlight. "But I think we ought to send for your father."

"You mean you're afraid of what may happen?" asked Paddy, doing her best to control her voice.

"Not necessarily. But if we're going to carry on a search, we've got to get organized for it properly."

Paddy tried to picture her father when that message was carried out to him. It was not a pleasant scene to contemplate. "They may come back," she ventured.

"We can't wait for that," asserted Casey, as he helped her ashore and made fast his mooring lines.

Paddy's face, as she paced slowly up and down the sun-warmed sand was heavy with unhappiness. "This does seem like giving poor dad a dose of his own medicine," she said, as Casey joined her. "I hate to have a message like that go out to him."

"Wouldn't you rather he knew?" demanded Casey.

"Not unless it's necessary," she told him.

"But it's that already," contended Casey, his gaze directed along the wooded shore line. Then he turned back to the girl at his side. "Under the circumstance, this will be a good time to take you out. It's doubly plain now that this isn't the right place for a white woman."

"And it's not a time to show the white feather," retorted Paddy.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Simply that I'm going to stay here until we find Jinny," said the girl with the sun-darkened face.

XII

IT WAS old Pierre who appeared at the island cabin early the next morning. He came before Paddy had finished a lonely and altogether unsatisfactory breakfast, and his noncommittal eye was not long in taking in several altered aspects of the camp. But he stood silent, with no change on his seamed old face. And Paddy, equally silent, stood regarding his barricaded eye.

"Have you seen Jinny?" she finally inquired.

"No see um," was Pierre's quiet reply.

"She has gone," explained Paddy, with a sense of inadequacy. "She has run away." Even to that Pierre ventured no reply. "She has run away with Black Arrow," announced the girl, nettled by the other's sustained apathy.

Still again Pierre betrayed no outward sign of emotion. Even his first movement, when it came, was a small one. "Um go," he said, with a glance toward the remoter shore line.

His intentions, however, were not clear to Paddy. "You mean us?" she demanded, with a finger pointed toward herself.

"Yum," was Pierre's emotionless reply. And that, Paddy knew, meant yes. But a frown of doubt clouded her face as she studied the stoop-shouldered old figure. He seemed too old, too stooped and decrepit, for adventuring through an unknown wilderness. Everything, after all, would depend on him, and if he failed her in those empty and unmapped outlands, it would mean prompt disaster to them both. And it wouldn't be long now before Casey and his plane were back.

"Do you know this country?" she demanded.

The ghost of a smile flickered for a moment about the flaccid old lips. "Um know him," was the quiet reply. Paddy, at that, remembered that he would naturally know a district where he must have lived as man and boy for some seventy-odd years—perhaps even more than that, she amended. It was, after all, his home and the home of his ancestors, the land from which he had wrung his meager living and the forest lore that lay behind those faded old eyes which could see so much unseen by the eyes of others.

"When should we start?" she asked with a responsive calm of her own.

"Now," was the answer.

"But how would we travel?" asked the girl. "How would we go?"

"Canoe," was the brief reply.

"All right," she agreed, coming to a quick decision. "What should we take?"

They would travel light, she was told, taking only a blanket and flour and tea and bacon; and they would go in Pierre's canoe, taking a second paddle for Paddy's use, since time was a factor and every stroke was a help.

She was ready in half an hour, with a note explaining her absence pinned on the shack door, with what clothes she needed tied up in a burlap towel, and with an odd sense of relief at finding herself an active agent in the search. The one point she hesitated over was in deciding about taking a shotgun. A weapon, she remembered, would give her a certain sense of security in the open. But a gun, she also remembered, might not be the best thing in the world for old Pierre to have at his elbow, should they unexpectedly meet up with his son-in-law. The old fellow seemed to have no firearms of his own. Yet she had once thought of Indians as being weaned on rifles and sleeping on mattresses of muzzle-loaders.

So when she saw Pierre studying her as she studied the duck gun, she politely assumed an air of indifferency.

"No need um," the old Indian curtly informed her.

She went forth, accordingly, without her trusty weapon.

From that hour forward indeed, she surrendered unreservedly to Pierre's guidance. She had no knowledge of the course he took, but she accepted it without question. Whatever the processes of thought behind his movements, whatever the motives prompting him to one turn and then another, they remained stolidly unexplained. The weather was hot and dry; the reflected sunlight burned with a double edge on the unweathered skin of the white girl; and the business of paddling, she found, could be both monotonous and tiring.

But Paddy proffered no complaints. They quartered across the open lake, threaded a flotilla of small islands and found themselves in a narrow river between rocky shores. Her blood chilled as she heard the roar of a rapids close before them, and she held her breath as the fragile birch-bark went dancing down a flumeway of white water spotted with moss-green bowlders. Yet once they had dipped down into the boiling cellar and cut through the wavering wall of mist and emerged again into quiet water freckled with foam, an unexpected sense of exhilaration took possession of her. She had, in this, stumbled on a new form of experience. She had been daring all her life, but this was a new form of daring. It was better than doing fifty miles an hour in an underslung roadster. It was next to flying. It was something cleansing to torpid souls, as cleansing as a header from a thirty-foot diving platform. It vindicated, in obscure ways of its own, her challenged right to live.

When they came to a fork in the channel and Pierre unhesitatingly swung to the left, the girl glanced back with a frown of perplexity. "Why did you come this way?" she asked. To this, however, the old Indian proffered no reply. "Why are we going this way?" she repeated.

"Me know," he said, his deep-set eyes swerving from bank to bank as they surged forward. Inadequate as it was, Paddy accepted it as satisfactory.

When they stopped abruptly and landed on a gently sloping bank fringed with white birch, the girl looked questioningly about for some shadow of reason for that side movement, but she could see nothing.

She followed Pierre, however, up over a ridge of rock and along what seemed a narrow trail through the scattered pines. When she saw the old Indian stop for the second time and scrutinize the softer ground at his feet she suddenly realized the meaning of that movement. For even her untrained eye could make out foot marks there, one small and one large, one light and one heavy.

"Him portage here," proclaimed Pierre, with a quiet grunt of satisfaction; and that sign brought the fugitives suddenly closer to the startled Paddy.

Yet it troubled her, as they followed their course over that twisted portage, to see the bent old figure of her guide burdened with the weight of the overturned canoe. It seemed too much for a man of his years. But he strode ahead, stolidly enough, oblivious of even the bush flies and mosquitoes that clustered about his leathery old neck. He was, in fact, anything but a romantic figure. He looked rather ridiculous in his sodden and ragged store clothes—looked uncommonly like a mummy unexpectedly galvanized into life.

But the bewildered girl realized, as they took up the trail again, that he was both an adept and an expert at the work in hand. She realized this still again when they stopped to eat, and without one wasted movement Pierre built his fire and cooked the meal and pushed off into an unknown river that seemed winding into the unknown recesses of an empty world.

Late that afternoon they stopped again, without apparent rime or reason, and Pierre landed to investigate a rock-floored clearing beside a cluster of birches. He stayed so long that Paddy, growing impatient, was prompted to climb the broken bank and join him. She found him stooped over a small pile of ashes—a small pile of ashes as gray as the rock on which they lay.

"Was this their fire?" she asked. Her voice, she noticed, was lowered, moderated to the tone in which one unconsciously speaks of the dead.

Pierre said "Yum." Then he pointed to a near-by cluster of spruce boughs, neatly feathered.

"What's that for?" she demanded.

"Bed," was the laconic reply; and Paddy stared down at it with a wordless heaviness about her heart.

"Who slept there?" she asked.

"White woman," was Pierre's answer. He seemed more interested, at the moment, in the open space on the far side of the fire ashes. "Him sleep here," proclaimed the old man, pointing to the ground at his feet.

"Oh!" was all Paddy said.

"Him walk up an' down," added Pierre, with a gnarled finger d rected toward the telltale footprints "Walk up an' down big heap."

And again Paddy merely said, "Oh!" But her eyes remained thoughtful as they returned to the canoe and once more took up their journey.

They did not camp that night until the late northern evening was deepening into darkness, and they were astir the next morning long before the sun was up over the hilltops. Paddy remembered falling asleep beside a birch fire, with the smell of wood smoke and Pierre's bad tobacco in her nostrils. She knew nothing more until she felt a tug at her blanket and sat up to see a rind of thin silver above the spruce tops and the copper tea pail boiling on the near-by fire. In half an hour they were on the wing again, threading their way along devious waterways, traversing loon-haunted lakes, swinging down amber-tinted rapids crowned with mist. Sometimes they saw game as they went, and once Paddy caught sight of a brown bear scuffling off through the littoral underbrush. Once, too, they met a solitary Indian in a birch-bark canoe a canoe even more battered and patched than Pierre's, and for several minutes the two bronze-skinned figures conferred together. They talked quietly enough, in a tongue of their own, and as quietly resumed their paddling.

"Has he seen anything of them?" demanded Paddy.

"No see um," was Pierre's stolid response. Her spirits sagged at that, for with the growing comprehension of the immensity of the forest land about them came a growing conviction that the chase was a blind one.

"But are we going the right way?" demanded the girl, as she rested her arms from paddling. The sun overhead was hot on her skin; there were blisters on her hands, and her legs were cramped. She felt unnaturally old and experienced, as battered and time-worn as the canoe in which she sat.

"We get um," was Pierre's placid retort. And that afternoon the fugitives were brought closer again, when Pierre, making one of his abrupt landings, pointed out to her the ashes of a second camp fire. She began to wonder, none the less, why there was no sound of Casey's plane across the robin's-egg sky, why they were so slow in coming, why her father should let precious hour by hour slip by. She wondered, too, how long it could keep up, how deep she and Pierre dare venture into that *terra incognita* of pine and lake and muskeg and rock ridge. And what would she do, she demanded of herself, if anything should happen to Pierre? She would be helpless there, utterly lost in a wilderness where one blue-clad vista looked so much like another. Her food would give out and her moccasins would fall apart and her clothes would get torn away, and then she would curl up and die and Casey would find a little pile of bones beside a jack pine—a little pile of bones picked as clean as a skeleton on a museum shelf. And that pile of bones would be herself, would be all that was left of her, Patience Margaretta Winslow, once known to her friends as Paddy. She wondered if Casey would feel sorry and if he would think kindly of her and if he would know and understand that she wasn't so empty-headed and worthless as she had once pretended to be.

But Pierre, she contended, was a tough and leathery old Indian who seemed placidly at home in such surroundings, and would probably live to be a hundred. And the warm blood of youth still rang singing in her veins, and she was absurdly hungry and eager for supper, and there were a great many things she wanted to live for.

"Pierre," she said a little later beside their supper fire, grateful for even that attenuated companionship, "you're certainly a great old scout!"

Pierre's reply to that demonstration, however, was nothing more than a grunt. In half an hour they were both asleep under the serene northern stars.

Yet before the sun was up they were on their way again, winding through a chain of island-dotted lakes and portaging over a sparsely treed neck of land, where Pierre pointed out the tracks of the two fugitives. To Paddy, as she stared down at them, they looked disturbingly companionable, those smaller footprints beside the larger. They looked friendly and audacious and unreckoning. And by noon, when the pursuers came to the third camping spot, beside a slow-winding river fringed with spruce land, Paddy noticed that Pierre thrust his hand into the little ash heap to see if there were still any warmth at its center.

"Are we that close to them?" she asked, buoyed up by the promise of their nearness.

"Mebbe," was Pierre's noncommittal reply. But during the next half hour he quartered back and forth about the clearing and the spruce groves beyond it like a foxhound sniffing after a lost scent.

"What's the matter?" demanded Paddy when he came back to the beached canoe. But Pierre, deep in his own thoughts, proffered no immediate reply to that question. "What's the matter?" repeated the girl, conscious of the deepened frown on the seamed old face.

"Um no go on," proclaimed Pierre, staring into the gloom of the spruce lands.

"You mean Black Arrow hasn't gone on?" asked the girl.

"Him go on," acknowledged the old Indian

"And what about Jinny?" she demanded.

"Um go back," averred Pierre.

But Paddy apparently found the situation beyond her comprehension. "You don't mean that my sister—that Jinny has gone back alone?" she asked, trying to keep the quaver out of her voice. Pierre nodded

(Continued on Page 87)

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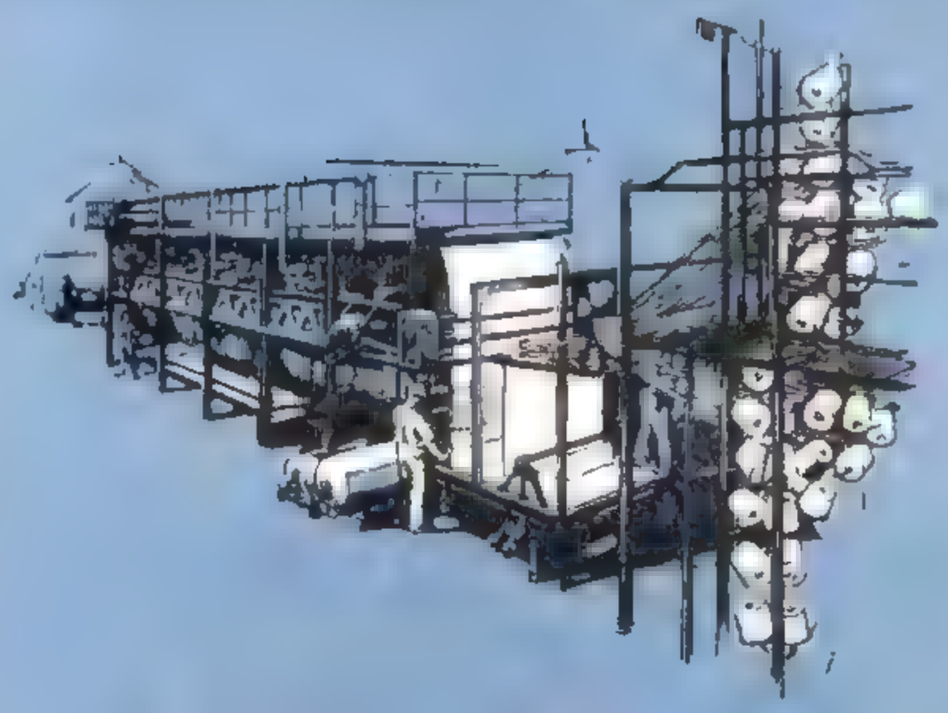

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(Continued from Page 82)

assent. "But what could make her?" cried Paddy. "And where could she go? And what could she do?"

Pierre obviously had no answer for these questions. And Paddy, standing straight and slender in the flat sunlight, tried to shut out the picture of a lost and famished white woman fighting her way through a tangled and pathless wilderness. "She would die!" the girl said under her breath. "She would surely die!"

"Him take canoe," Pierre was explaining, with a gesture toward the river. And that, to Paddy, made it worse than ever. It implied that Jinny was alone in the forest, floundering about on foot, skirting sloughs and muskegs that could suck a human body into their depths without a sound.

"Can't we find her, Pierre?" cried the girl with the tragically clouded eyes.

"Mebbe," acknowledged the old Indian, already intent on caching the canoe high above the water line.

"But we must," protested Paddy, as she knelt to tie their duffel into a pack. "We must!"

"Bush heap big," asserted Pierre, as he retied the pack and swung it over his bent shoulders. That burden, in some way, tended to accentuate the impression of his age. He seemed an incredibly wasted and wrinkled old man. He seemed, with his dissimulative air of decrepitude, a pathetically frail and foolish leader in such an adventure. And Paddy, with a sudden lump in her throat, turned her gaze from the bent-legged old Indian to the high-arching blue sky over her head.

"I wish to God that Casey and dad would get here!" she cried aloud, and that cry wasn't altogether irreverent. It was, in fact, almost a prayer.

XIII

JANET, as she sat in the bow of the canoe facing the paddler, found herself uncomfortably comfortable. The canoe bottom was padded with a folded tarpaulin and her back rested against her blanket roll, and when she tired of one position she could change to another. The ripple of the water against the pointed bow and the rhythmic swing of the paddle was like a narcotic, making it hard for her to keep her lids from drooping and her head from nodding.

That, she suddenly told herself, was the trouble. She was not in the part. She was too passive a factor in the entire adventure. She was unparticipating and indolent and self-immured, like a cat on a sunny window seat. Yet she was supposed to be running away, and in the very midst of this adventure she was finding it very hard to keep her eyes open. That meant something amiss, something wrong.

It had been a mistake, she felt, to sit facing Black Arrow. He was an Indian, and called himself a chief. But there was, momentarily, little that was regal in his appearance. Who, in fact, could spot romance in a gondolier under a well-patched plaid shirt, a pair of grease-stained corduroy trousers held up by a beaded belt from which most of the beads had been shed, and a pair of worn moccasins that curled up at the toes and retained an unmistakably creosotic smell? He couldn't have looked that way, she felt, when he was hobnobbing with the crowned heads of Europe. And he must have had a much cleaner shirt on when he danced with Lady Diana Manners.

Yet it was catty, she told herself a moment later, to let her mind run along such lines. And one owed something to a man who was generous enough to abduct one. The trouble, she suspected, lay in her own softness. She, always, had merely played at being primitive. She had modified the monotony of luxury by reaching languidly out for an occasional touch of the aboriginal, by reverting to candles and open fires and unpainted hickory furniture and genteelly barbaric picnics amid the ants and bugs of the Berkshire Hills. But she hadn't been fashioned for a child of Nature. Her feet weren't the right shape for the wearing of moccasins. She couldn't get used to the feeling of rough clothes against her flesh, and a rough blanket to sleep on, and rough towels to rub dry with. Peter had once said that people really have five skins. If that was true, she was surely going about with only four.

Jinny, as she lounged back in the canoe bow and studied her companion with a new intentness, noticed for the first time the beads of sweat on his face—the sweat of monotonous toil.

Yes, it had been a mistake to sit facing him, hour after hour with so little to do and so much to think about. She should have brought a second paddle along and taken a more active part in that flight of defiance, her forward-looking gaze on every island and headland and bayou and river bend as they met it. It was too much like sitting beside one's taxi driver. But even as she felt vaguely grateful for his silence, for a natural dignity which his ridiculous clothes could not entirely neutralize, she remembered that this silence was bastioned in the abyssmal gulfs of habit and race that yawned between them. And she had a feeling of being cheated, of carrying home a frock which, after the brief thrill of acquisition, could never be worn in public.

Yet she wanted to be just to Black Arrow. For he, on his part, had been unexpectedly just with her. He was, in that way, one man in a thousand. His father's father had probably scalped and quartered white women. But he had ceremoniously gone off to pick raspberries for their breakfast while she had washed at the water's edge. His *savoir-vivre* was more than diverting; it could be a trifle disturbing. And he could be made, she decided, rather ornamental. He had a line to his shoulder that was worth the right sort of tailor. But he would be a trifle too exotic for everyday use. He even reminded her of wood—of beautifully grained wood slightly damaged with dry rot.

"Black Arrow," she asked with a listless sort of candor, "what spoiled you?"

"Am I spoiled?" he countered, darkening with the quickness of a child, under the shadow of her disapproval.

"Yes, in a way you are," she contended. "And I've been wondering what caused it."

"Alcohol and England," was his unexpectedly laconic reply.

She smiled at that, and then grew sober again. "Why include England?" she inquired.

"They rather take to odd specimens from the frontier, over there. And the more odd they are to look at, the more they want to lionize them."

"And many beautiful ladies wanted you to put on your war bonnet and run away with them?"

He stiffened perceptibly at the derisive tone in her voice.

"I met many very charming women," he said with a hauteur that did not go well with his habiliments of the moment.

"Were they nicer than me?" she demanded.

"Some of them," he countered, "were kinder."

"Undoubtedly," agreed the solemn-eyed white woman. "And playing around with the queens of Mayfair would naturally unsettle you for a tepee mate. What you really should have done, Black Arrow, was to marry one of them and settle down on a Devonshire estate and show the parish school children that you didn't actually grow feathers."

"I'd prefer talking about other things," he said with his quiet and inalienable dignity. And silence hung between them as they threaded their way through a parliament of bird-haunted islands crowned with pointed jack pines.

"I'm an awful rotter," said Jinny as she shifted her position in the canoe bottom. Then she fell to studying her hands, reddened and hardened by wilderness life. Having sighed over them, she looked down at her knees, above the rabbit-skin leggings which she had worn out of deference to Black Arrow's wishes. They made her think of a Boy Scout's legs, roughened by wind and water and darkened by the sun.

"Couldn't you take me to a beauty parlor somewhere?" she listlessly demanded.

"You're in one," was Black Arrow's retort.

"You mean the simple life should bring the shy roses back to my cheeks?"

"It's a good life for the people who've learned to accept it."

There was an acid note in her laughter. "It seems to take time."

"And something more than time!"

"What?"

Black Arrow's paddle dipped, steady stroke by stroke. "The wish to go back to it," was his quietly spoken reply.

"Well, I'm on my way," announced the white woman as she trailed her fingers listlessly in the amber-tinted water.

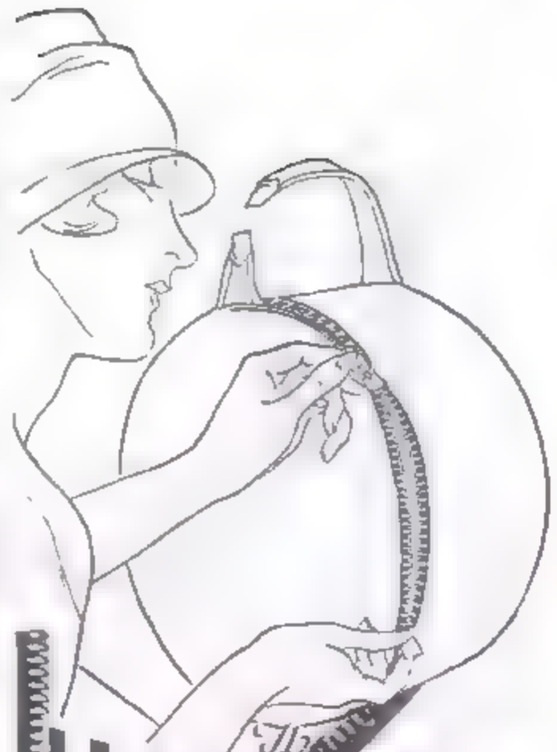
When they bivouacked that noon beside a scattering grove of slender white birches that looked like a thousand young Dianas leaning slender-waisted against the wind, she continued to watch Black Arrow as he chopped and cooked and made ready their meal. He did it with the inexplicable adroitness of the Indian, without a wasted movement or word. Yet she stood suddenly dismayed by his very efficiency. He was, after all, a sort of servant—an adeptly trained servant. Back in her old world he would probably be officiating in a butler's pantry; he would be cooking over a kitchen range; he would be a submerged machine in a service uniform and a sedulously maintained mask of impersonality.

He had carefully washed at the riverside, she noticed, before he set about preparing their meal. But she shuddered a little as she saw him eating his sliced bacon with his fingers. It may have been the way of the north, but it was not lovely to the eye. It was foolish, of course, but she couldn't help it. He was still a son of the desert. But his solemnity began to annoy her. And she would have preferred him in fresh linen and without residuary traces of pork grease about his lips. For his face, she studiously observed, was itself little darker than a home-smoked side of bacon.

She even experienced her own mood of silence as they struck deeper and deeper into the balsam-scented wilderness which unrolled so endlessly before their endlessly purling canoe bow. She found a certain monotony in their course, in the same crooked little lakes that looked so much like rivers, and the even more crooked rivers that had the habit of hiding their openings ahead and looking perversely like lakes, in the same portaging across rough and narrow forest paths, in the same rock-gray headlands and spruce slopes where the eternally marching trees, the solemnly regimented trees, pointed their army of fixed bayonets to the sky as they paraded across the ever-recurring hills crowned with their mist of horizon blue.

Black Arrow looked his best, she found, when he was running a rapid, when he was thinking of his work and not of himself, when he was squatted tense and attentive as they swept down a boiling canyon stippled with rock fangs. For she could not always forget that he was slightly histrionic. She had discovered that on the first night, when, after preparing her bed and mosquito bar, he had solemnly placed her loaded gun close beside her back-folded blanket. That gesture, all things considered, had impressed her as a trifle theatrical. But she had ignored it. And now, in the ebb tide of all her earlier insurrectionary valor, she was tempted to smile at it. She more and more thought of him as something a trifle soft and run to seed, left invertebrate by a civilization that had rejected him. She had a teasing wish to look upon him as a red-skinned Leatherstocking, yet she found it hard to fancy him as much given to the use of firearms. He would look well on a horse, perhaps, but she could not shut out from her mind's eye the picture of him posing before a grand stand full of rodeo fans, his mouth appropriately drawn down and his bony face becomingly hardened, while the

(Continued on Page 89)



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ELECTROLUX SERVEL REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from Page 87)

cameras clicked and the prairie belles clapped their hands.

She forgot, on the whole, a cavern or two that yawned beyond the flat rock wall of his Indian reticence, just as she seemed to forget his faded record from the Western Front and that souring isolation of soul which left him romantically eager to catch at the warmer coloring of life.

Yet the knowledge of something unexplored in his make-up came abruptly home to her when they landed late that afternoon and looked about for a camping spot. Black Arrow happened to have the rifle in his hand as he preceded her up a pine-stubbled rock slope, and when he unexpectedly stopped, stood tense, and then subsided full length along the moss-cushioned incline, she thought that he had suddenly fallen ill. He neither spoke nor moved, and she even garnered the somewhat absurd impression, as she stared at him, that he was melting and mingling into the rocky bed that supported him. Then she inferred that he had just as suddenly gone mad, for as she stood arrested by the eager malignancy of his face she realized that he had his rifle leveled and that he was shooting it off into empty space. Her suspicions grew firmer in texture, in fact, as she saw him spring to his feet and go running off like a madman through the underbrush.

When he came back to her, he returned with a dead fawn drooping over his shoulder. It hung there limp, dripping blood from its pale-furred breast. And when he flung it down, not without a grunt of triumph, she thought she could see a look of reproof in the little creature's glazed eyes.

"Why did you do that?" she gasped as she stooped and stroked the downy fur—stroked it pityingly, shudderingly.

"We're short of meat," he told her as he took out his knife.

"But it's so cruel!" she cried, feeling a little faint.

Black Arrow turned over the carcass. "It's no crueler than getting spring lamb from the stockyards," he said, slitting open the limp belly; "only you don't happen to be in on the killing."

"Oh, it's cruel!" she repeated, drawing her hands down over her face.

"All life is that way," proclaimed Black Arrow as he went on with his work.

"But isn't it out of season?" she questioned. "Isn't it against the law to kill an animal like this?"

"There's no law here," he reminded her, "but the law of hunger."

She stared at him, stunned and wide-eyed, like a flat dweller whose purring house cat has just eaten a canary.

"It's hateful," she said, with her hands clenched.

"It makes good eating," the other reminded her.

"Not for me," she protested, still shuddering.

Yet she watched him, grimly, as he skinned and dressed and quartered the carcass. She watched him as he washed the pallid flesh and poised it on green-wood sticks above his waiting bed of coals. It seemed to be weeping into the fire that darkened and shriveled it into something no longer resembling the bounding and leaping life it had been one short hour before. And Black Arrow, when they sat down to their meal, looked repugnant to her as he squatted on a windfall with a hunk of the slightly charred meat in his hands. He was eating with the silent and dogged industry of a hungry man, but he seemed neolithic to the tense-nerved white woman who sat watching him. He seemed as remote in time and space as something that had stepped out of the Stone Age.

"You ought to eat," Black Arrow reminded her.

"I'm not a squaw yet," she announced with a shrill bitterness that startled even her own ears.

She remembered, the next day, how Black Arrow had said that no one could stand with a foot on two different worlds. She was inclined to believe him. There were gulfs that could not be easily bridged. And she was not made for acrobatics. For she began to feel a trifle tired of dead spruce sprawling along stony shore lines, of stunted jack pine and Cambrian hogbacks, and black bass leaping for flies, and white birches that looked like tombstones starving to death. She was becoming a trifle tired of sun and water and a canoe that was not so dry between the ribs as it might have been. She felt an impatience to be on her feet, to pace well-trodden paths, to hear once more about her the companionable noises of the city, to break the anæsthetic woodland silences with sudden shouts of derision.

"Where are we going?" she abruptly inquired of Black Arrow as she looked about at the slow-lengthening afternoon shadows.

"Across the Height of Land," he answered, without a pause in his paddling.

"Do you know that country?" she inquired, dipping her handkerchief of unhemmed plane-linen in the water and spreading it over her sunburned forearm.

"Not where we're going," he explained.

"Shouldn't you?" she demanded.

His smile was slightly remote. "Indians aren't really the travelers they're supposed to be—especially the wood Indians. They pretty well stick to their own territory. But we won't find much change in this country for the next two or three hundred miles."

She tried to hide her shudder. She looked over her shoulder toward the blue-misted pinelands stretching tier by tier into the indecipherable distance. She wondered why, at that moment, she should think of the pleasantly crowded Plaza tea room and the flashing cars circling in to Pierre's striped awnings and the pulsating double stream of afternoon automobiles winging so valiantly along the islanded shrubbery of Park Avenue. She could hear, above the murmur of flowing water, the less liquid murmur of an afternoon city in the kindly golden haze born of its very hurry.

The woman leaning back against the blanket roll experienced a sudden and an absurd and unconquerable homesickness for that welter of life which had been known to her as civilization. It seemed to come unheralded, as abrupt as a bullet. But it was the flowering, she knew, of forces that had been working below the surface of consciousness. She even thought of Peter—dependable Peter, good old Peter, once more catching her up on the wing and hustling her out to the Claremont for dinner, where he'd warn her not to smoke so much and lecture her about keeping better hours, and find his customary diatribe against night clubs cut short by a telephone call from St. Matthew's Hospital and have no time to finish his coffee and do more than pack her off in a taxi and tell her that a doctor's life was the life of a dog. Peter was too busy, she remembered, just as she had been too idle. And if he met her at the next portage as she stepped out of Black Arrow's canoe, he would call her a neurotic young idiot who was still rattling the cage of life and proclaiming that she couldn't be tamed.

It was that night, as Black Arrow was busy preparing her sleeping place, that some small but growing discontent sought to express itself. Janet sat beside the fire of birch wood as the late northern evening turned into night. She sat with a cloudy eye, staring at the flames in which a night moth fluttered and fell

"You know, Black Arrow, I haven't been entirely honest with you," she suddenly said out of the silence.

"We haven't been entirely honest with each other," was the reply, which reminded her that, after all, he was something more than an untutored savage.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because when you say you want to turn back I'll have to say that it's too late."

"But I haven't said I wanted to go back."

"You will," proclaimed Black Arrow.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because you're not happy."

"Are you?" countered the white woman.

"Much happier than I deserve to be," was Black Arrow's answer. And a new dignity fell about him, standing straight in the firelight. "I wanted to be with you. I wanted to be near you and help you, and I'm willing to pay the price."

"What price?"

"I may have seen a bit more of the world than most Indians, but in the eyes of the law I'm still an Indian. And in this country, as your people would put it, the Indian has to watch his step."

She laughed, in spite of herself, at the modernity of that phrase. Yet she was afraid of her own humor, at the moment; she was afraid of her own salvaging sense of humor, that inner illuminating mind machinery with the power of changing perspectives as promptly as an electrician's hidden lights can change values and vistas on a stage.

"You know, Black Arrow, this is really the oldest and tritest thing in all the world—a red man of the wilds carrying off a white woman. Why, that's exactly what we gasped over when we couldn't quite spell out all the hard words. And yet we've both done considerable reading in our time."

Black Arrow's face hardened. "It is not a thing to laugh over," he reminded her.

"Are you afraid?"

"Aren't you?"

"But, Black Arrow, you've been simply irreproachable," the languidly smiling woman reminded him.

"Perhaps not so much that way as you imagine," was his slightly embittered response.

"Why do you say that?"

He stood silent a moment. "I don't suppose it makes much difference now, but I'm already a married man."

Janet sat silent a moment. Then a small and contemplative "Oh!" escaped her lips. But as she sat wrapped in a second silence her face took on a new hardness. "To a white woman?" she finally asked.

"No, to one of my own people," he answered.

"To whom?"

"To one of old Pierre's daughters."

She preferred not to look at him. "And does that mean you have a family?"

"There are three children," he admitted.

"Where are they?"

"At my camp, a few miles in from Wapanapi."

"Oh!" repeated the white woman beside the fire, and this time there was a faint tinge of horror in her oddly prolonged cry. A vague tinge of color, at the same time, crept slowly up into her face.

"It's rather an awful mess, isn't it?" she said a little later, but she said it more to herself than to her companion. She was inured, in one way, to the insurrectionary adventures of her kind, to the careless audacities of a generation that turned no ear to the voice of authority. But undefined as it was, she had her own phantasmal code of sportsmanship.

And as she sat in the dwindling firelight she became disturbingly conscious of a new ignominy, a final collapse of dignity. She drew, in her mind's eye, a picture of an Indian wigwam—a wigwam housing three ragged Indian children and a copper-colored Indian woman, probably running to fat. That, she told herself, was the home she had disrupted. That fat squaw was the claimant—the legal claimant—to her knight of the woods.

It was more than ludicrous; it was hopelessly sordid and mean and unsavory. She had thought only of herself, of her own futile and foolish passion to escape. She had carried that corroding selfishness of hers even into the clean air of the wilderness.

Janet didn't sleep that night. The woods were very still. She could even hear Black Arrow, rolled in his blanket under a distant jack pine, placidly and gently snoring. He had paddled long and worked hard and earned his rest. His retreat to the outer fringe of their camp circle, night by night, had at first impressed her as faintly servile,

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as vaguely suggestive of the hired laborer instinctively retiring to his servants' quarters. But she now detected something deeper in that movement. And she was grateful for it, as grateful as she had been when her supper party had been caught in a road-house raid and a colored cook's helper had piloted her out through a kitchen passageway to an avenue of parked cars and eventual freedom.

But from this darker adventure she had not yet fought her way out to freedom. Yet the only way out, as far as she could see, was in flight. She could never go on. She must go back. She had wanted to prove her power, to show her strength, and the only thing she had shown was her weakness. Poor old Peter had been right, after all. It's making the landing, he had warned her, that invariably bothers the high flyers. And after stunting so showily along the airy sky line of her selfishness, she had crashed—had crashed with the double shame of the scorner of older heads, while her battered pride lay writhing in that burning fuselage.

There could be no redeeming touch of dignity, she knew, in her return. All she could salvage out of that wreck was her own tired body. And back with her, of course, she could never take Black Arrow. That would seem too much like penitents returning for forgiveness. And in Black Arrow was a strain of pride that would make him intractable, that would leave him rather blind to reason. He might not be willing to surrender her to the wilderness, but he would never take her entirely back. And the best way to cut the knot was to cut it then and there, at a stroke. She would leave him. She would slip quietly away in the night and in doing so solve the whole problem. That alone would leave him free to go his own way and pave the path for his eventual return. That alone would make the situation comprehensible to others. To that extent, at least, she could make amends. She owed it to him.

There was little, after all, to be afraid of. He had explained to her more than once that these northern woods held no wild animal dangerous to the casual traveler. Their outward journey, so far, had been tranquil enough. It might take a little longer to go back on foot, but she could follow the water courses and bear always to the southwest; and with her she could carry her gun and blanket and a knife and a trolling spoon, so that she could pick up food on the way if her own rations of bacon and bannock ran low. And if she knew hardship and loneliness and discomfort, she would have to face the fact that she deserved them, that she was paying the customary price for her moment of folly.

She sat up in the quietness and listened to the vague night noises of the northern wilderness. It was not entirely dark, even then, and in an hour or two it would be light again. But if Black Arrow knew, she reminded herself, he would surely never let her go. So she would have to be very quiet about it all, she admonished herself, as she slipped out of her blanket and listened and moved guardedly about in the gloom.

She paused from time to time, as she cautiously gathered together what she needed; and remembering how Black Arrow had made a pack roll, she tied it snugly up in her folded blanket and adjusted it to her shoulders. It seemed heavier than she expected, but that, she again reminded herself, would be part of her punishment. She felt the need of matches. But Black Arrow alone carried them and she realized the impossibility of creeping to his side and appropriating enough for her own use. She could get fire from one of her gun shells, if the worst came to the worst, as Paddy had done that second day on their island. But at most she would be only a few days in the open. Already, she felt, they must be out searching for her. And at any hour she might see Casey's plane in the sky or hear Paddy's sturdy "Hello!" through the woods. She hadn't, on the whole, been quite fair with Paddy. But she had learned her lesson now, and there would be time enough to put that straight. Paddy was a good little scout. She had played the game and played it fairly, and it was about time someone else did the same.

Janet, as she stooped to pick up her gun, heard Black Arrow turn in his sleep, muttering as he moved. That held her tense for a moment, but when no further sound came from him she groped her way slowly out toward the tree shadows. She faced a clean grove of sparsely growing spruce, an undulating grove carpeted with needles that completely cushioned her steps. Below her, on her right, she could see the occasional glimmer of the river, and the cushioned aisles between the trees seemed singularly orderly and inviting and easy to traverse. The darkness was not so disturbing as she had anticipated. She even experienced, as she struck deeper and deeper into the balsam-scented solitude, a sense of liberation, of escape, of delivery from something more disturbing than loneliness.

Her spirits rose perceptibly, in fact, with the coming of daylight; and once she could see the red and gold of a promised sunrise, she felt more sure of herself. She washed in a brawling brook that went tumbling down toward the river, and breakfasted on its bank and went resolutely forward again. At one of the pools in a second stream she beheld a small furred animal in the act of catching a fish, and on the hilltop beyond this stream she was startled to see a deer spring from a thicket and go wavering off through the filtered sunlight. She found herself buoyed up by these discoveries, implying as they did the promise of food in emergency. But she wasn't altogether sure as to the best way of using her trolling spoon, just as she remained a trifle uncertain as to how far her shotgun would carry.

By the time the sun was overhead, however, she noticed a perplexing change in the character of the country. The clean slopes of spruce land had ended and she found herself in a more diversified terrain, cut with ridges of bald rock and lateral valleys with stretches of thicket and marshland along their bottoms. Along the slopes, too, she found more underbrush—underbrush through which it was no easy thing to shoulder and fight her way. So she broke contact with the river temporarily and chose the more open path along one of the longer rock ridges, persuaded that she must eventually rejoin the winding waterway.

But within a mile her rock ridge unexpectedly lost itself in a lake fringed with clump willow and bunch grass. When she decided to turn to the right and skirt the western shore of this lake, she found the ground under her feet disturbingly soft and saw her path stippled with unexpected pools of bog water. But she pushed on, picking her way from willow clump to willow clump, grimly intent on reaching higher ground and climbing to surer footing. Once, as she leaped for a small island of bunch grass, she felt it going down under her very feet—going down softly and sickeningly—and saved herself only by clinging to a handful of near-by willow branches. But her gun fell from her hand as she struggled for a footing—fell into the ooze and disappeared from sight. She thought at first that it would be easy enough to recover. But her heart sank as she raked and groped and prodded through the engulfing muck. It was lost; it was gone forever, and the manner of its going was a renewed warning of the danger that surrounded her. She, too, could sink at any moment in that morass. She could go down, foot by foot, until the pleasant blue sky and the warm summer air, through which she could hear the song of a white-crowned bunting, were forever shut off from her.

Her heart was throbbing riotously as she leaped for another footing, found that green-scummed island going down under her heels, stumbled forward, and ran blindly along a sponge-like causeway that subsided and boiled with amber-tinted water as it took her weight. She was panting aloud by this time, and she felt that she could go no farther. But, as she stopped to rest, she knew that invisible hands were still reaching for her, that these perilous sedge hummocks could never sustain her. So she went on again, from cushioned hummock to hummock, sometimes stumbling, sometimes floundering knee-deep in ooze, but never daring to stop.

She got through at last, emitting little wails of breathlessness as she found moss-covered rocks once more under her feet. Those oddly animal-like sounds still broke from her throat when she staggered onto higher ground, where she fell forward on her face, inhaling the odor of sun-scorched club moss. But she was satisfied to lie there, with her tired lungs pumping and the pain slowly loosening about her heart.

She sat up at last and looked perplexedly about her. She could see the darkling spruce lands that once more confronted her, that rolled wave by blue-misted wave about her. But she had no way of knowing north from south or how far she had gone from her guiding river. All sense of direction had slipped away from her. And even to go back now was utterly out of the question.

She knew then that she was lost—completely and abandonedly lost in a northern wilderness—and she alone was to blame. She had lost herself through her own blundering, through more of that blundering that had made up so much of her existence. But for once in her life she was afraid of the outcome. She remembered, bitterly enough, how they had once called her fearless, how she had taken a wayward pride in going her own way at the call of her own impulses. But there had always been a friendly hand in the old days to help her back to solid footing. Somewhere, just around the corner, had always stood protection—and her courage had been an empty and pretentious pose.

She shuddered as she slowly rose to her feet and as slowly mounted the broken slope that showed no trail, that led nowhere. And as she forged listlessly forward, little moans of desperation broke from the woman who had once been known as fearless—little moans that deepened into sobs of helplessness.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SIC SEMPER—

(Continued from Page 11)

"When are we going out to the Birches?" asked Cameron as he lingered, hat in hand, at the front door. "I'll borrow a car—it'll be a change from the movies."

"I'd a-dore to go," she said. "I simply wor-ship road houses—they re too bizarre."

The following Wednesday, it developed, suited them both perfectly for the adventure. "I hope I'm still in college then," he said, and laughed lightly. "You know, they'll probably haul me up on the carpet for that edit."

"Oh, Cammy, what'll they do to you?"

"Well," he replied, his voice bitter and cynical, "all I'll say is this: It's a devil of a college—and a devil of a country, too—if they can fire a man for supporting a principle."

"I should say so!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Why, it would be simply too bizarre!" And the big brown eyes, shining luminously in the half light, woke within him a novel thrill—a thrill that persisted until he walked between the two ivy-covered pillars at the end of the drive. Then, unerringly, his thoughts switched to the rebellious rôle he was enacting.

He saw himself in the presence of the discipline committee, standing proudly erect, heroically unrepentant, while they threatened him with harsh, increasing penalties—an official reprimand, perhaps two weeks' suspension. He might even —— A tingling excitement spread through him, and as he strode along against the exhilarating night wind it suddenly seemed that no height was too great for him to attain. He might even get expelled from college.

III

AS HE lingered in bed, two days later, and listened to the monotonous clanging of the 10:30 bell, Mr. Cameron decided listlessly that he would cut this next class.

His editorial of the morning before, although it caused some admiring comment on the campus, had failed to provoke any official recognition from the university; and he was reflecting upon this puzzling disappointment when he rose languidly and went to the study in quest of a cigarette. But here his languor fled For he saw on the study table a red-stamped printed form familiar to all undergraduates. And on that form was a message commanding Theodore Cameron to appear without failure at the dean's office between one and two that afternoon.

He hummed zestfully while he dressed. During his one remaining class his mind rehearsed arguments with which he would baffle the dean; and life for him, at five minutes after one, was again delightfully spiced with excitement as he sat down in a chair and faced the dean.

"About my editorial, sir," he began eagerly, "I want to say right at the start that I cannot retract anything."

The dean looked at him speculatively, then leaned back, put his interlaced fingers behind his head and continued gravely to study his caller. "Cameron," he said at last, "I know what your trouble is—you're fascinated by the rôle of rebel."

"I'm proud to be a rebel, sir!"

"Why?"

"Well, they were rebels, weren't they, who stood with Washington at Valley Forge? They were rebels who wrested the Magna Charta from Henry VIII."

"Partly true," said the dean. "But I suppose ——"

"Partly?" Cameron cut in, determined to yield on no point.

"It wasn't Henry," replied the dean mildly, "but I suppose the principle is the same."

"Rebels," pursued Cameron, frowning, "are the people responsible for every progressive change in the history of the world."

"Yes, and rebels are also the people whom the police lock up for being a public nuisance."

"Garibaldi and Shelley were rebels," said Cameron cuttingly.

"Quite right," agreed the dean. "And so were those two freshmen I suspended last week for throwing bread around in Commons. Being a rebel in itself is no proof of virtue. The significant point is, What are you rebelling against?"

"My editorial yesterday morning, the one you summoned me for, made that clear," said Cameron. "I'm rebelling against paternalism."

"Have you ever decided just what you mean by that term?"

"By paternalism," replied Cameron, with the peculiar relish of one quoting from his own works, "I mean the assumption by the university of an attitude appropriate toward a boy of twelve."

The dean pivoted his chair toward the window, and his gaze, moving past the bare elm branches, seemed to rest abstractedly upon a far area of sky hazy with impending snow. "Cameron," he began, "you've admired these grounds and buildings of ours—the dormitories, the recitation halls, the

(Continued on Page 95)

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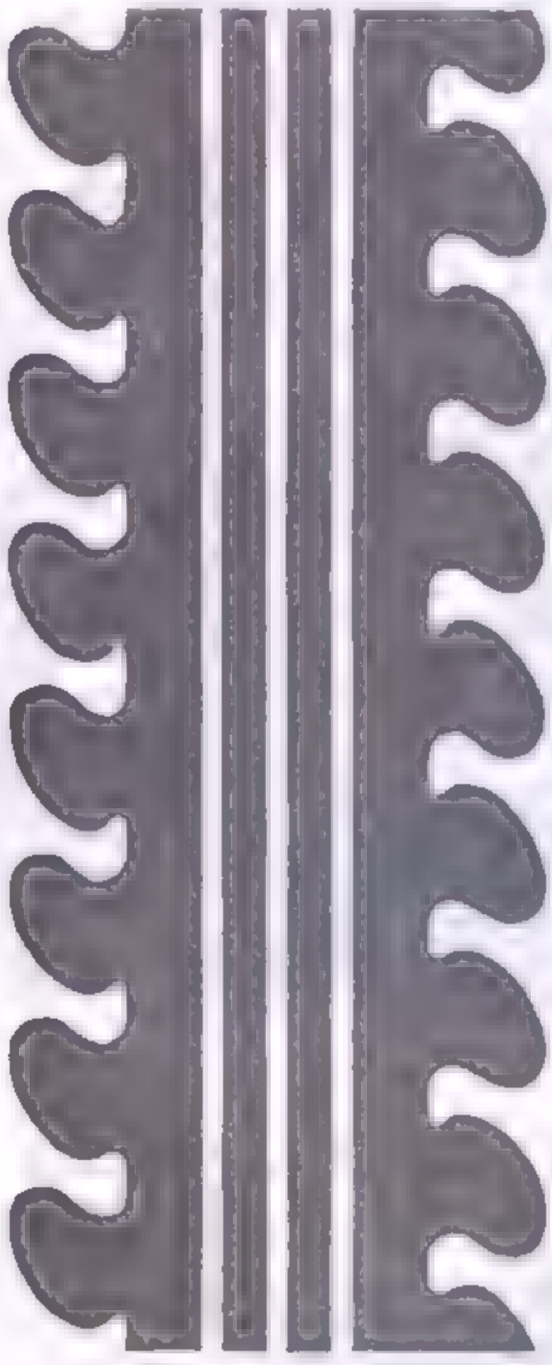

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(Continued from Page 90)

new chapel, the laboratories, the stadium and the athletic fields. Well, they're all symbols of paternalism. So are the scholarships we give to students who couldn't get an education without such help. So are the millions of dollars that alumni and friends donate annually to the college treasury."

He slapped some cigarette ash from his lap, then suddenly turned. "By the way," he added, "in a few days there's a new rule to be announced that I'm afraid you will classify as paternalism too."

Instantly Cameron stiffened in his chair. "Is it another curtailment of our rights?"

"Well," said the dean, "it's certainly another restriction of your liberties."

"Then I'm sorry, sir, but I must oppose it unalterably."

The dean's eyelids closed and his chin touched his necktie in the single, deliberate nod which meant he thoroughly understood. After a silence Cameron, with a slight quickening of the pulse, attacked the issue that had not for a moment left his thoughts

"What action," he asked, "has the university taken on that edit I ran yesterday?" The question seemed to trouble the dean, and a thrill, partly dismay but mostly rejoicing, stirred within Cameron. Was the dean about to tell him he must appear before the discipline committee and answer for his printed sedition?

"As a matter of fact," the dean began, "it wasn't about your editorial that I wanted to see you." He crushed his cigarette in the glass tray. "Since you've had the privilege of unlimited cuts, Cameron, you have been absent from a great many classes—simply because the choice is put entirely up to you. Now remember, exams are coming, and it would be too bad if you got into scholastic trouble for the lack of—well, for the lack of a little paternalistic coercion in preparing for your examinations."

Cameron, simmering with anger, left the office; and his resentment imparted, during the next two days, an added boldness to the editorials in which he forcibly demanded the immediate restoration to freshmen and sophomores of their sacred right to keep an automobile. When he reached his desk on the third day he discovered an envelope from the dean's office. In it he found a copy, sent him for publication, of a resolution just passed by the trustees. Eagerly he read, and by the time he finished it the hand that held the paper was trembling from astonishment and indignation.

For the trustees, with a bland disregard for his editorial campaign, had decreed that at the end of the present college year the keeping of automobiles would be forbidden to all undergraduates.

There was something portentous about the calm with which he laid the paper on his desk, something ominous in the deliberation with which he removed his coat and the cover of his typewriter. But the moment he dropped into the chair all trace of studied restraint left him, and he burned with the holy zeal of the young rebel in the high noon of his defiance.

For he was, just then, Martin Luther stubbornly facing the Diet of Worms, George Washington before Yorktown; he was Patrick Henry electrifying the timid Virginia Assembly, John Brown advancing like an avenging angel upon Harper's Ferry; he was Percy Shelley audaciously rocking the foundation stones of old Oxford with his Necessity for Atheism; he marched with Garibaldi beneath whipping banners to hurl the tyrant from Naples.

Several times he stopped typing to thumb feverishly through a thick volume which he kept secretly in a lower drawer, and each time did Bartlett respond with an apt phrase. These quotations, he believed, gave his editorials an impressive air of learning, and he preferred people to think he had only to delve into his own memory, rather than into Bartlett's volume, whenever he needed one. This latest find he considered especially apt. Rejoicing doubly that it was in a foreign tongue, he copied from under the heading of Revolt the reply with which the Duc de Liancourt had rebuked the serene Louis XVI.

"*Ce n'est pas une révolte*," Liancourt had warned. "*C'est une révolution!*"

Borrowing from his favorite rebel what seemed to him a magnificently forcible speech, he made it the theme of his concluding paragraph:

> We feel that we speak for the student body when we declare that our proper reply is the reply made by Garibaldi in defying a similarly tyrannical order from the King of Italy: "We request permission to disobey!"

Pacing about the little office, he read the editorial aloud in a fruitless search for flaws; then, under a dazzling inspiration, there came—from his own memory this time—a quotation which seemed miraculously made for his title.

"*Sic semper tyrannis!*" he breathed, raising a clenched fist. "They are tyrants—and thus with them always!"

Again he dropped into the chair and across the top of the first page typed two words of the Latin title; then, with an exclamation of delight, he added merely a dash. It seemed more dramatic that way, more forcible. There was even something sinister, he felt, about its half-completed threat.

He spiked the editorial on the make-up editor's desk and strode into the candidates' room. Here, again pacing the floor, he dictated to an impressed freshman the wording of a petition of protest. He stood by until it was typed, and with unhesitating strokes signed his name where it would lead all the rest. He passed the petition among the candidates, who eagerly added their names; he next obtained the signatures of several upper classmen who dropped in with athletic notices for the morning's issue. And then, after a glance through the window, he hastily yanked open the door and hailed Lee Barber and Stumpy Frothingham, who turned and strolled toward him.

"I want your John Hancocks here," he explained jovially as the three trooped into the room on their left.

"What's it about?" asked Lee Barber, signing the petition with his ornate fountain pen.

"It's to let all the students have automobiles," said Cameron. Stumpy Frothingham, accepting the loan of his roommate's pen, stooped over the paper.

"I'm for that, man and boy," he announced enthusiastically. "Make mine a chummy roadster, with a little silver hussy on the radiator cap."

Others, usually without reading the petition, wrote down their names in support of its sentiments; but Cameron, dissatisfied with the progress, ordered more copies typed. He sent one to each of the upper classmen's eating clubs, and several to the Commons for the freshmen and sophomores to sign while assembled at supper.

Leaving the petition in charge of a candidate, he set out rapidly in the direction of his room. When he turned the corner at the library he saw the dean, fifty yards away, blithely swinging a cane as he returned from his late afternoon walk. Cameron, altering his course, hurried toward him; and the dean, observing that he was pursued, stopped and leaned lightly on his cane.

"Hello, Cameron," he said pleasantly. "How are things in the emancipation business?"

"Sir?" The tone was coldly disapproving, but the dean remained unsquelched.

"You can't fool me," he said genially. "I can always tell by that freedom-forever look in your eye. What is it now—the automobile question?"

With a feeling of triumph Cameron told of the petition and the speed with which the students were indorsing its rebellious protest. "It shows what the undergraduates are thinking," he added significantly.

The dean raised his eyebrows. "Undergraduates thinking?" he murmured. "Ah, well, I suppose they do."

"It's quite obvious, sir," said Cameron sharply, "that you don't realize how serious this discontent is."

"I think I do—exactly how serious it is."

"The whole student body is aflame!"

"Well," said the dean softly, "we must pray for the fever to subside."

"By tomorrow night," predicted Cameron in a calmer but grim voice, "nine-tenths of the men will be signed up."

"And what will that prove?"

"It'll prove how deep this feeling against paternalism goes."

"Pshaw, Cammy, it'll prove nothing of the sort," said the dean with affectionate reproach. "You know that undergraduates will sign anything to get their names into print—in that respect they're almost as bad as professors."

With a gay twirl of his cane he walked on, and Cameron, after glaring at him, hurried to his room, where presently, with Dorothea's appreciation in mind, he was carefully donning his new golf suit of an ultra-fashionable gray.

During supper at his club, men called across the room for particulars about the rumored automobile ban. A few, upon hearing his semiofficial confirmation, promptly branded the rule as profane and outrageous. The majority, however, owning no cars, took the blow bravely.

When the dining room was filled Cameron rose and with a fork rapped musically against an empty tumbler. He waited, his hands gracefully sagging in his coat pockets, until the half hundred faces were turned toward him; then he told them about the petition of protest and requested them all to sign the copy which they would find in the smoking room on their way out.

"The authorities," he added, "are apparently laboring under the delusion that they're conducting a kindergarten here. Well, if we let this new rule go into effect unchallenged, the next thing you know they'll"—he paused for drama, became elaborately sarcastic—"they'll be compelling us to go around the campus in diapers."

Laughter and scattered handclapping sounded pleasantly in his ears as he withdrew—as pleasantly as the voice that answered, a few minutes later, at the other end of the wire.

"You all ready, Dot?" he asked happily. "I'm driving right out." Suddenly he pressed the receiver hard against his ear. At first he was incredulous, then filled with quick anger. For Dorothea, after half-hearted efforts to dissemble, had admitted the humiliating truth.

"Look here, Dot! Don't you stand for it!" His fist struck the shelf beside the phone. "The Birches is a perfectly respectable road house; and anyway a girl that's almost seventeen is old enough to go wherever she wants to go!"

"I told her ——"

"It's an outrage, Dot, that's what it is! If you let her get away with this, why, the next thing you know she'll be compelling you to go around in ——" Just in time he abandoned the illustration. "You're no infant," he added instead, "and I'm not exactly a child myself."

"I told mother that, Cammy, and she—and she sent me to bed."

"What?" Again his fist was thumping the shelf. "Look here, Dot, you get dressed and sneak out the back way. I'll stop the car this side of the house. I'll wait for you by those little pine trees at the corner. We won't stand for this!"

Seated, a few minutes later, in the touring car borrowed from Eddie La Farge, he drove rapidly through the cool night. The nerve of Dorothea's mother! Angrily he thrust at the accelerator.

He parked the car fifty yards from a familiar corner, proceeded on foot along the sidewalk curving past lawns and hedges. He paused and stared into a cluster of evergreen trees that swayed silently in the night wind. Then his heart pounded, for among the trees he saw something moving toward him. She appeared on tiptoe and her face seemed very white against the background of dark shadows.

"Hello, Cammy," she whispered and, slipping her arm through his, glanced over her shoulder at a large lighted window.

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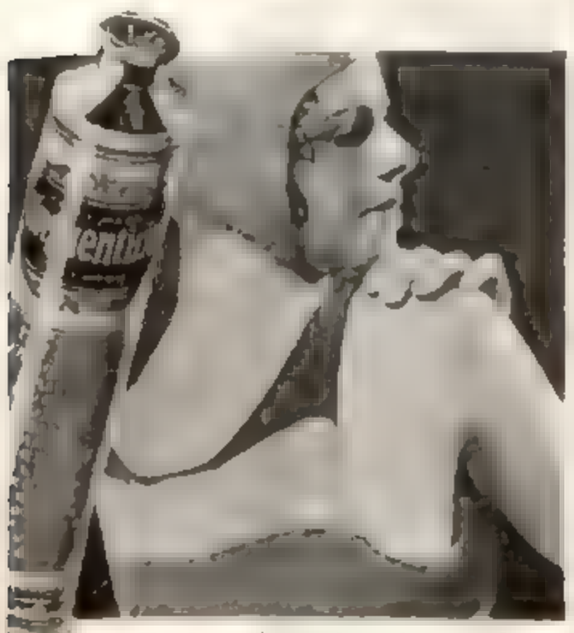


Don't suffer with sunburn today

"Mother's playing bridge in the library. She thinks I'm still in bed." Looking back, he saw that the window, like an angry yellow eye, was following their flight through the trees. With a sudden desire to protect her against her mother, he put his arm quickly around her shoulders.

"You just trust me!" he whispered reassuringly, and together they tiptoed to the waiting car. With a minimum of noise he drove away; and because the college proctors knew by sight the few students holding driving permits, he followed side streets that avoided the college grounds. When they turned again into the main highway he settled back and smiled fondly upon Dorothea.

In the faint glow from the headlights he saw that her big brown eyes gleamed with excitement; her mauve cheeks, set with two dimples imperfectly matched, puckered in a flashing smile that had upon him the same exhilarating effect as the wind that rushed thrillingly past his ears.

"This is fun!" he cried exultantly, waving one arm up at a great sky of stars; and she broke into a song—a gay French song having to do with a bridge at Avignon. But presently she stopped singing to ask in a casual, offhand way: "We'll get back pretty early, won't we, Cammy?"

"Better make a night of it while we can," he said recklessly; and as they tore down a long slope curving to the left he explained why student-driven cars would soon be a thing of the past. "If there's anything that gripes me," he continued warmly, "it's to have people treat the younger generation as if it wasn't grown up. You see it on every side—your mother tonight was just another example. At times I swear I don't know what's eating the older generation. They're a bunch of mossbacks, if you ask —— Of course," he added hastily, "I don't mean your mother is a mossback when I ——"

"She is, though," interrupted Dorothea, with a soft amused laugh of filial indulgence. "Mother is simply too bizarre."

"Well," he said, tactfully waiving the point, "you see what I mean anyway. And take this new automobile ruling—why, the trustees are practically telling me I'm not capable of driving a car!" The return to this major grievance again sent anger through him, and he removed his right hand from the wheel to thump his knee. "Why in heaven's name should the trustees—or anybody else—tell me whether or not I'm to drive a car? What right have they to manage my personal life?"

With his head bent earnestly toward her, his right fist poised in midair, he waited impatiently for an approaching car to pass. As his fist made the first of preliminary gestures, there came an abrupt loud crash. . . .

A dull ache at his stomach forced itself upon his returning consciousness; and by degrees he discovered that he was hanging, face down, over the right-hand door of the car. He got to his feet, and as he mechanically brushed at his clothes he heard the tinkle of glass falling to the concrete road. Beside him the wreck of Eddie La Farge's car, its hind wheels sunk in the ditch, faced directly across the highway; one surviving headlight, slanted upward, threw a glaring circle into the trees on the opposite bank.

"Here I am, Cammy."

He whirled and saw Dorothea just behind the car, standing in a little red glow from the tail light. One arm, outstretched to a telephone pole, held her erect; one leg was drawn up, holding the foot clear of the ground. There seemed to be something wrong with that foot. Then he saw that the slipper was gone and that the toes within their tan silk covering were self-consciously wiggling.

"You hurt?" he cried, stumbling toward her.

"No, but I lost one of my slippers."

Together they groped in the damp grass until Dorothea stood up. With an absent air, she rubbed one palm tenderly against the back of her coat; the other hand pointed to a spot on the ground near her feet. "It ought to be right about there," she said thoughtfully, "because that's just where I landed."

But before they could resume their search the angry voice of the other motorist, drawing nearer, harshly interrupted. Several cars had already stopped, and people, like vultures gathering, seemed to come from all directions, until at last Cameron, writhing under their curiosity, led Dorothea to a large blue limousine that had just come to a halt. In it sat a white-haired man in evening dress, and a woman, old and kind looking.

"We've had an accident," he explained, holding Dorothea by the arm, "and I'd like to get this lady home at once. You're driving that way—would you please take her home for me?"

The old woman, whose eyes were on Dorothea's white face, patted the seat beside her and smiled. "Of course we will," she said. "Get in here by me, my dear."

The blue limousine rolled away, and Cameron's relief lasted until he turned again toward the wrecked car; then his discomfort increased. For a state trooper, trim in his belted jacket of blue, had propped up his motorcycle and was approaching.

"This your car?" he asked, jerking his head toward it without taking his eyes from Cameron.

"No," said Cameron pleasantly, "but I ——"

"You driving it?"

"Yes, I borrowed ——"

"Student, aren't you? Got a college permit?"

"I don't believe in them." Cameron spoke quickly for fear of another interruption. "As a matter of fact, I'm against them, because they are ——"

"Let's see your driver's license."

"Well, about that ——"

"No license, eh? All right, jump in here."

During the ride to the police station, in a commandeered coupé, he was escorted by the state trooper; also by a number of motorists who showed a lively interest in the proceedings.

IV

MR. CAMERON, while waiting for the dean to arrive, wearily shifted his position on the hard bench and felt a growing grievance against the Government's judicial system. Instead of being released upon giving his name and address—as he would have been, he felt, under a sanely conducted government—he was compelled to sit in a police station like a common criminal.

He was, indeed, being treated no better than the soiled tramp who sat, snoring gently, in the middle of the same bench. Even the tramp himself failed to understand the difference between them; for, upon waking presently, he made several overtures toward better acquaintance. These were coldly ignored, but the tramp slid nearer on the bench. The fashionable gray golf suit drew his interest; he looked admiringly at it, finally took a fold of the roomy knickerbockers between a grimy thumb and forefinger. Rubbing the material professionally, he scrutinized it with a profound, owlish air.

"Elegant suit you got on, bub," he said; and as he turned his eyes upon his own clothes a marked change came over him. For a half minute he sat motionless, looking down at his unclean rags; then, with a tragic air, he slowly nodded. "Rum done it," he announced sadly, "rum done it."

Across the room, a policeman opened a door and whistled; the tramp, obviously familiar with his surroundings, promptly stood up; but suppressing a hiccup with an air of gentle dignity, he paused long enough to turn again to Cameron. "Keep away from rum, sonny," he advised, teetering slightly, "or you won't never be queen of the May."

Cameron grew warm with anger, but this was replaced by relief, a few minutes later, when he watched the dean enter and consult on intimate terms with the officer at the desk. Although he wore a depressed air, which evidently sprang from the interruption to his sleep, the dean's voice, as he beckoned to Cameron, held its usual amiable courtesy.

"All right," he remarked. "I think we can start back now, Cameron."

Together they walked out to the jitney that waited by the curb; and presently, having left the city streets, they were rolling along the dark, deserted highway. Greatly to Cameron's relief, the dean made no attempt to sermonize; instead, the atmosphere in the car suggested that two men of the world, absorbed in pleasant memories, were returning from a party that had lasted well into the morning after.

Conscious of a mild gratitude toward the dean, Cameron was uncomfortable at the thought of his editorial for the morrow's issue. After all, he reflected, the dean himself was not to blame, and it would be too bad if this reform campaign seemed to strike at him personally. His uncomfortable regret still lingered as the jitney, stopping by the black iron fence that inclosed the dean's house, discharged its two passengers at a narrow gate.

"Put it on my bill, Jess." The dean addressed the departing jitney driver, then turned to Cameron. "I suppose we had better get together after your last class tomorrow," he suggested. "The man you collided with threatens to sue, and he's coming up to see me in the morning."

"Sue, eh?" said Cameron, and whistled softly. "Well, in that case," he added, after an interval of thought, "I guess the most sensible thing is to wire father. He can come down in the morning and settle out of court; and while he's here I'll have to see the garage man about fixing up Eddie's car too."

The dean nodded. "I'm sure that's the appropriate move," he said agreeably, and turned toward the gate. "Well, good night, Cameron." But because of the dean's manner Cameron abruptly decided to get rid of the regret that half shamed him.

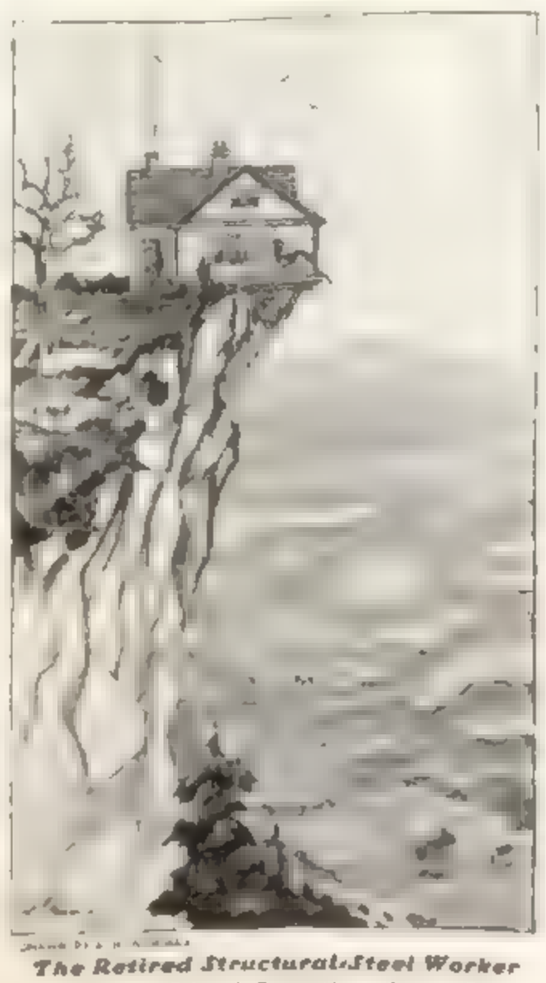
"By the way, sir," he began, "I hope you understand that in my editorial campaign I am not in any way criticizing you personally. No matter how forcibly I may strike at paternalism—and I intend, sir, to continue fighting it at every turn—I promise that in nothing I print will there be the slightest reflection against you."

"I understand, Cameron," replied the dean, "and I thank you." In the darkness the two gentlemen bowed to each other.

"Good night."

"Good night, sir."

And then Mr. Theodore Cameron, with the stern self-approval of a man who has kept the faith, turned and strode resolutely into the wind of the fraudulent dawn.



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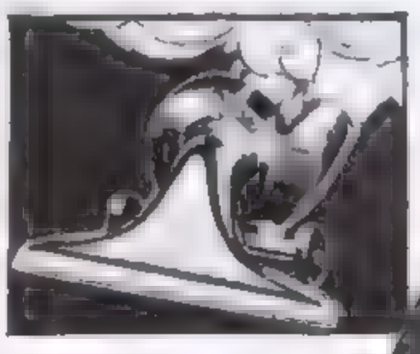

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VACUUM CLEANER

A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 15)

quotations since I went long on Steel in 1919, but they tell me that flour sold for five and ten dollars a pound and eggs were worth their weight in gold dust.

This was the third stage in sunset cookery, for San Francisco became the chief city of the West. The town sprang up from nowhere, like an umbrella in an Easter Sunday fashion parade. Where there are men there must be meals and where there are meals there must be chefs. Restaurants were knocked together with sheet iron and pine boards, and outrageous prices were quoted for equally outrageous cooking. The boys who were supposed to do the cooking took their pots and pans and high-tailed it for the placer districts. Somebody had to get sunburned over the hot stoves, and the Chinese were elected to the kitchen cabinet. They did well with the material at their disposal and served their purpose if only to act as motifs for Bret Harte's stories.

The Iron House was the most important of the hard-boiled hostelries. When I say iron, I don't mean that it was of steel construction. It was built of sheet iron that had been shipped around Cape Horn in the sailing vessels of New England. It was on Montgomery Street, between Jackson and Pacific, and it was here that the miners ate to the music of rain strumming on the corrugated roof. Its rival, and possibly compeer, was the old El Dorado House, off Portsmouth Square, which was better patronized and paid the terrific rental of twenty-five thousand dollars a month in a day when real estate's value lay under the ground and not on the surface.

Western Specialties

It was the Iron House which created the first of the distinct Western specialties—chicken in the shell—which sounds as if it were stewed up in an incubator instead of a saucepan. The recipe is easy:

Place a young chicken in a kettle containing a quart of water. Drop in one sliced onion, a blade of mace, two cloves, a half dozen peppercorns and one bay leaf. Cover the kettle and allow it to simmer for an hour and then set aside to cool. After it is cool, remove the skin and throw it away. Then pick the meat from the bones and cut it into small dice. Mix a tablespoonful of butter and the same amount of flour in another saucepan, but do not allow it to brown. Then add half a pint of cream and stir well until it boils. Add two dozen finely chopped mushrooms, season with white pepper, add one truffle and then the chicken dice. Allow the whole to stand in a chafing dish until hot. Add the yolks of two eggs and allow to cook for two minutes. Stir in a glass of sherry and serve in cockleshells.

With the exception of the sherry, this dish has survived through the years and is still served in California. The cockleshells are familiar, for we sang about them in the rime of Contrary Mary's garden. This is the first time I have ever eaten from one of them. It is a fascinating dish and very appetizing. My only regret was that the recipe didn't call for a sombrero instead of a thimblelike cockleshell. It is absolutely Western, and if prepared properly there should be a rainbow glimmering over the saucepan. It is a better recipe for going West than the more illustrious one given by Horace Greeley, whose advice would have been better if he had first dipped his finger in cracker crumbs before pointing it toward the Sierra Nevadas. The Iron House was another jump upward for San Francisco, for you must remember that Chicago had almost twenty years' handicap on the Coast, and there were no real cooks between that city and the Pacific until the Iron House and the El Dorado responded to the miners' demands by importing cooks who didn't think they had complied with all epicurean regulations when they had succeeded in pinning a flapjack's shoulder blades to a hot grid.

The different nationalities swarmed into San Francisco, and each one had its own idea of what constituted cooking and its by-laws. The first foreign cuisine was established by an Italian named Bazzuro. He couldn't afford to pay Florida boom prices and commandeered one of the many sailing vessels stranded on the mud flats in the bay. His location was as fortunate as his cooking was good, for he escaped the numerous fires which swept across the wooden city from time to time. While others searched for gold, Bazzuro sat back and waited for gold to come to him. It did. The land slowly crept out into the bay, and soon his boat was the busiest corner in the city. He then built himself a house on the exact spot where his boat had been, which was somewhat of a mistake, for the fire god's flickering tongue managed to reach the house in its final attempt in 1906. If you want romance, you have it there.

The Home of Honky-Tonk

Bazzuro was ahead of the French chef who arrived with the newly hatched millionaires of Nob Hill, but ahead of them both was the Spaniard, who seems to have pottered around no little. We find traces of Spanish culinary art in New Orleans, Florida, Texas and Baja, or Lower, California. It was the Don who named Lower California the Hot Furnace, after Caliento Horno, a legendary country fabled in Spanish folklore. The reason why there is little Castilian trace in California cuisine is that the proud hidalgo refused to mix with the vulgar gringo either in business or socially. If you want to visit a world apart, get an invitation to a Spanish home in Caliento Horno. If you can.

San Francisco was exactly fifty years ahead of New York in cabarets and night life. It was the home of the original honky-tonk, with its plunking piano and painted singers. The "blues" started on the Barbary Coast, which was a combination of Nineveh and Greenwich Village. The restaurants kept growing better, and when the silver-mine millionaires of Nevada settled on Nob Hill in the early 70's the eating places were equal to establishments in Paris, London or New York.

The French restaurant was the answer to sudden wealth's demand for better and more expensive indigestion. The earliest was the Poodle Dog, named after its godfather, if not parent, café in Paris. The Poodle Dog soon had a litter of its own, for one of its waiters, Old Pierre, saved up his tips and opened the Pup at Stockton and Market. Pierre sold out his interest soon after, and launched the Tortoni, which became famous for its table d'hôte dinners. His specialties were fish cooked in wine, frogs' legs, and oysters *à la poulette*, which last he prepared in the following manner:

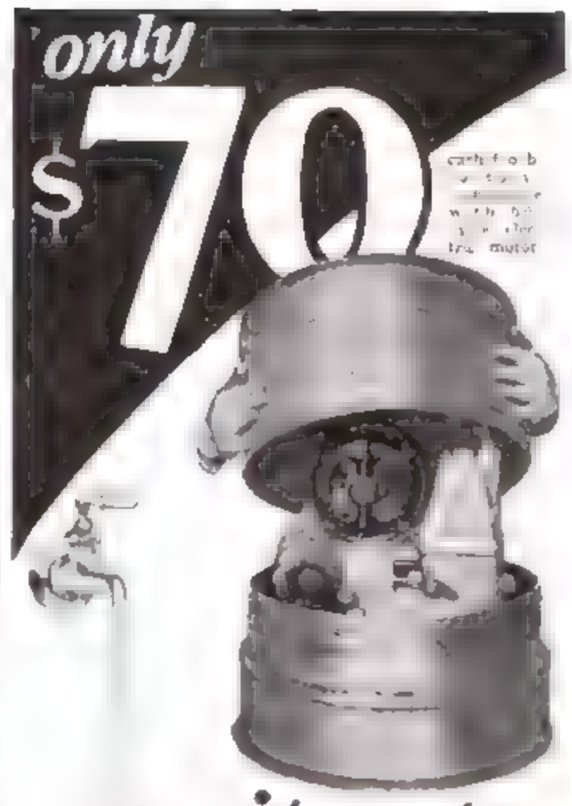
He beat half a cupful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of flour together until it was velvety and white. He then added about a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. He slowly poured one pint of good chicken stock over this mixture and allowed it to simmer for about ten or twelve minutes. Sometimes he substituted veal stock, but this was entirely up to the patrons. He whipped the yolks of three eggs in a saucepan, meanwhile drenching them gradually with the cooked sauce until all of the sauce was mixed with the yolks. This was then poured into the top section of a double boiler, the lower half of the boiler naturally containing boiling water. The mixture was stirred for about two minutes. Two dozen of the largest California oysters were put into the pleasing little turmoil and were allowed to cook until the edges of the oysters curled up. It was served almost hot enough to make a village fireman leap for the brass pole.

Pierre was one of the old-timers who prepared dishes personally, saw his patrons seated at his tables and rounded up things generally. He was an old-line *restaurateur*, and I do not know how he got to California, unless he followed the golden urge of the mother lode, which peopled California with all the earth's nationalities in a few months. He had plenty of competition from the Far Western edition of Delmonico's—for, no matter where you go, you will always find a little orphan Delmonico's—from Jacques, Frank's, Bergez, Felix and the Mint. American Bohemia got its start in these cafés in the days when the Iron Horse had not yet been foaled. It is amazing to think that a city not ten years of age could set the pace for food and night life. But it was not until well along in the 60's that it was considered respectable for ladies to be seen in the famous restaurants, and Peter Job was the first to cater to feminine clientele. He had private rooms for gentlemen and lady diners. The women usually entered the café through a side door. I think that in the old days these doors were known as the Family Entrance. In fact, I am sure of it. New Yorkers, Philadelphians and Chicagoans will remember the familiar old lady trudging sturdily along the pavement with something mysterious under her Paisley shawl. She would parade past the old-time saloon, giving that extinct institution what is known in military circles as "eyes left." But as she wheeled around the corner and approached the Family Entrance, she would help herself to a quick right face and leap through that door like a clown through a hoop. It was considered a disgrace to be seen going into a Family Entrance, but apparently no disgrace to be observed coming out, for there was nothing surreptitious about her exit. She would parade out, all aglow from stem to stern, and proceed to steam to her home port under her own power. Whatever she had under her shawl was known as a "growler," in spite of the fact that it gurgled. This was undoubtedly the origin of that heart-throbbing phrase: "The woman pays, pays and Paisleys." I have mentioned only three towns in this obituary. Other cities will please copy.

"The Second Floor, Cabby!"

The Delmonico in O'Farrell Street elaborated on the private-dining-room idea. The cabby drove his sway-backed nag and carriage directly into the building, where the entire cavalcade was lifted by a powerful elevator to the second floor. The appointments of these French restaurants were exotic and expensive. Mirrors, marbles, carpets and tableware were freighted around the Horn in sailing vessels or carted across the mountains and plains. The Frenchmen had plenty of competition from their Italian neighbors, and Steve Sanguinetti's was a favorite resort in the prefire days. Sunday night was the big night at Sanguinetti's, for you could get a full course dinner and a bottle of Italian red ink for fifty cents. The crowds started Sunday by taking the ferryboats across the bay to El Campo, and as there was a bar on the ferries, they usually arrived at the camp grounds feeling fairly influential. I have tried red ink in old California days, and it has peculiar properties. It endows you with great respect for your own personal prowess, and you are willing to bet that you can whip all the gendarmes in the world. I remember that I lost three bets that night, the last one being sixteen dollars and eleven cents, which I lost after having wagered a friend that I could outwhistle a locomotive.

These were trying days for the San Francisco police force, for the return home from El Campo was usually marked by friendly riots on the west-bound ferries. The chief of police breathed freer every Monday morning when he checked up his cops and found them all there, for it was the El Campo



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habit to throw them overboard, where they bobbed around like buoys in the harbor. After the ferries docked the mob stampeded into Sanguinetti's to continue their robust holiday frolic. An old-timer told me that it was quite the mode to throw plates and dishes around, and he distinctly remembers one Sunday night when he actually saw two hundred miles of spaghetti in the air at one time. He said the most fascinating missile he ever saw was a loaf of French bread sailing its crusted parabola through the atmosphere. It had been partially sliced for quick service, and as it hurtled on its trajectory it opened up and closed its slices like an accordion. If he told me that it played a tune on its crummy arc, I would have believed him, for he is thoroughly reliable and is older than the sausage business.

The population of the early town was a queer lot of mixed pickles, and wherever you find pioneering you will find the stalwart German. No matter how far he gets from his base of supplies, he clings to the food of the Rhineland. So, when Carl Zinkand opened up the Louvre at Eddy and Powell Streets, he soon got a big play from his compatriots and from other nationalities who appreciated good cuisine. It was followed by other *Rathskellers*, which did very well up until 1918, when they became naturalized, not only in San Francisco but all over the country.

That was the time when sauerkraut became Liberty cabbage and our old canine pal, the Frankfurter, was renamed the Scotch terrier.

The American in California was out there to get his load of nuggets and didn't bother much about opening or closing restaurants. He left his cooking to the Chinese, who soon got smart and branched out for themselves. There are twenty-five thousand Orientals in San Francisco, and they want their raw fish, bird's-nests *frappé* and shark fins ad libitum. It is the biggest Chinese city outside of Asia. I have never seen any of the secret tunnels of Chinatown, but I have been in most of the restaurants and I report that chop suey and chow main taste the same in the golden West as they do in the gold-plated East. Chinatown was very mysterious up until the fire of 1906, for the local mandarins made and enforced the laws, collected taxes and actually executed yellow offenders independently of white supervision. The rebuilt Orient is even more flowery than the old town and beautifully serves its purpose as a tourist trap. When Tennyson sang his song to the brook he probably was thinking of chop suey, for men may come and men may go, but that goes on forever. Chop suey is all right if you like it, and I will not contest its election, but, as the old Dutch butcher said about the bloodwurst, no matter how thin you slice it, it is still Bologna.

It wasn't until the gold-rush days were over and San Francisco settled down to the steady production of being a city that the native son went in for catering. Pop Sullivan ran a place at Second and Market Streets and threw the keys away on opening day. It was the boast of all the city cafés that they never closed their doors night or day. Bars were run in conjunction with the restaurants in the old days, and the profits were derived more from drink than from food. A man named Larsen opened the Tivoli on Eddy Street between Powell and Mason on a twenty-four-hour schedule. When McKinley was assassinated in Buffalo, and the entire nation set aside thirty minutes for mourning on the day of his funeral, Larsen had to hurry to the locksmith and have a key made for his front door. At the expiration of the half hour of genuine respect for the memory of the President, the door was unlocked and the key thrown away, never to be used again.

The price of a good dinner in the best restaurants was never more than a dollar, including wine. There were no cover charges, butter was free and so were bread and potatoes. The minute you sat at the table the waiter brought you cracked Pacific crabs to munch on. The crabs were of the jumbo variety, big and toothsome. They cost absolutely zero. The same was true of the giant Pacific shrimps, which were so large that they looked like neighbors. Your dinner hadn't started yet, and you could get up from the table and walk out without kicking in a cent to the proprietor. This generosity was merely indicative of the spirit of plenty in the old West. If they tried this system in the East, it would start gratis and wind up grabbis. There were no strings on these gifts, even though you were naturally expected to follow through and eat your dinner. I know of no other place in the world where food was so plentiful and cheap that it had no price. You didn't have to starve in San Francisco if you had a good front. Any decently attired wayfarer could walk into a café, sample everything like a bee in a florist's shop and then buzz on his way.

Shrimps, chops, steaks and crabs were the mainstay of the average restaurant, whose proprietor never felt too stylish to be above trying something original in the line of appetizing titbits and aromatic knickknacks. I think the cannibal sandwich, consisting of raw Hamburger, started out where the stacks of wheats began, and I do know that the Western sandwich was a native son of a gun. It consisted of interwoven fried egg and ham held down by a paper weight of sliced onion, raw. It was more than a sandwich. It was almost a coat of arms between two thick slices of bread. After two Californians had partaken of these sandwiches, they could indulge in a deadly duel by breathing on each other at a distance of twenty paces. This is the most formidable sandwich of which I have ever heard. It might not smell to the high heavens, but I guarantee that it would perfume many a low ceiling.

Many restaurants choose their own names, some achieve their appellations, while others have their names thrust upon them. An example of the third and last class was the Fly Trap, which was donated its name by an observing clientele with an eye for details. It got to be so popular that the name was adopted and written upon the windows in lily-white enamel for all to see and ponder upon.

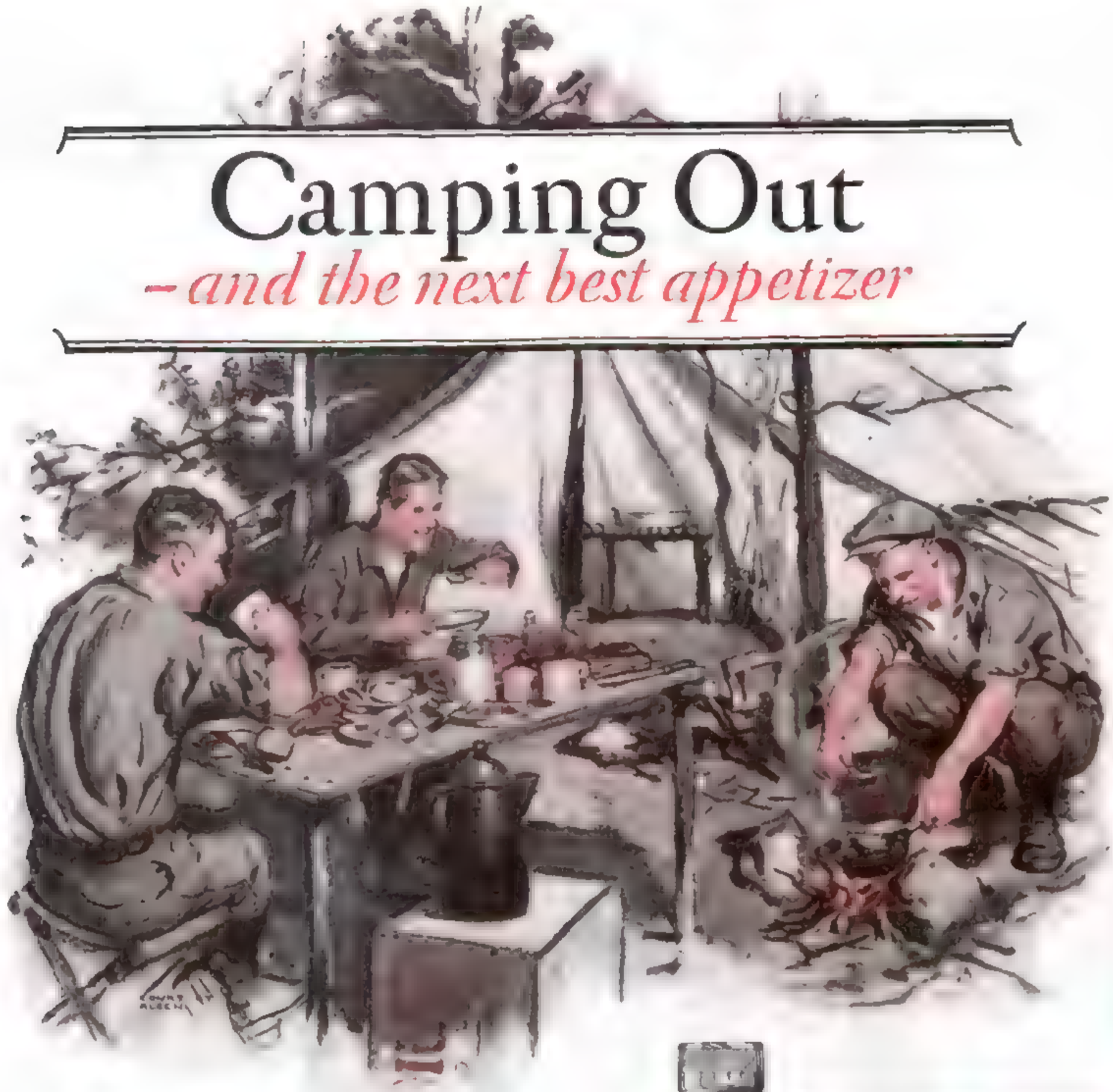
Probably the most famous of the Chew and Chokes was Coffee Dan's, started by Dan Davies, dead for some time. It was located in the cellar beneath a music house, and its motto was quick sales and small profits. The coffee was a nickel a throw and throwing was the method of service. It was served in war-strength china mugs whose walls were as thick as the Great Barrier Reef. Each mug weighed as much as a baby hippo, and like Big Foot Thompson's gun handle, it carried a notch for every man it had helped to kill. It was practically impossible to lift one of these mugs, and the best you could do was to rock them as a photographer rocks his developing cradle, catching the coffee as it spilled over. Coffee Dan catered to bank presidents, truck drivers and messenger boys. He solved the busy man's problem of trying to read while he ate, by having wire gewgaws fixed on the top of each eating bench. The newspaper was stuck in this contraption, which left

(Continued on Page 105)

It Was the Home of the Original Honky-Tonk, With its Plunking Piano and Painted Singers

Camping Out

—and the next best appetizer



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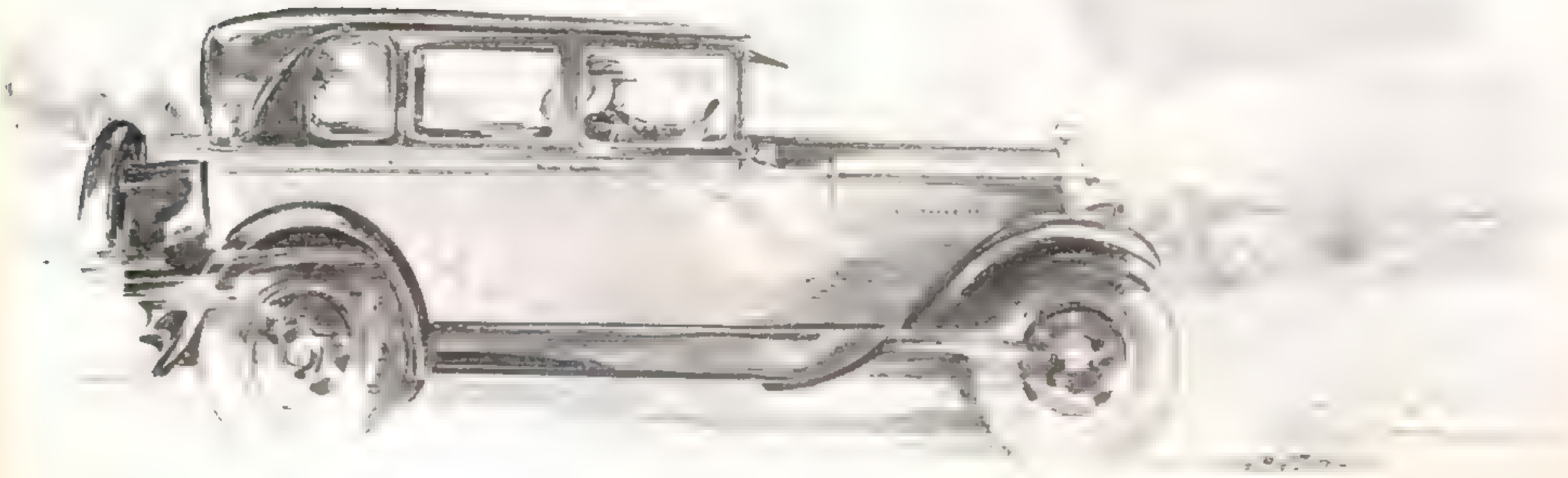

THEY SAVE , THEY COLLECT , THEY EARN

"One Writing" SAVES TIME

"Has Paid for Itself TWICE"

Results with his McCaskey "ONE Writing" Credit System were a revelation to C. E. Christensen of the Gateway City Music Shop in Niles, Michigan. ¶ First, his bookkeeping overhead was cut to a small fraction of its former cost; next, his customers complimented his accurate records and frankly stated they liked his system of doing business. They never have occasion to question a single item on their accounts. ¶ He has a complete financial picture of his business at the end of each day. He never has to guess at his net worth at the end of the month.

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McCaskey Systems for industrial control will give you an absolute check on tools and help reduce your tool investment. Also provide perpetual inventory, speed up jobs in process and check operation costs. Write for information.

McCaskey Sales Books are supplied in all forms to meet your needs.

(Continued from Page 100)

both hands free to wrestle with the mug. You required both paws, for Coffee Dan had unique ideas about everything. The bread he served was the sour French loaf, fifteen inches long. He served it like lumber in a sawmill, sliced down the middle like a log, well toasted, and buttered from the North to the South Pole. What bread that was! Two men could start chewing—one on each end of the loaf—and they would still be strangers to each other at the end of a fiscal year.

The attention of the waiters was gathered together by banging on the table. The weak used sledge hammers, and the strong banged the mugs. Coffee Dan's soon outdistanced the music house above for volume and distance. For that matter, it would have been much easier to have gone upstairs and partaken of a bass trombone full of coffee, for Coffee Dan's mugs contained enough liquid to be affected by the tidal influences of the moon.

The Stuffed Staff of Life

The pie was built on the same lines. You got one-half of an apple or custard doormat for five cents. It was served *à la* hand. The waiter brought the whole pie to you and then scooped out your half with a dominating mitt. He balanced it like a weight lifter and then slapped it down on your dish, where it quivered like a jellyfish before settling down for the winter.

San Francisco had everything the world had and new ideas of its own. One of these was the oyster loaf. Old Californians carried the oyster loaf home for the same reason that other men take home a diamond necklace or a bunch of flowers. It was a peace offering for husbands who had lingered at the club or café too late in the evening. First you got an old-fashioned loaf of milk bread. The top was cut out in the shape of a lid. Then the insides were scooped out like a pumpkin, and the loaf was stuffed with hot fried oysters. The top was placed on again and pressed into position, which sealed the loaf hermetically. You could wrap up the loaf and tote it under your arm, and it would stay steaming hot for hours. I claim the oyster loaf was the first vacuum bottle.

The juice and heat of the fried oysters soaked through the sides of the loaf. You grasped it in both hands to eat it and snapped at it like a shark attacking a whale. A San Franciscan husband taking home an oyster loaf was never bawled out by an indignant wife, for no one could be indignant in the oyster-loaf zone. Its odor was as surprising as the scent of crushed violets coming out of a foundry chimney. When poets sing of good things to eat I will join in the oyster-loaf chorus. Anybody can fry oysters, but my pet old-timer tells me that milk bread is becoming scarce in the swing of the Golden Gate.

Another good dish for the late arrival to take home was the Mexican tamale, cooked by old Felipe and Maria forty years ago. This is a good carrying dish, for the early *conquistadores* first made the tamale and then wrapped it in a Mother Hubbard of corn husks to protect it from the elements. The best tamales I ever ate were made by two old Mexican women in the Casa Del Rio, or the House on the River, mentioned by O. Henry in his Fog on the San Antone. The last big flood of the San Antonio marked the finish of the Casa Del Rio, which is now located under one of San Antonio's skyscrapers on the main street of the town. Here is the established Mexican recipe for tamales:

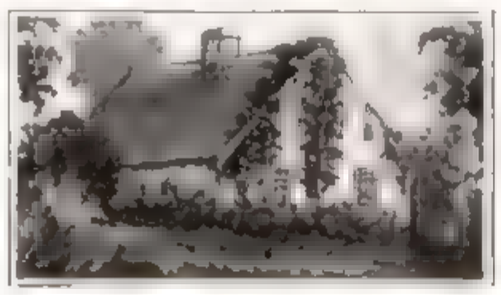
Boil a chicken until the meat separates from the bones. The meat should be then chopped fine and moistened with the juice in which it was cooked. Boil six good-sized chili peppers in a little water and cook them until they can be strained through a very fine strainer. Add the chopped chicken to this, with a little chopped parsley, and salt to taste. Work some corn meal into a lump of butter about the size of an egg. Add boiling water and continue the working until the corn meal is a paste about the consistency of biscuit dough. Before this operation you should have prepared the soft inner husks of green corn. Spread a lump of dough about the size of a walnut on each husk and work it into a flat cake covering the husk. Put a teaspoonful of the chopped chicken meat in the center of the dough and add some minced olives. Put several tablespoonfuls of chopped meat on a larger husk and add more minced olives. Roll this together and lay other husks on them until the tamale is the desired size. Tie the ends together with fine husks stripped into strings and cook in boiling water for at least twenty minutes. Some Mexican chefs substitute veal and pork for the chicken, while others seem to use all three and augment the mixture with the meat of animals which are renowned for their fidelity to man. I am simply retailing a rumor that I have never wanted to prove. The tamale tastes too good to spoil by an investigation.

The process of wrapping a tamale is the same routine employed by the Egyptians in garnishing their royal mummies. The corn husk will keep the tamale in good condition for ages. It was a popular dish in old San Francisco. The rush for the last Eddy Street car out to the Western Addition was featured by night owls carrying oyster loafs under their arms and nibbling gently on tamales. Just before the conductor yelled "All aboard," the belated passengers would halt at a permanent lunch wagon and invest in Western sandwiches. I have seen twenty men chewing flat slices of onions as big as phonograph records. If you were smart, you bought one yourself and chewed it in self-defense. That last Eddy Street car was more like a rolling stove than a passenger conveyance. Its spoor across the city was composed of discarded corn husks and ribbons of raw onion, and the wise sea gulls deserted the Oakland ferry for the Eddy Street liners. These sea pigeons are remarkable for their devotion to the Oakland ferries, but I have actually seen ocean gulls following the trains out of Salt Lake City like cats trailing a fish wagon. They would probably follow a man on a bicycle if they saw him picking his teeth.

The Final Stage

The hotels of San Francisco are modern in every essential and their accompanying restaurants are excellent. The city had no difficulty in absorbing the Democratic Convention of 1920, with its enormous crowds of politicians and journalists. San Francisco did itself proud on that occasion and never were visitors more regally entertained. The test of a city is its ability to accommodate an excursion rush of transients without hyping up the prices of meals and raising hotel rates. The town did neither and proved its right to be known as a metropolis.

The old-time *restaurateurs* were wiped out by the fire and but few of the ancient hosts are left. Not one of the historic cafés sought patronage with the aid of an orchestra and cabaret. Their only lodestones were excellent food and service, and they were uniformly profitable and popular with the local and traveling public. There were roadside hostelries known as the Five, Ten and Fifteen Mile Houses for happy parties who didn't mind hitching old Dobbin to the shay. One of the few connecting links between the present and the past is Tait's, at the Beach, which is a large, rambling place, somewhat like a country place with landscaped gardens. It is considered one of the show places of the city. The only tribute that Tait's pays to modern dining is a good dance orchestra for those who like to shake the heavy grotesque hoof, erroneously known as the light fantastic toe.



There are several rooms on the ground floor, with a large hallway running through the center of the building. The dancing is footed out in this hall. Most of the famous French restaurants have practically closed their doors, for wines and liquors played an important rôle in their operation, and it was not so much a question of making money on food as deriving a more substantial revenue from alcoholic beverages.

The cafeteria is the final stage in California cuisine, but the citizens of San Francisco still cling to their chairs and whistle for the waiter. The cafeteria was born in Los Angeles and surged rapidly East to Chicago where it mingled with the automat coming West. The native son of the Golden Gate does not like the cafeteria and makes no bones about his resentment. It is distinctly a feather from the wing of the City of Angels. The cafeterias of Los Angeles serve fine food; it is appetizing and healthful, for vitamines and calories dance in the California sunshine while the proteins make merry all the day.

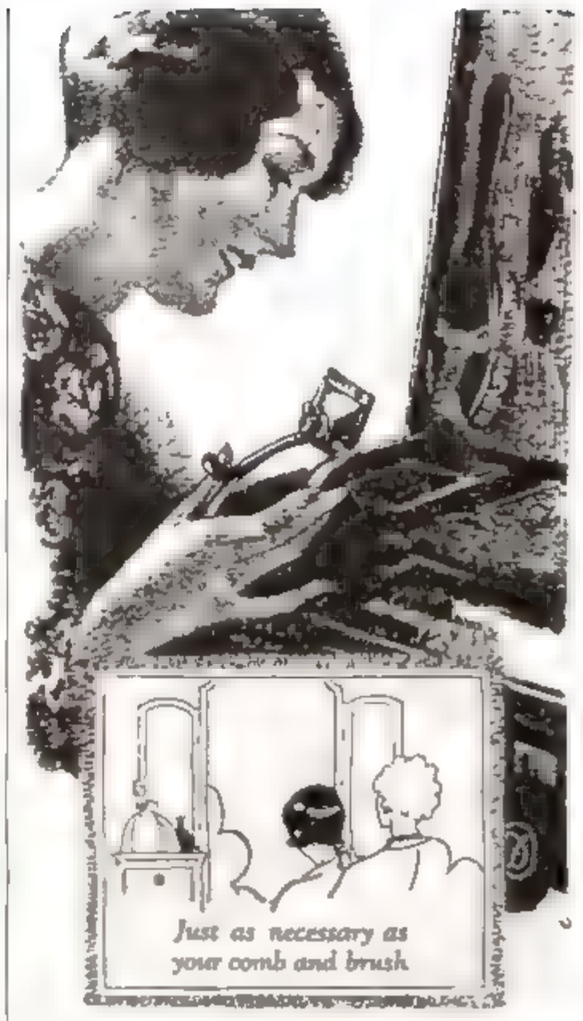
Cafeterian Sports

If you see a citizen of California, who lives in the district labeled by the sarcastic native son as Southern Cafeteria, if you see one of these Cafeterians push his platter back, gingerly stroke his chin with his napkin, and then transfer a dime from his left trouser pocket to his right vest pocket—I repeat, if you see him going through that operation, then you know that he is satisfied with the meal and is tipping the waiter.

The business done by the cafeteria is large. Using the same amount of space as the orthodox restaurant, it will accommodate twenty times more customers, patrons or whatever a cafeterian calls himself. It encourages self-reliance in the young, pedestrianism in the middle-aged and both in the aged. The first thing you do on entering the Southern Cafeteria Temple of Biscuits is to select a platter harmonizing with your complexion. The platters are democratic, being the same size for rich and poor alike. On the platter are a knife, fork and spoon neatly swathed in a napkin. You push this along a brass rail on the front of the counters containing your food. Ordering is accomplished by the pointing of a prim index finger—a language more universal than Esperanto. If you like the roast beef, you point at it and it is quickly transferred to your platter. Then next stop is the vegetable market, where you can secure fat portions of your favorite weight reducer for a moderate tax. The girls who dish out the food are as beautiful as I have ever seen in the movies. Fish, bread, butter and coffee are economical, and a wedge of pie is within the means of all. The last stop is before the sharp-eyed cashier, who adds up your food and totals it on a check. It is due to the vigilance of these pretty cashiers that there has never been any shoplifting of food in the cafeterias. By this time your platter is growing heavier and heavier, and it requires a good muscle to pack it to your table—if you can find one—without spilling your hopeful meal on the floor.

There should be a traffic cop in the cafeterias of Los Angeles, to direct cross-currents of traffic, for the places are always jammed, and the platters are big. Constant juggling of the oblong trays has resulted in a muscular contraction known as the Cafeteria Elbow. Lugging the platters around neck-high to avoid entangling alliances with other elbows has a reflex action on the biceps, which contract. Massaging will straighten them out, but in the meantime you go around the streets with both your hands up around your chin in the manner of a double handshake of the Victorian era.

The tables are always crowded, which compels the Cafeterians to rush their steaming platters from post to post, like children playing Pussy in the Corner, meanwhile looking for a wharf upon which to load



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their in-bound perishable freight. I didn't do so well in the cafeterias, as my Billy Bounce figure is not adapted for broken-field running. I don't think Red Grange would gain much ground if he were carrying a platter instead of a football. I usually found a vacant spot at a table after some cross-country rambling, but I do not walk fast enough to keep my soup warm.

But I like the bright, sparkling palaces of Southern Cafeteria. They are immaculate, everybody smiles, and it is an indoor picnic. It is just one big basket party. I soon got into the spirit of the thing and on my third trip to the cafeterias I was an expert, rushing my platter around left end or charging through the line. Whenever I saw a fatter man than myself, I used him for interference and swept forward in the shade of his sheltering elbows.

There was only one failing I was forced to overcome, and that was the tendency to snap at a lamb chop on another man's platter. But the spirit of fair play predominates there as it does all through the West, and there are few cases of trespassing on friendly trays. The next time I travel toward the setting sun, I shall feel like Napoleon pointing toward the mountains and saying to my troops, consisting of a wife and an Airedale, "Beyond the Sierra Nevadas lies Cafeteria."

The Californian has solved a problem in food. The East was the first to see and utilize the daylight factories where windows took the place of dark walls; the whole nation saw the necessity for letting the same daylight into homes; but the city of Los Angeles was the first to recognize the value of sunshine in our eating places.

They may talk of atmosphere in our French, Greenwich Village and Ritz dining salons, but when it comes to real environment in restaurants, I choose the genuine atmosphere of sunshine and fresh air furnished by nature in the cafeterias of Los Angeles.

MATTER OF UHLENHUTH

(Continued from Page 18

He said, "Now, Clare, I couldn't help it. I know I should have been here first, but I simply couldn't make it on account of —— Who's your friend?"

"His name is Tug," said Mrs. Moore, looking at the bouncer. He was whistling a tune to his shuffling feet and watching them encouragingly, and they were taking him gracefully and rhythmically back to the stoop of the little house. Tug was in wrong; he was backing out. "'Sall right, bug!"

Ralph didn't think it was all right, not when Mrs. Moore said, "He invited me to take in a spring outing and chowder with him on Saturday." Ralph lost an inch or two from his six feet, and then shot forward like a released spring, and his solid young fist went ahead of him. Ralph had heard of New York mashers.

Tug's feet stopped shuffling; his knees caved in and his bullet head rolled on his bull neck. Ralph's fist and arm shot over Tug's shoulder.

"Time!" bellowed Tug, falling into a clinch and smothering Ralph's arms. "What are we scrapping for, bug? What's the stakes?" A powerful thrust of Tug's elbows threw the men apart. Tug leaped back and stood on guard.

Ralph decided to make the issue clear. He wasn't in the least afraid of Tug or doubtful of his ability to master him at hand-to-hand, but there is a fitness in these things. It is elegant to knock a rowdy down with a single blow, dusting off then, perhaps, the knuckles. It is not so nice when one fails to knock the rowdy down and when one must contemplate an undignified rough-and-tumble with a fellow who would be proud of a broken nose. The principle, if principle is on the side of knocking people down, is not affected in the least. "You spoke to her," said Ralph, advancing, but with battle caution.

Tug retreated to his stoop and stood at bay. "A guy can't even speak," he said. "'Sall right, lady. My mistake. Anybody liable to make a mistake, ain't they? Call your goriller in."

"Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, "stop this disgraceful fighting!"

Ralph laughed and subsided. "Look where he is now, Clare. I do believe he's in charge of the place we're going to."

"Charge of any place I happen to be, bug," said the doorman, throwing out both arms and snapping fingers at each end. "On the level, was youse two thinking of patronizing here? Want to see Little Amby? Well, what about? . . . About money you got coming to you, heh? Well, you look all right. Go upstairs and tell Cohen. Only listen, bug; don't try to put a slug on Cohen. He is not like me; he is not a good guy; he gets awful peevish. . . . 'Sall right, lady?"

"'Sall right," said Mrs. Moore, dimpling.

"What kind of a dive is this?" marveled Ralph as they started up the narrow and dirty wooden stairs lighted by a single moaning gas jet. "I imagine that gent down there is an old pug—strong as Jim Hogan."

"But remember, Ralph, not to—what was it?—put a slug on Cohen. Oh, I mustn't forget that expression. Isn't it just darling? And he called his employer 'Little Amby.'"

"That's what the man is generally called, Clare. I don't know the man, but I know he'll disappoint you if you expect to see a Daniel Webster or Henry Clay. He's an ex-gangster, I believe—but he wins. Hang it, that's all they care for in New York. This man wins and he has the biggest criminal practice in the city. And like so many of their successful men down here, he can't speak decent English, I'm told. He's just one of the boys—Big Tim and Fat Ben and Little Amby. It's a joke."

She pressed close to him as they emerged from the stair well into the outer office above. They were facing a row of waiting clients sitting on chairs against the wall, clients who, it seemed to the girl at first glance, lacked every desirable attribute but wealth. They had money, and showed it. The sight of two quietly dressed and respectable-looking bank burglars reassured Mrs. Moore, and she went toward the managing clerk's desk with Ralph, though she had whispered, "We're mad to come here!"

Cohen rolled his black cigar in his thick-lipped mouth and poked about under his desk with a fat leg until he found his private cuspidor. When he wanted Ralph to speak he barked, "Yes?" When he had elicited enough he said, "You can go right in. Down that hall—the last door."

He turned to the telephone and spoke to it with his dimpled hand over the mouthpiece, guarding frankly against eavesdropping. Little Amby was listening at the other end when the young couple entered the private room. There was a flicker of diamonds as he lifted a slender hand and pointed them to chairs; he did not smile and he did not speak. Clare Moore found him disappointing, quite as her husband had foretold. He was too small and too—too cheap-looking, she thought. His black hair was sleeked down; his footgear was patent leather; his suit, which was a perfectly fitting silk-and-wool mixture, was a black-and-white check of the loudest. She did not like foppish men or men who wore too much jewelry. Little Amby, it seemed to her, was like a chorus man, like a race follower, like a midnight son of Broadway, like a gambler, small politician or confidence man.

She could have piled up approximations and would have been consistently right. And then Little Amby's gaze, leaving her husband, settled on her. He looked at her steadily, without insolence or deference, like a man looking at a child. His eyes were black; she could not read them. He was too old. She knew at once that though he did not descend to the level of sex, she must fear him. He was a man and she was a child. He hung up.

He did not greet them even then. He took a gold-tipped cigarette from an onyx box, scratched a match on the round belly of a bronze statuette, and said, "How do you pronounce your uncle's name, Mr. Moore? I ask you to settle a bet."

"It is pronounced 'Oolenhoot,'" said Ralph. "A German name."

"Oolenhoot, eh? I thought it was 'Yulenyuth.' There goes twenty dollars, and hard times coming. Did he object so strongly to your marriage? This, I suppose, is the lady?"

"He didn't object at all, Mr. Hinkle. Of course, I hadn't seen him in years, but I wrote him occasionally, and he never raised any question. This is Mrs. Moore."

"I see," said Little Amby, neglecting the introduction, if it was such. "You hadn't seen him in years. You don't know where he picked up with this crew, eh?"

"You know them, Mr. Hinkle?" said Clare eagerly.

"Well, I—know them, yes. Leppold is a lawyer, but he's not known in the profession. He's the type that doesn't get out and hustle for a living, but seizes on one good client—a wealthy client, of course—and keeps that client's affairs boiling with good business. He gets him into compromising situations and then defends him in the resulting strike suits and breach-of-promise cases; he divorces him, makes him sue his partner for an accounting, breaks up his business, saves the pieces—you'd be surprised.

"Yes, that's Leppold's type. Fairbrother used to be a negligence doctor. For a percentage of the recovery he'd let the lawyer write his own ticket. I don't know anything against Lew Akers, except that he's human. The others I don't know so well. Anstie was an expert witness in the Shaw shooting case in Union Square. Not that I'd call a man a liar out of hand merely because he was an expert witness. In any single case it's even money that he's telling the truth."

"My uncle met Leppold on the boat coming up from Mexico," explained Ralph. "My uncle had been traveling through South America by easy stages. He seems to have taken quite a fancy to this Leppold."

"Leppold would see to that, once he scented money."

"But I had no idea they had got so intimate. While, as for Loemer, I can prove that Uncle Frank fired him several times and took him back only when the fellow begged."

"We'll prove undue influence," nodded Little Amby. "We won't be too nice about it either. It's perfectly evident that they crowded the old gentleman away from his money. Why didn't you go to see him as soon as he hit New York?"

"He had only just landed. He was only forty-eight hours in the Vandergroot. By the way, Mr. Hinkle—I suppose I shouldn't ask you any question of law before arranging to retain you—do I lose the fifty thousand dollars if I fight the will and they beat me?"

"Winner take all," nodded Little Amby. "That's the law, but it won't come to that. We'll make a deal with them. I'll let you ask me any legal question you like if you'll let me tell you that I don't know the answer."

"Will you guarantee that we won't lose the fifty thousand dollars?" demanded Clare.

"Absolutely, if you agree to take any compromise I recommend. I'll make my

(Continued on Page 108)

"MAN O' WAR"

A Limited Train *for four-footed passengers*

"Man O' War" is one of the most important trains in the great fleet of 60 named Pennsylvania freights that have set remarkable records for regularity and dependability of on-time arrival. Month after month these "Limiteds of the Freight Service" have held to their schedules rigidly.

IN THESE luxurious days we like a little comfort with our travel. Ocean liners are like magnificent floating hotels. Passenger trains offer the traveler anything from a sumptuous dinner to a shave and haircut.

This being the case even live stock can quite properly expect to ride in de luxe fashion.

That is the Pennsylvania's reason for running "Man O' War"—a limited train for live stock. This big freight, named and scheduled like any passenger limited, brings in its cargo of cattle and hogs on time—just as the passenger flyer discharges its human burden promptly.

And though the best of service is rendered to patrons—there's no extra fare.

"Man O' War" swings out of the Chicago yards every evening to begin its run to Eastern Markets. All its four-footed passengers are comfortably settled in large well-equipped stock cars of the most modern type—the kind that afford plenty of fresh air and sunlight for the trip.

"Man O' War" doesn't carry a diner, but everybody eats together the following evening at the Pittsburgh Union Stock Yards where the cuisine is unsurpassed.

And to ward off fatigue there's a five-hour rest period here, after which the stock hops aboard again and "Man O' War" pulls out on the final lap of its journey to Eastern Markets.

Shippers:

Are you giving the man who routes your freight the time and opportunity to effect the economies, contribute to the new business strategy which in many industries is considered the most important development since Mass Production?

The Industrial Traffic Managers of many organizations have been instrumental in the speeding up of turnover—in the reduction of inventories—and in the opening up of new selling territories to which improved freight transportation has given them access.

Such trains as "Man O' War" and other named Pennsylvania carriers are materially aiding the Industrial Traffic Managers in their constructive tasks of building business for their organizations.

Shower baths for "High Hat" hogs

When the weather's sultry and "Man O' War" has hogs aboard, the great American institution of the shower bath comes into play. At watering stations along the route the cars containing hogs are drenched frequently. Could even the most particular hog ask more?

Live stock coming off the Chicago Market as well as shipments from other Western Stock Yards routing through the Chicago Gateway are carried by this dependable Pennsylvania freight train. And "Man O' War's" consistent on-schedule arrivals at Eastern Terminals have won for it a big reputation with the live-stock trade.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

(Continued from Page 106)

fee contingent on recovering more than fifty thousand dollars. I'll take 10 per cent of the recovery over that sum, plus disbursements."

"Why, Mr. Hinkle, that might mean a fee of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars," protested Ralph.

"Plus disbursements," said Little Amby. "It's very moderate, Mr. Moore—too moderate as a fee for handling a strike suit. That's what you propose to initiate. Don't let's lose sight of the fact that your uncle's estate, beyond expenses and the bequest to you, belongs to Loemer and Leppold, and that your uncle had a perfect right to give it to them. We have sentiment and prejudice with us; they, it is likely, have law and justice. After twenty years in the courts, I wouldn't swap hands with them. But among ourselves, we'll face the facts, won't we? Return here, Mr. Moore, at ten minutes after four this afternoon, to sign the retainer. Be prompt."

III

LITTLE AMBY walked rapidly through the lobby of the Vandergroot, entered an elevator, and was lifted to the fifth floor. As he went toward the apartment in which Mr. Frank Uhlenhuth had died, he consulted a watch whose platinum case was liberally jeweled; he had come merely to see the layout of the rooms.

There were barrels of torn wall paper and broken plaster in the private entry to the apartment. Little Amby sidled by and entered the reception room, finding it in control and possession of a large and placid gentleman in a linen duster and brown straw hat. At first glimpse this gentleman was not reassuring. His face, below the bridge of his nose, was invisible, being masked by a wet cloth. He was directing a similarly masked workman on a step-ladder. The latter was swabbing Mr. Lew Akers' so recently applied Roman gold off the ceiling. The paper had been peeled from the walls; the floor finish had been ruined with care; an acrid whiff of chlorine offended Little Amby's nostrils.

"Phew, what's up?" he sniffed. "I want to look at the rooms. May I?"

The man in the linen duster handed him a card from a ready sheaf, but did not speak to him. Little Amby walked through the room and tried a door on the other side; it was locked. "Come back at three o'clock, mister," said the gentleman in charge. Little Amby looked at the card that had been thrust on him; it said Placke Science of Exterminating Engineers Inc. He jumped nervously when a ten-pound fragment of plaster from the crazed old ceiling fell to the floor.

"You're doing a real job, aren't you?" he smiled.

"I only do one class of work," said the other satisfiedly.

"What's the idea of all this?"

"It's ordered," said the gentleman in the duster, shrugging his shoulders.

"Somebody been sick here?"

"It could be."

"Well, you'd hardly be tearing the place to pieces like this unless there had been infectious disease here."

"Why not if it's ordered?" said the other, spreading his hands.

An elevator door clanged in the hall outside. Lew Akers walked briskly into the apartment; he was checked in his stride by the sight of Little Amby.

"Why, good morning, Mr. Hinkle," he said, recognizing the famous advocate.

"Good morning, Akers," nodded Little Amby. "What are you up to here?"

"Clearing the air a bit, Mr. Hinkle."

"Board of Health?"

"Oh, no," sighed Mr. Akers, staring in apparent astonishment.

"So this is where my old friend Uhlenhuth passed out," said Little Amby with melancholy.

"You knew him, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Intimately, Akers. A gentleman of the old school. You're not going to all this trouble because of his death, are you?"

"Oh, no," said Akers, and again with gusto.

"Have these rooms been occupied since?" asked Little Amby with increasing curiosity.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Hinkle," said the hotel man impulsively, "we won't discuss that."

On his way past the barrels in the entry, Little Amby helped himself to a section of the discarded wall paper, which he folded quickly and thrust into a pocket.

Akers, anxious to part friends with the influential lawyer, called to him, "But is there anything we can possibly do for you, Mr. Hinkle?"

"Why, yes," said Little Amby. "I represent young Moore, as you may know. I dropped in on the bare chance that certain letters might have remained in the rooms."

"Nothing," said Akers decidedly.

Little Amby was out in the hall. He glanced at a woman who sat at a desk where corridors crossed, and called loudly, "I'll ask the floor clerk, Mr. Akers. She'll know for sure."

"Ask her, by all means," replied Akers in a cordial bawl.

But some minutes after Little Amby went away Akers was afflicted by a doubt, and he went into the hall and to the floor clerk, and said, "What did that short gentleman ask you, Mrs. Case?"

"He asked me was those rooms occupied after that gentleman died in them," said the woman.

"And you told him," sighed Akers. "Confound it, didn't I say to refer such inquiries to me?"

Little Amby at this moment was entering the business premises of Oliver, Roth & Hoagland, Analytic and Consultive Chemists, Bacteriological, Biological, Pathological. Especially Court Work.

He said to Mr. Oliver, who appeared in gleaming white, "Joe, you told me once that there was a microbe on every square inch of surface in the world. Was that just flash talk, or do you still think it's so?"

"If I ever made the estimate, Amby," said the chemist, "I certainly was playing safe."

"There's a couple of hundred square inches to play with," said Little Amby, presenting his acquaintance with the piece of wall paper. "Find me on that somewhere the microbe of a disease that would render a man incompetent to make a will for at least—well, four hours before his death."

"I don't quite get this," said the chemist. "You want this paper tested? For what purpose?"

"That paper was taken from the wall of a room wherein a man died. The death certificate said heart failure. But I went there just now and found them fumigating and taking on as if the man died of the plague. If the man was killed by any contagious disease that I ever heard of, he was hardly fit to make a will three hours before he died—which is what he did. I'm attacking the will. I'd like to beat that death certificate."

"Who made it?"

"The physician in attendance, a Doctor Fairbrother."

The chemist reflected. "But, my dear fellow, we can't pretend to contest the findings at the autopsy."

"There hasn't been one. We'll have one; but let's do the thing according to Hoyle. We'll probably have to try this case in the newspapers in order to crowd the other side into a settlement. We will bring the public to suspect that all was not right with that death certificate, and will arouse a public demand for an autopsy. Then we have the proceeding under the happiest auspices, with the public seeing conspiracy in every coincidence, and scenting concealment in the failure to make much of a trifle. Let me have a full and able report, but one that you can stand by under cross-examination."

"Your method of determining the cause of death, Amby," said the chemist, "smacks strongly of witchcraft. However, you know the public to which you would appeal. Live in hope until Friday."

In the last week in May, 1910, being about six weeks after the death of Frank Uhlenhuth, the district attorney of New York County caused the body to be exhumed and subjected to a physical and chemical examination. This was done pursuant to an order of a justice of the Supreme Court. The motion papers on which the order was had do not state any reason for the proposed disinterring and examination, or any discovery to be anticipated; the motion was based on the arbitrary right of the district attorney under Section 2213 of the penal law. Filed with the papers, however, is the consent of Ralph Uhlenhuth Moore to the proposed action. It is not an unfair surmise, then, to see in this proceeding the hand of the little lawyer of Centre Street. The district attorney did not need the consent of the next of kin. Finding the consent filed there, we find it reasonable to think that the impulse came from the next of kin, by attorney, *ab initio*.

The examination was made by the well-known toxicologist, Dr. Buchanan Ward of Montague Street, Brooklyn. A word whispered over the telephone from Doctor Ward's office caused Little Amby to leave all standing, and to jump into the Subway and rattle under the river on his way to interview the physician. The autopsy had not been brought about by a morbid public incited to clamor. The public, being let mind its own business, had done so wholeheartedly. When Little Amby entered Doctor Ward's office, an hour or two after the physician had completed his work, there were no reporters waiting, nor even so much as an unfortunate space writer or tipster thrusting his head into the doorway—as into a hundred other unlikely places—with his cry of hope long deferred: "Anything for me today, doc?"

Little Amby, cocking one thin leg over the other, and puffing a Turkish cigarette in Doctor Ward's parlor, said, "Arsenic?"

The physician compressed his bearded lips with an effect of summoning himself to a decision, picked up a pen and put it down again, and said, "In the light of the information you supplied me through the district attorney, I can conscientiously so certify. The subject died of a poisonous dose of arsenic."

"You found the arsenic anyway, didn't you, doctor?"

"Yes. You must understand, however—and I shall so report—that the quantity was very small. It was principally in the liver, of course; that organ being the poison filter of the body. And I'll tell you, too, that there is a certain amount of conjecture in assigning a cause for death; poisons counterfeit the symptoms of disease, each in its own way. We find morbid conditions of the organs. When we can isolate from those organs poisons that would produce such morbid conditions if administered to a healthy subject in sufficient quantity, we are, no doubt, entitled to conjecture that the morbid conditions were caused by the poisons. Rarely, if ever, do we find in any organ a truly lethal quantity of the poison. There has been elimination—frantic elimination. There has been absorption and chemical change. Morphine, for instance, vanishes in the body; prussic acid ——"

"But not arsenic, doctor."

"No, arsenic is persistent."

"Then if you found arsenic, doctor, you ought to be able to state positively ——"

"Only that the arsenic was found. Anything beyond that is matter of opinion."

"But you will state that the cause of death was arsenic poisoning."

"The immediate cause, yes. I'm not prepared to say that certain morbid conditions were not in existence before the administration of the arsenic. I'd speak with greater assurance if I knew more of the case history. My opinion is subject to revision if better information is offered."

"I trust you won't revise your opinion under cross-examination, doctor."

"It is possible that I shall, Mr. Hinkle," said Doctor Ward crisply. "I did not make the examination to establish any thesis or theory, and I am not engaged on either side of your controversy."

"What you said about disease is interesting, doctor," said Little Amby smoothly. "Sometimes you can't tell whether a man died of poison or disease, eh?"

"Not uncommonly—that is, not without a scientific examination. Medico-legal history furnishes us with dozens of examples of mistakes made in good faith by competent practitioners. You will remember the Smith case in Massachusetts several years ago, where Mrs. Smith poisoned and killed six relatives at differing times and under differing circumstances. Under abnormal conditions the body is very tolerant of poisons of a certain group; under other conditions the body's susceptibility is vastly increased. For instance, a man poisoned by grain alcohol a drunken man, in the popular phrase—is almost immune to the effects of such drugs as chloral hydrate, digitalis, opium. Another condition might render the subject extremely susceptible."

"But you don't think a physician is justified in confusing a case of arsenic poisoning with heart failure?"

"I can't pretend to explain that certificate. A man of small experience might confuse a case of strychnine poisoning with an epileptic or tetanic seizure; there is a superficial resemblance. But any competent practitioner should be familiar with the symptoms of arsenic poisoning; there are so many accidental poisonings. Arsenic is the base of most of the vermin poisons; it's common in quack medicines, is used in fireworks, paints, soaps, and for many industrial uses. People are constantly popping it into them in their hurry. It isn't as common as formerly in draperies, window shades and furniture coverings, but it's still largely used in dress goods, shoes, artificial flowers, glazed papers, and even in beer. Taxidermists use it as powder or soap, and wherever it's ignorantly used it's dangerous to life. But people go ahead blissfully, taking atrocious risks, and nothing happens to them.

"When used for suicide or homicide it should be readily detected; the victim's appearance shouts 'Poison.' Still, when the circumstances don't suggest an attempt on life, a physician is to be pardoned for mistaking a case of arsenic poisoning for one of malignant fever. In the Smith case—one of them—the attendant physician certified pneumonia as the cause of death. The symptoms, however, much more nearly approximate those of cholera ——"

"Cholera," repeated Little Amby. "A word of fear, doctor."

The physician paused as if to consider the attorney's exclamation, and then said, "It's an irritant, and therefore counterfeits the effects of cholera, dysentery, typhoid, and so on, but it is most like cholera. If cholera is about at the time—either the Asiatic type or the milder cholera morbus—nothing but a clinical test can establish that the cause of death was really arsenical poisoning. The time between the onset of the symptoms and the fatal ending is about the same as in these diseases—a matter of days, and rarely of hours. In the case in question, it is my opinion that the poisoning was done over a term of several days. I believe this because the bulk of the poison was eliminated before death."

Little Amby stood up. "I'm afraid you're not going to be a tower of strength on the stand, doctor. You qualify too much."

"I've gone as far as I can for you, Mr. Hinkle. The circumstances of this case are so suspicious that I wish to help you help the district attorney. Tell me this, as an attorney: Supposing that Uhlenhuth was suffering from kidney disease in an advanced stage, and supposing that there was then administered to him, with intent to kill him, an amount of arsenic that would not have killed him had he been in a normal state; and let us suppose that the toxic dose did kill him ——"

"That would have been murder."

(Continued on Page 113

Two Distinctive Doors

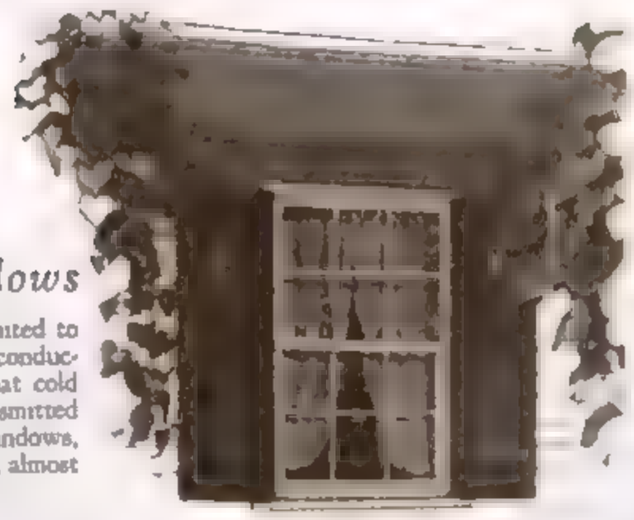
The eight-panel door found almost as much favor as the six-panel design with the early Colonial builders, and Curtis has adhered to the proportions of the best old doors of that type in the design shown on the left. Above is a new design of C-3212 French doors with round-arched head, that is especially suited to houses in the various Mediterranean styles.

As if to the Manor born

In these days of houses heated by unseen boilers and furnaces, fireplaces retain their utilitarian value, especially in spring and fall. They are used in increasing numbers in good homes for their great architectural and decorative value. A beautiful mantel has no rival as the "center of interest" for any room. This Curtis design, patterned broadly after the mantelpieces of the English manor house, is especially appropriate in the English house or in rooms in which the woodwork is to be stained, oiled, waxed, or finished natural. The design is made in oak, carefully selected for color and grain.

Here home beauty begins!

In the graceful lines of authentic woodwork, beauty is built into the house



Weathertight Windows

Wood is a material ideally suited to windows, because it is a non-conductor of heat, which means that cold from the outside is not transmitted to the interior. Curtis windows, fitted with Curtis storm sash, almost hermetically seal the house.

MOST of the beauty that every worthy house possesses is in it before a single rug is laid or one piece of furniture is moved in.

That beauty is in its woodwork, which is the connecting link between the structure of the house itself and its furnishings and decorations. The woodwork gives architectural quality to the walls and openings, and at the same time strikes the keynote of the decorative scheme.

See, then, that the woodwork for your home is of good design . . . that it properly carries out the spirit of the architectural style in which you build.

This is so easy to do today, when authentic designs of Curtis Woodwork for all architectural styles are within easy reach of every homebuilder! The expense, delays and uncertainties of made-to-order millwork are completely avoided and known results are definitely assured.

Identify good woodwork by the Curtis trade-mark

Naturally, Curtis patterns are widely copied. Some cunningly enough to deceive any but the most experienced builder. But as in most copies, both materials and construction are generally skimped. Only in the original designs bearing the Curtis trade-mark can you be sure of lasting satisfaction.

The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you are east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. He will help you and your architect or builder to select Curtis designs and sizes suitable to your plans. He will also explain the points of Curtis Woodwork in the designs he has in stock. Or tell us in what items of woodwork you are especially interested and we will send you free descriptive literature with complete information.

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Curtis Companies Incorporated, Clinton, Iowa

Order in the Linen

In this Curtis linen closet five of the drawers are trays with front ends open, so you can see at once where every towel or pillow case is, the two other drawers are for the storage of miscellaneous household supply items. All operate smoothly, without sticking or jamming, and are strongly built with dovetailed corners. The doors, trim and stairs here are also Curtis designs.

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

NOW YOUR HOME CAN ESCAPE PLASTER

NOW a remarkable invention comes to your aid when you build. STEELTEX overcomes two of the most frequent and vexing problems of homebuilders—preventable lath marks and cracks in plaster.

Nothing like STEELTEX was ever known before. Yet it employs the strengthening principle long used with concrete and now adapted to the strengthening of plaster. It has been instantly welcomed and widely used all over the country.

STEELTEX replaces lath and thus strikes straight at the heart of plaster troubles. By reinforcing the plaster with the rigid, strain-conquering strength of steel, it guards against cracks. It eliminates streaky lath marks.

Think what is happening to the plaster when wood lath shrinks, buckles, twists or splits! Like lightning a crack goes clear across the wall—and there is nothing to do but tolerate the blemish, or spend $30 or $40, or maybe several hundred dollars, to patch and redecorate.

When you build with STEELTEX, it is *steel* fabric that takes the strains—steel fabric embedded deep in the plaster—a square network of galvanized (rust-proofed) *steel*, resisting strains from all directions, that is wrapped around each room. Not only are walls and ceilings strengthened, but the entire framework of your home as well.

Insulates and deadens sound

With one material, in using STEELTEX, you both insulate the house and make quiet rooms. This is due to the heavy waterproofed insulating layer, to the strong, tough backing and to the special compound which cements the two together. These layers are virtually impenetrable—the comfort of yourself and your family is immeasurably increased.

And remember that all this reinforcing, damp-proofing, insulating and sound-deadening are secured, not only with a single remarkable product but with a single labor cost as well. What is that cost? Only slightly additional to that of ordinary wood lath—less than you are likely to pay for redecorating stained or cracked plaster once.

Prevent cracks in stucco, also! Special STEELTEX for stucco. Same principle—same protection—for new stucco homes and for making old ones more attractive with overcoating.

Why STEELTEX guards against dampness, lath marks, and cracks

1. Tough, waterproof insulation. 2. Special waterproof compound. 3. Strong, tough backing. 4. Furring device, holding steel reinforcing fabric to backing. 5. Galvanized steel wire fabric, rust-proofed and electrically welded—resists strains from all directions. See how steel is completely embedded in plaster. No laths. A. Scratch coat of plaster. B. Straightening coat. C. Finishing coat.

LIGHTNING (CRACKS IN PLASTER)

No longer must the attractiveness of home interiors be doomed either by cracks in plaster or preventable lath marks. STEELTEX brings long-sought protection.

Attractive living room of Francis R. Wragg, Architect, 1610 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O., STEELTEX-protected.

Any plastering contractor can use STEELTEX. He does not change a single method. He merely nails STEELTEX to the framework instead of lath. But, he will find this important difference: When STEELTEX is used he escapes unjust criticism. For *he* generally gets the blame for cracks and stains when the fault is not his. The fault is in the material behind the plaster.

Ask your architect and contractor about STEELTEX. Your dealer can supply you, or, if you write us, we will make it conveniently available. Meanwhile, you will be interested in the complete description of STEELTEX found in our book, "Reinforced Plaster Construction," mailed free upon request.

Special STEELTEX
for plaster—for stucco and for concrete and gypsum floors

You can also prevent cracks in stucco and in concrete and gypsum roofs and floors. Simply use the proper style of STEELTEX for the particular purpose. STEELTEX for Plaster, STEELTEX for Stucco, STEELTEX for Floors—same principle, same protection. NATIONAL REINFORCING for all other types of concrete construction—roads, streets, driveways, sidewalks, dams, canals, cement gun work—is also made by the world's largest manufacturers of welded steel fabric. National Steel Fabric Company (Division of Pittsburgh Steel Co.), Union Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

STEELTEX

FOR PLASTER – GUARDS AGAINST CRACKS AND LATH MARKS

MORE DOMINANT EVERY MOMENT

In spite of the rising fever of competition among easy riding devices, new ones springing up overnight...old ones struggling to hold their own, Watson Stabilators go forward with increased speed - Each month brings larger sales totals than the month before - - - Why? Because Stabilators were sold first to engineers, on an engineering basis - Then to the best informed, the most sophisticated part of the motoring public - - - The rest follows naturally: People have bought Watson Stabilators on merit alone. They cannot be unsold so long as the merit persists and continues to surpass everything else obtainable - - - Any Stabilator dealer will equip your car in a couple of hours - After you have driven it, he will return your money if you ask for it - Nobody ever does - - -

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY - PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 108

"It would be an analogous case."

"You mean that Uhlenhuth was already diseased?"

"I'd prefer not to be precise about that at this time," said the physician. "It will be in the report if I form a reasoned opinion."

Little Amby was leaning over the table, looking at the report which the physician had been writing. "'Ring finger of left hand removed by old amputation,'" he read aloud, when Doctor Ward brusquely snatched the paper away.

He said, "I am ready to answer your questions, Mr. Hinkle, as suggested by the district attorney, but you will agree that my papers are my own while I have them here. Was there anything further?"

Leaving Dr. Buchanan Ward's office, Little Amby returned to New York and proceeded directly to a stately old brownstone residence in Fifty-second Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues. He said to the maid who opened the door, "Tell Doctor Anstie that Ambrose Hinkle of Centre Street is here."

IV

"WELL, Rogers," said Mr. Orrin Loemer, "what have you thought of for today?"

Rogers, a sleek and handsome gentleman of fifty, took his master's breakfast from the serving pantry. "Will you remain in bed?" he asked.

"Bed—what, Rogers?"

"Bed, sir."

"No, Rogers. Put it there on the table in the dinette."

"You are cordially invited to meet Count Grappo of Hungary at a select reception for a few representative Americans today," said Rogers, setting the table.

"No, thanks, Rogers. He wants to sell me something. He can't rub that sociable stuff on me. Tell him to send around his catalogue, with prices marked in plain figures; and then I won't give him an order."

"A Mrs. Du Laney Du Brat called yesterday—a very charming person indeed, sir. She asks a private interview, sir."

"Absolutely not, Rogers. No woman gets a private interview with me unless she is an awful-looking wretch, and I don't want to see that kind. Did you tell that tailor I wanted to see him?"

"He's been waiting outside, sir, for quite an hour."

"Tell him I won't see him this morning. Have those automobile fellows been around again? Tell them to drive up and down in Park Avenue before this house and tootle their horns, and I'll look out the window at them if I think of it."

Mr. Loemer snapped his soft fingers and slid his short legs out of bed; Rogers knelt before him and put fur-lined booties on his broad feet. Mr. Loemer snapped his fingers again, and Mr. Rogers draped a wadded silk kimono over his master's shoulders. Mr. Loemer arose and stalked toward the breakfast table. He surveyed the green figs and the preserved nectarines, the cuddly little sausages, the delicately browned batter cakes, the sturdy ham and eggs.

He heard Rogers' voice raised in the reception room; he stepped to the doorway and saw his servitor arguing with an elderly and trampish man who had got in somehow. Mr. Orrin Loemer snapped his fingers and said, "Go away." He turned toward the breakfast table, and was then outraged to find that the trampish man had got in the dinette. The trampish man—his trampishness inhered in his general dinginess, and in his sallow long face, and in the droop of his underlip, and in the settled pessimism of his brown eyes—the trampish man said in a hoarse low voice, as if being flatteringly confidential, "From the district attorney." And he handed Mr. Orrin Loemer a folded paper and at once made a note in a dingy memorandum book.

Mr. Orrin Loemer scanned the paper, got up from table and took his napkin from under his chin. He said, "I don't feel like breakfast, Rogers. Help me to dress." And he went into the dressing room, followed by his man.

The trampish man thrust both hands under his waistband and felt his lank stomach. He looked at Mr. Orrin Loemer's breakfast and whistled like a moderate breeze in a chimney. He knocked on the dressing-room door and said, still confidentially, "Can't you eat your breakfast?"

"No," said Mr. Orrin Loemer.

"Don't want it?"

"No, no."

"Will it be all right if I eat it?"

"By all means!" said Mr. Loemer effusively. The trampish man ate the green figs, the nectarines, the cuddly sausages, the rugged ham and eggs. He drank the dregs of the cream from the pitcher, and emptied the lump sugar into his pocket.

Mr. Loemer and the process server rode down to the district attorney's office in the same cab. Mr. Loemer felt friendly and conciliatory toward all the world; he spoke nicely to the cabman and thanked him; he pressed cigars on his trampish companion; he leaned from the cab and smiled warmly on a traffic officer, thus laying the foundation, perhaps, of a fervent and enduring friendship. Mr. Loemer felt a craving for friendship, a yearning for popular support and applause.

In the gloomy rotunda of the Criminal Courts, Mr. Leppold and Doctor Fairbrother were waiting. "I got your message," said Leppold curtly. "The doctor and I were invited to call here this morning too."

"Did you bring a lawyer?" asked Loemer. "Well, that is right, too; you are a lawyer yourself. Now, don't you let him twist me all up."

"No fear," said Leppold.

They took the elevator to the floor occupied by the New York County district attorney and his big force of assistants. They went to the room of Assistant District Attorney Wallis Johns. They lingered diffidently in the passage. Mr. Johns, a tall and heavy man with a leonine head and with an imperious manner that twenty years in the service had hardened on him, brought them into the room with a peremptory jerk of a finger. Little Amby was there. The visitors did not seem to know him and he did not seek to identify himself to them.

"Have you seen the afternoon papers, gentlemen?" said the district attorney abruptly. "You three are going to have a lot of publicity thrust on you; you're the subjects of a special extra. We have learned that Frank Uhlenhuth died of poison."

"Poison? Poison!" exclaimed Loemer.

"My goodness," breathed Doctor Fairbrother, getting up and walking around to inspect the report of Doctor Ward that the district attorney had handed Leppold. Leppold tendered it to the little physician in apparent amity, but then suddenly stiffened and looked at him with staring eyes and rounded mouth. His appearance gave Fairbrother a noticeable shock. "Don't look so like a jack-o'-lantern, man," he snapped.

Little Amby was watching the three men with vigilance. He said softly, "About the drug clerk from that Forty-second Street store, Mr. Johns."

"Send in that drug clerk!" called Mr. Johns, biting a cigar.

A uniformed attendant ushered in Sol Cohen, Little Amby's managing clerk. Mr. Johns knew the stout fellow very well, but said to him nevertheless, "You told a story about selling six ounces of white arsenic on Friday, April fifteenth last, to a man who said he wanted to put away a fur coat. You said you'd know the man again. Look around this room and tell me if the man is here. Don't point him out."

Cohen looked slowly and carefully at each man present; the eyes of all followed his with dreadful curiosity.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Could I ask the man one question?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Johns. "Wait outside until I let you go." Cohen went out.

Doctor Fairbrother got up; he was breathing hard and his hands were fluttering; "Mr. Johns, sir," he wheezed, "you will readily agree that the judgment of the most capable and conscientious amongst us is fallible. I fear I labor under a misunderstanding here. I was probably a bit technical or literal in assigning a cause of death in that case. While the cessation of the heart's action was necessarily the cause of death, I should perhaps have looked more remotely, to discover what virus, what toxic agent, inhibited the heart's action, paralyzed the nervous centers—do you follow me?"

"And now what do you think he died of, doctor?" said Mr. Johns conversationally.

"I'd prefer not to guess, sir. But I wish you to understand the pardonable and even honorable motive that was mine in using a euphemism as to the cause of death. Mr. Lew Akers, the proprietor of the hotel ——"

"He'll prefer to speak for himself," said Mr. Johns. "Send in Mr. Akers!"

The hotel proprietor was brought in. He looked worried and sorry, as a man should who would rather be friends with everybody and finds he must make enemies.

"Akers," said Mr. Johns, "did you have anything to say to Doctor Fairbrother about that death certificate?"

"Tell him," said Doctor Fairbrother hardily.

"The doctor here," said Akers, pointing with conscientious precision, "told me that Mr. Uhlenhuth was dying of cholera, of which he had got sick in Mexico—real cholera, gentlemen. So I didn't need anybody to tell me that if a man died of cholera in my hotel—what they call real Asiatic-plague cholera, gentlemen—I could just as well put up the shutters, even if the Board of Health didn't close me up. So the doctor said he sympathized with me and didn't want me ruined, and he would make a certificate that Mr. Uhlenhuth died of heart disease. Well, I appreciate a friendly act, and hope I'm a true friend, but when it comes out that Mr. Uhlenhuth was poisoned and did not die of cholera at all—well, that is where friendship ceases, gentlemen."

"Sit down," said Mr. Johns. "You understand, gentlemen, that there is nothing legally binding about this hearing. It's entirely informal; we're laying the cards right on the table. If any one of you cares to withdraw now, go ahead, and we have no legal right to infer that the party objecting has guilty knowledge of a crime. In fact, I would strongly advise anyone to withdraw and insist on all legal safeguards who has reason to anticipate having to defend himself from a charge of homicide."

Those present sat tight and eyed one another. The attendant announced, "Doctor Anstie!"

"Good morning, doctor," said Mr. Johns. "You've heard the news?"

"That Mr. Uhlenhuth was poisoned? Yes," said Doctor Anstie grimly.

"You saw Mr. Uhlenhuth about three hours before his death, I believe. Was he then suffering the effects of poisoning with arsenic?"

"Absolutely not," said Doctor Anstie decidedly. "Impossible, sir."

"Then if he died of a lethal dose of arsenic, doctor, it's your belief that the poison was administered after you left?"

"After—after the time that I observed him, let me say. Just as I was leaving, there was a dose of some sort administered to the patient."

"I gave him medicine, sir," said Doctor Fairbrother sharply.

"And you were present while Doctor Anstie was there?" asked Mr. Johns of Leppold.

"I was. Doctor Anstie was called in to witness a will that I had just drawn."

"And this man," said the district attorney, turning to Loemer, "was he there?"

"No," said Loemer loudly.

"I don't recollect him," said Doctor Anstie. "I have been asked that question before."

(Continued on Page 116)

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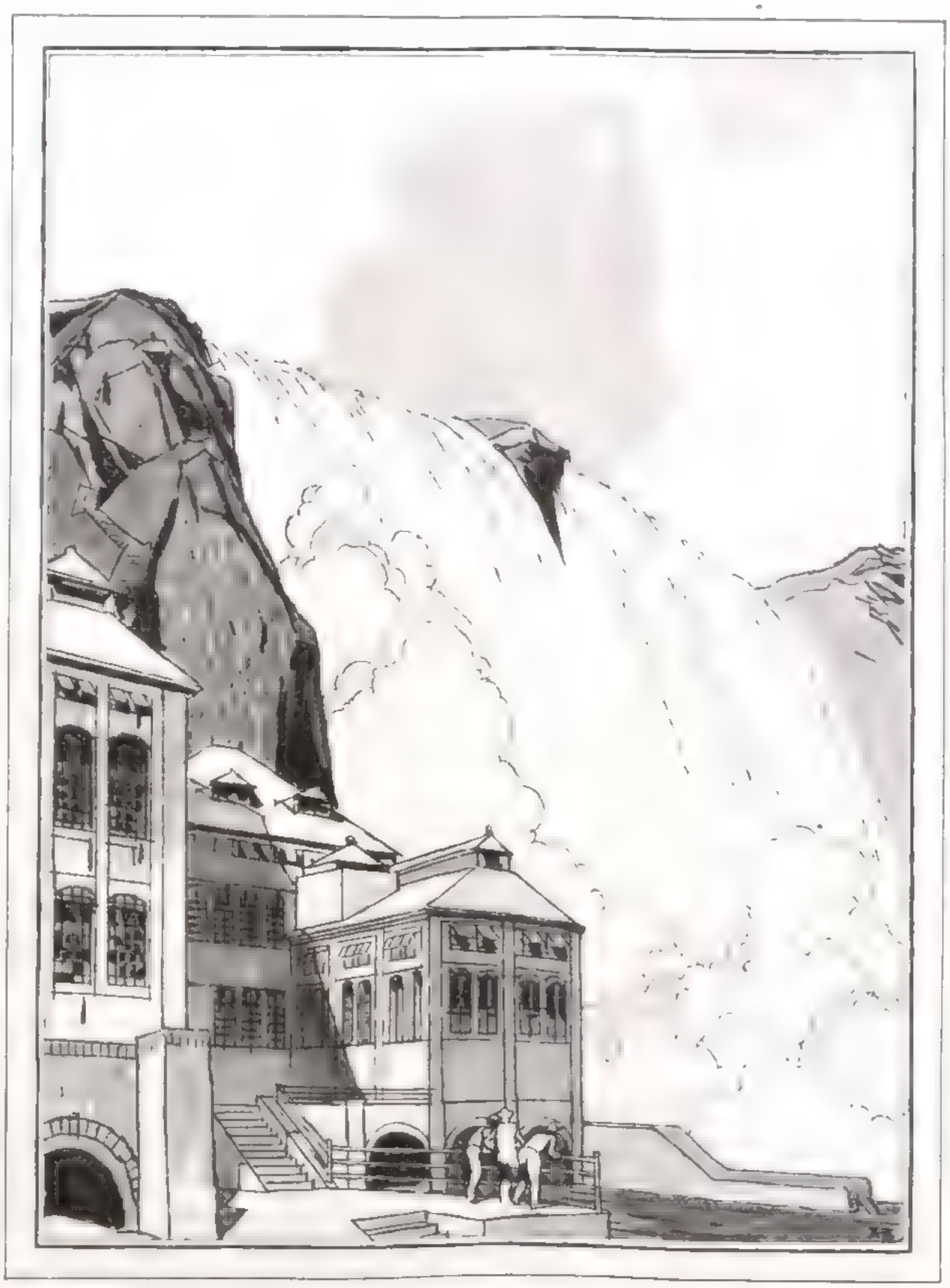

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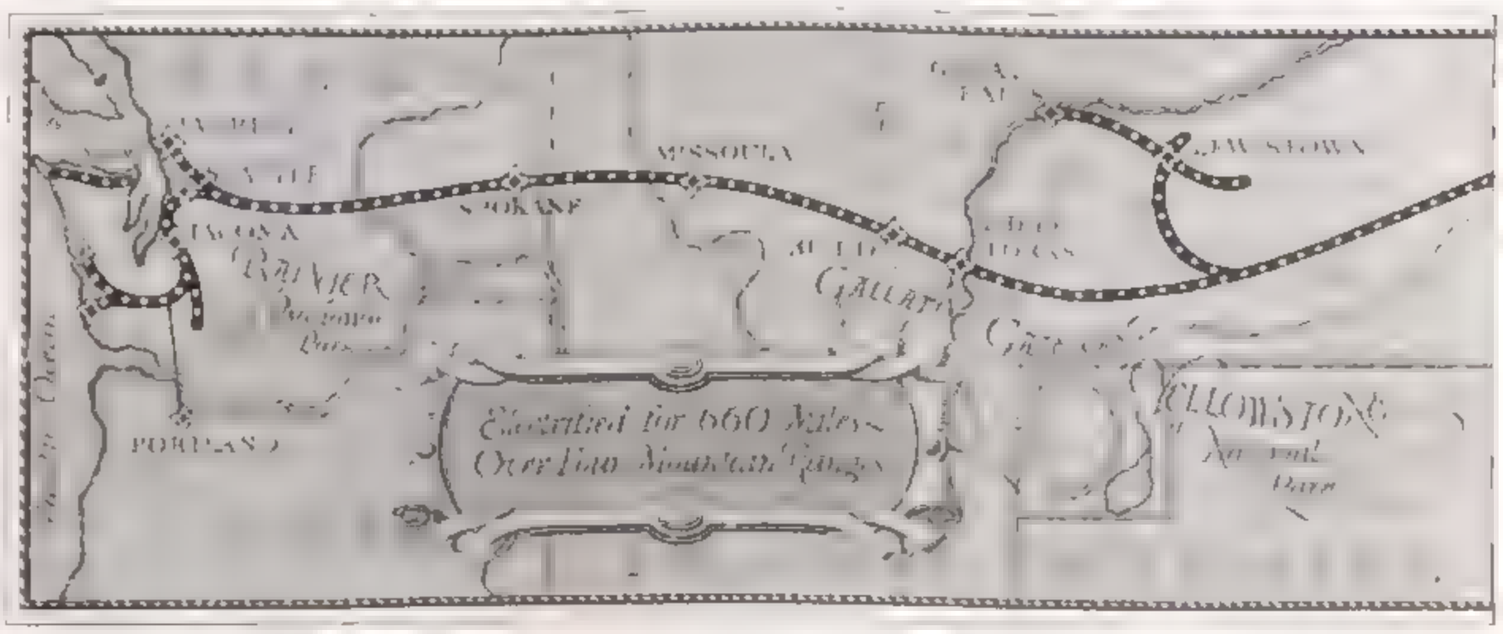

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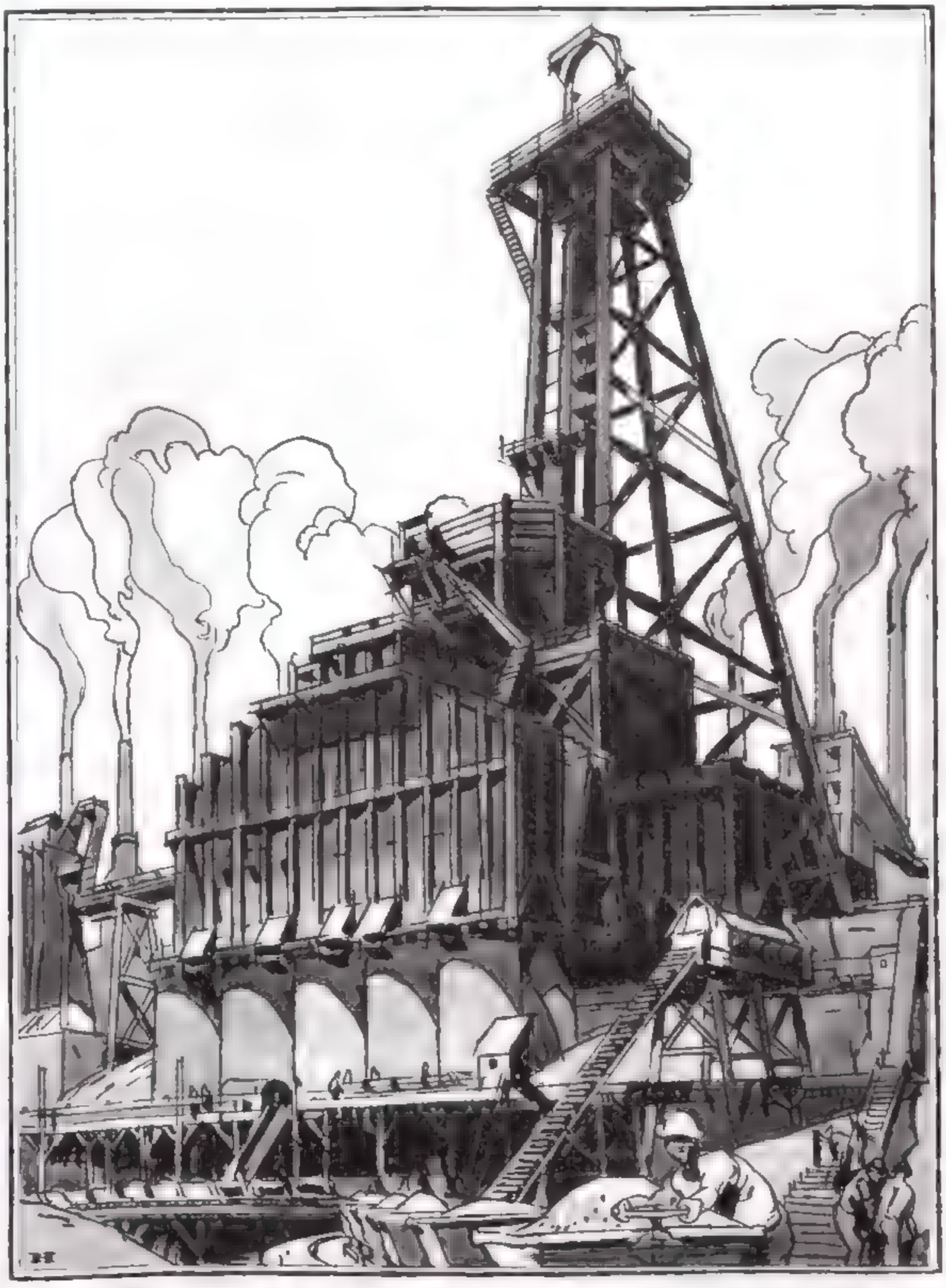

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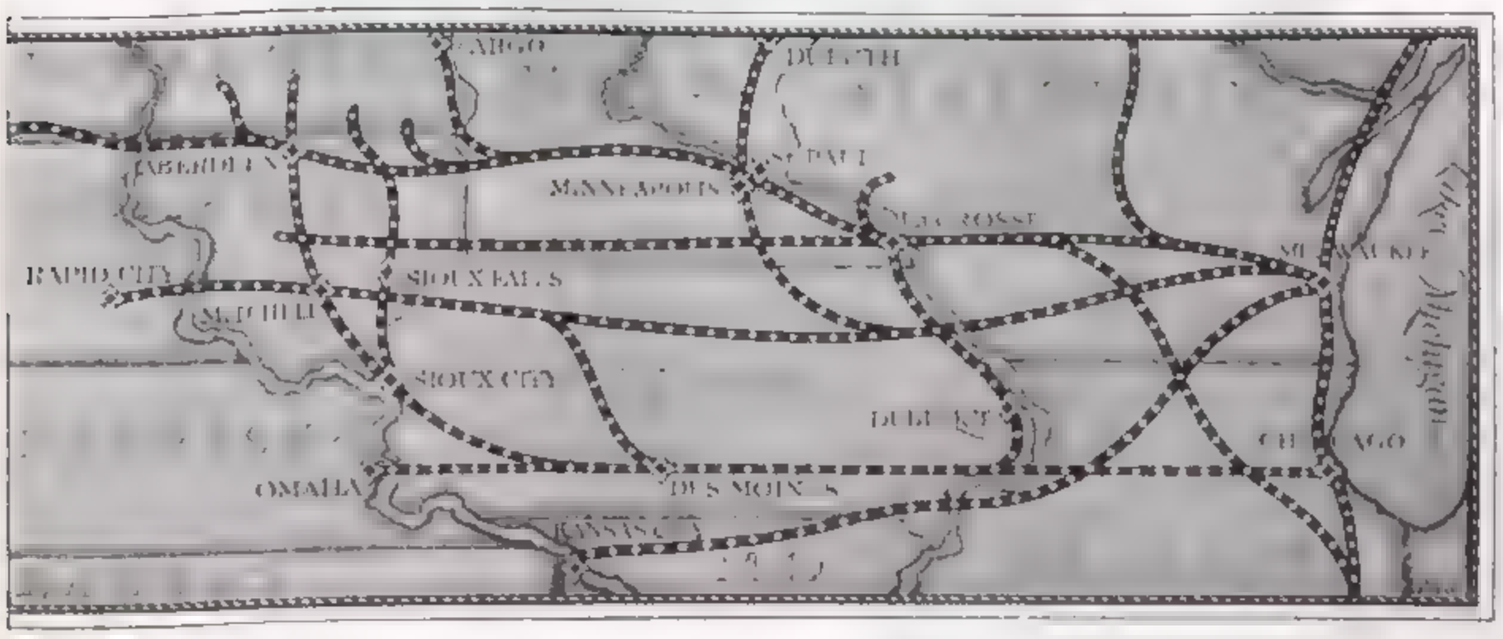

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(Continued from Page 113)

"The doorman at the Fortieth Street entrance can establish that Loemer was not there at the time," said Little Amby.

"Let's have him in," said Mr. Johns.

Tug Gaffney swaggered in. It must be said that Mr. Johns knew the rowdy doorman of the little house on Centre Street, and yet he permitted him to say that he worked at the Hotel Vandergroot on Lexington Avenue. "Did you have a conversation with this man"—pointing to Loemer—"on Saturday evening, April sixteenth last?"

Tug advanced his left leg, put his hands on his hips, and swung his body forward and to the right. "Certainly did."

"You recall what about?"

"Certainly do. I says to him, I says, 'How's the boss?' And he says to me, he says, 'All to the bad'; and I says to him, I says, 'Not so good?' And he says to me, he says ——"

"When was this?"

"Between the hours of 10:15 and half-past ten, either and both," said Tug, bristling about him in search of contradiction, as became a determined liar.

"Who is this rascal?" demanded Doctor Fairbrother hotly.

Loemer had been listening attentively and watching Tug with all his eyes.

Mr. Johns said to him now, "You remember that conversation?"

Loemer hesitated, gulped, and said faintly, "I do."

"Were you going out at the time? For what?"

"For medicine for Doctor Fairbrother."

"Not ——"

"No," said Loemer, glaring at the white-haired little physician. "Thank God, he got that for himself."

"That's enough," said Doctor Fairbrother, bouncing up. "I've sat here and watched this thing develop, and now I see where it's heading. This is a vile conspiracy! I believe now that Mr. Uhlenhuth was poisoned by arsenic—fool that I was, I supposed the case was cholera. Let that pass; I have been forty years in practice, and my mistakes are anybody's. But I'm cursed if I'll sit by and watch the man who did the murder walk away with a fortune and leave me under an imputation of guilt."

"It is your own conscience is accusing you, Doctor Fairbrother," cried Loemer.

"I'll accept that challenge," said Doctor Fairbrother, shaking a lean finger at him. "We'll see who had the motive and opportunity to do murder. Doctor Anstie, look at that man—have you seen him before? There's the man whose will you witnessed who impersonated Frank Uhlenhuth when the old man lay at his last gasp in the next room!"

"It may be so," said Doctor Anstie. "I can't identify him."

"And you were to get a quarter of the estate, Fairbrother," called Loemer, with a trace of hysteria.

"We'll see," snarled Doctor Fairbrother, roused to fury. "Where's Lew Akers? . . . Akers, where is the man whom you introduced to Doctor Anstie as Frank Uhlenhuth?"

"Well" the hotel man cringed—"it was Mr. Uhlenhuth's man—the gentleman here. But don't blame me for that, Doctor Fairbrother. I won't take the blame! You told me you wouldn't make the certificate unless you were protected—that you ought to have other physicians ready to testify that Mr. Uhlenhuth hadn't had cholera. You said you might lose your license. So you suggested the idea of introducing these doctors to a perfectly healthy man and telling them that he was Frank Uhlenhuth, and you got me to help you. You said the excuse was he wanted to make a will, but there wouldn't be any will made after all, and Mr. Uhlenhuth would die, and these physicians could attest that he didn't die of cholera, and you wouldn't lose your license. There wasn't any talk about making wills and poisoning people, so don't try to put any blame on me. I won't stand for it, and that's flat."

"Just a minute," called Loemer, coming forward. "When it comes to poisoning, I want no part in it. What I did, I did to help out Lew Akers when Doctor Fairbrother asked me. As far as the will goes, I didn't forge it. Mr. Leppold came to me and told me he had a signature on a blank will that he had got Mr. Uhlenhuth to sign with a bunch of papers. So I didn't forge any will; I only made believe forge it, and I signed my name on a slip of paper and then Leppold crumpled it up in his hand ——"

"That's a lie!" cried Leppold, springing forward. "Look at the terms of the will and you can see whose invention the whole thing was!"

"Sit down, all of you," shouted the district attorney. "This is not a madhouse. And please note that you're no longer invited to withdraw—anybody."

He turned to Little Amby and said, "That settles pretty definitely the matter of the will, counselor."

"It was an ugly child we asked them to father," smiled Little Amby. "I was quite sure that each of them would try to shove it on one of the others. Let's have in Doctor Ward. Gentlemen, you seem to think that you are under the necessity of finding a murderer among you. I admit that we have sought to confirm you in that delusion. It might have occurred to you, though, that a charge of murder is not handled so casually in the office of the district attorney."

The Brooklyn physician entered. "Doctor Ward," said the district attorney without preliminaries, "you stated in your report that Frank Uhlenhuth came to his death through a lethal dose of arsenic, but that he was very susceptible to that poison."

"That is correct and it is true that he was."

"That, however, would not free a physician of blame for administering a small dose, since he should have known the probable consequences."

"I'll say that."

"Are you prepared to state now the agency by which, in your opinion, that poisonous dose of arsenic was administered to Frank Uhlenhuth?"

"I am. I have here a report from Oliver, Roth & Hoagland, chemists of reputation, and on the basis of that report I give it as my opinion that Frank Uhlenhuth was poisoned by the wall paper in his room. His death was accidental."

"The wall paper!" exclaimed several, revolted by the grotesque explanation, and yet feeling the thrill of truth.

"The wall paper," said Doctor Ward, unrolling the report he had referred to. "It seems that the wall paper was heavy with arsenic, that the paper was damp and the walls wet, and Mr. Uhlenhuth, just up from the tropics, went to bed in that closed room with the heat turned on. Conditions were ideal for the evolution of quantities of sulphydrate of arsenic. A more stubborn subject might have yielded. I believe that even Loemer, who was in and out of the room, suffered from conjunctivitis—reddening and swelling of the eyes. The result was arsenical poisoning, mistaken by an ignorant and panicky physician for cholera—with the train of results that you've heard."

"Then there wasn't any murder?" breathed Loemer.

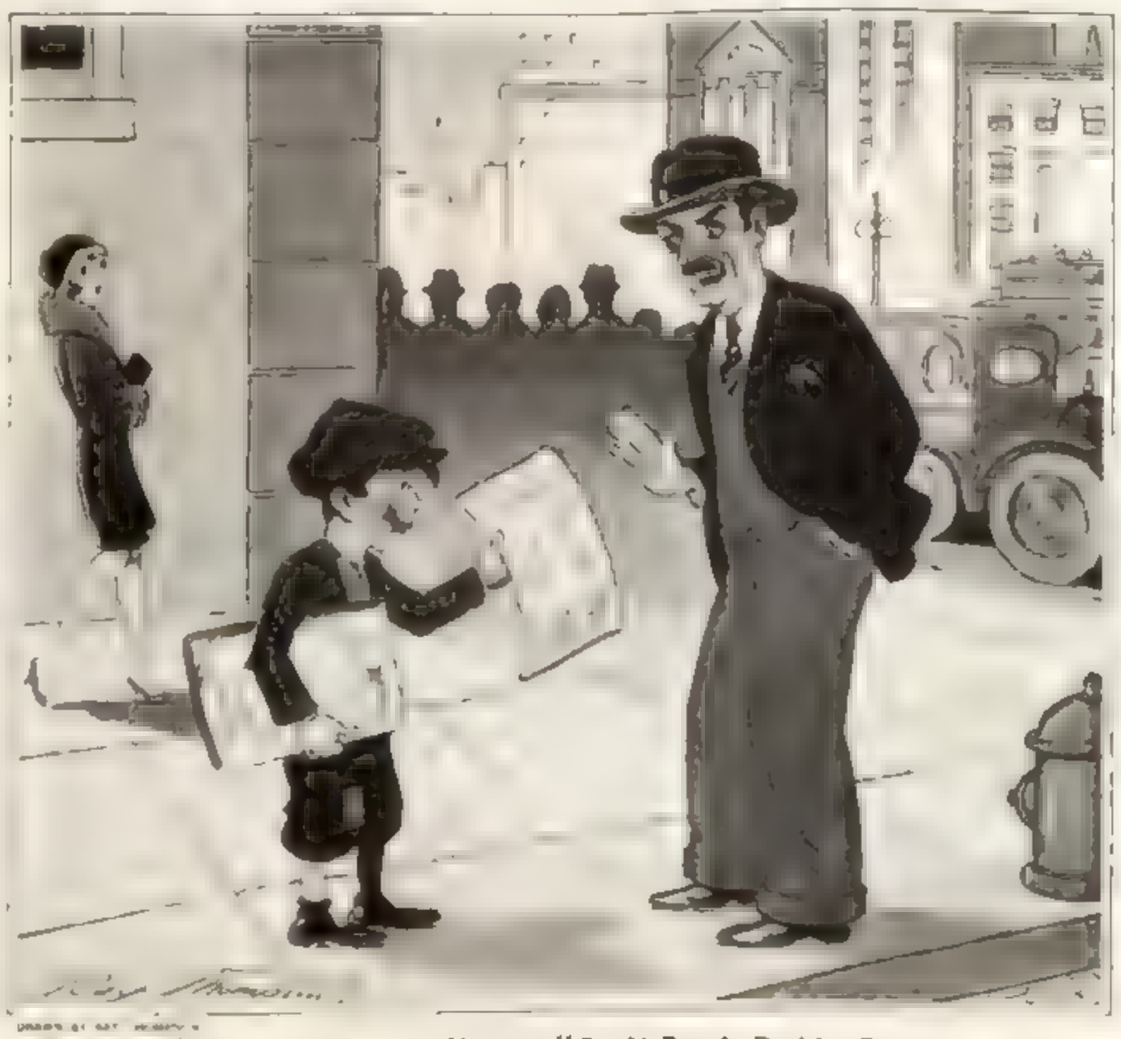
"It would be a piece of cheek for me to accuse anyone of murder, sir," said the physician. "I can report only on the condition of the body. I did so. There was arsenic in it; I believe that arsenic was the cause of death."

"I'm certainly eternally obliged to you, Mr. Hinkle," said Ralph Moore some weeks later.

"Your thanks are due to the district attorney," said Little Amby. "He lent me the stage for our performance. You know what tipped me, don't you? It was that false finger your uncle wore. Under 'superficial appearance of cadaver' Ward had noted an amputation of the ring finger of the left hand. But I was quite sure that Doctor Anstie had told me it was the second finger."

"It was the third finger—the ring finger. My uncle lost it by a snake bite in the Rockies."

"Well, discussing that trifle brought me straight to a consideration of the possibility of impersonation—which cleared up a deal of fog. I was stumped when Doctor Anstie confessed that he couldn't identify the man he had seen in bed, but I still had the trump in knowing what the old gentleman died of—which nobody else knew. I was willing to shoot the works on the proposition that the gang would split wide open if a charge of murder was thrown in among them. . . . You know they're all in the Tombs, don't you?"



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THE COEDUCATION OF PETER WHITE

(Continued from Page 23)

Meanwhile commencement was approaching. The final examinations would be upon them in two months, and Billy Torrence reported that Pete was working hard in all his other courses, but in psychology he only sulked, thus illustrating another important psychological principle—effective intellectual interest can come only by emotional interest. The one emotion the distinguished psychologist aroused in this backward student was a daily desire to murder.

Something had to be done about it. It was the professor himself who showed Joan what to do, though he never guessed that he had taught her anything so practical. It happened at one of his public lectures in the auditorium. He did not even know that she was there.

VI

"THE modern woman," Doctor Sinclair, the distinguished young authority upon that subject, informed a large audience composed of wives of the faculty and others of the intellectually unemployed class, "is too transparent, too obvious, too easily understood. She has destroyed all mystery, all glamour, all romance. Man, her hereditary foe, she looks boldly in the eye, regarding him as a friend and an equal to be trusted, instead of an enemy and a superior, to be conquered and enslaved. She has thrown away her ancient weapons, supplied by Nature and sharpened by art, and therefore has lost her true place and her real power in the world."

Rather reactionary views for a modern psychologist, but they seemed to interest a twinkling-eyed coed. "Too easily understood, are we? Well, I'm glad he thinks so, anyway." On the way out of the auditorium a plan was forming in a rare mind.

"That is so true," one of the older faculty wives was saying. "How can our boys respect girls when these modern flappers let them know what they really are?"

"Well, they certainly are transparent," replied one of the other ladies. "Look at their clothes."

"Old tabby cats," said Joan to herself. And that evening she telephoned to Professor Sinclair for another appointment at his office.

It was the first time he had seen her since the evening the play had failed, and it became clear to him at once, from her attitude toward himself, that she was chastened and sweetened by the experience. There was nothing brisk or businesslike about this demure young person. Disappointment had apparently brought out the gentler, more feminine side of her nature. She was timid and tentative in his presence, as coeds ought to be. Her rather gorgeous eyes fluttered and fell before his scrutiny. He had not observed before the delicate shading of those eyes or the rich warm glow of color in her cheeks. Naturally not. She had just come from a beauty shoppe, and she wore her new rose crêpe.

"Not at all, Miss Martin," he said kindly. "It is not too late if you still want to try for the fellowship. But what has awakened your interest?"

The little coed raised her eyes to his and then dropped them again. "You did, professor," she murmured shyly. And then, laughing in pretty confusion—"That is, I mean—I was such a perfect idiot not to listen to you in the first place. You told me I couldn't act. I think it's wonderful how you can take one look at a person and then know all about them—I mean him—her, rather. Oh, dear! But you understand what I mean, don't you, professor?" She was easily understood. He had said so in his lecture. She was really quite delightful, and he joined in her laugh, forgetting, for the moment, to be indifferent. She had acknowledged the superiority of masculine judgment, and that is always a pleasing thing in woman. "Ah, but you see, I have taken more than one look at you."

"Oh, professor!" The little coed dropped her eyes again, so that the professor could take still another look.

"I not only knew you couldn't act," he said benignly, "but I saw at once that you were a born psychologist."

She was acting pretty well at present, however, even though she was using the feminine knowledge of psychology she was born with, her ancient weapons, rather than the big words she had acquired in his classes.

"You see, as I failed as an actress, I got to thinking how nice it would be to take advance courses in abnormal psychology next year—with you." She read this line seriously and looked up at him very much as if he were a god.

Strangely enough, for a professor, he didn't want to be a god. He much preferred to be a man in her eyes. But he let it go at that for the time being. She was coming back to work with him, at any rate.

"Have you thought about a subject for your thesis?" he asked, observing her profile. For she had now turned her shrinking gaze toward the window for the purpose.

"Father and mother are going into the city for the symphony concert tomorrow afternoon," she finally replied demurely. "I was just wondering if it would be convenient for you to come to the house for a cup of tea. Then we could have a fine long talk without interruptions, and you could give me all kinds of suggestions for my collateral reading—if it wouldn't take too much of your time."

"Not at all," her hereditary foe replied; "I should be delighted."

But when he arrived the next afternoon, he found her in a mood which puzzled him. Her constant changes were a very interesting study to a psychologist. Also her change in costume was not without interest. It was the jade silk this time. Not so transparent.

"I don't think it will pay me to waste my time on merely winning a fellowship," she said with girlish earnestness, as her pretty hands were busy with the tea things. "There's no future in it."

"Have you ever thought of going in for an academic career?"

"Do you think I could teach?"

"I'm sure you could. You can do anything."

"Except act."

"Except act. Would you like to teach?"

"Well, it runs in the family, you know. I'd love it," she said to him. "I'd hate it," she said to herself. "But, you know yourself how difficult it is for a woman to get a worth-while position as a teacher. Your department gives the instructorships to men, preferably. There is such a prejudice against my sex."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," the professor remarked.

"You wouldn't say it, but you know it. Oh, yes, you do! You share it yourself."

"Not at all. There have been some very notable women teachers."

"That's all very well," said the little coed, and now came another sudden transition. Her bosom began to heave most interestingly. "But women never have a chance in this world—never." She clasped her hands, looked down at them. "You don't know what it means to be a woman. It's so unfair, so unfair." She seemed to be keeping back tears bravely, and the psychologist was disturbed.

"Oh, but you would have a fair chance. I'll do all I can to see that you have."

The girl who couldn't act allowed a little pause. Then she said, in a low voice, "I know you would, professor. You are always fair. But the head of the department is prejudiced against us. He thinks that women can only teach girls. Now if I could just prove to him that I am not only a good student but a good teacher ——"

"Why don't you?" interposed the professor.

"How?"

"By tutoring."

"A boy?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I think that's a wonderful idea of yours!" And so it was, but it wasn't his, though of course she wouldn't let the superior sex know it. It would be too bold, too unwomanly, too obvious, too unromantic. Man was the natural leader. He had said so. "But to convince the department, it would have to be a bad boy," she added, laughter coming through her tears. "I mean one who is backward in his studies."

"I have it!" exclaimed her natural leader, getting an inspiration and shaking his finger at his pupil, as professors sometimes do. "White needs a tutor; why not tutor him?"

"White—White? There are several Whites."

"Peter White, Jr., the one you wanted to have act in your play."

"Oh," said Joan, "that White." And then her face clouded. "But he is such a dumb-bell. It wouldn't be a fair test of my abilities."

"Not at all, not at all. You mustn't be prejudiced against him. To be sure, he has one of the lowest grades in the class, but also one of the finest minds, next to yours. If you can only awaken an interest in his work, I believe he will pass with flying colors. And think what a feather in your cap that will be!"

"Oh, professor! It would be, indeed, if I succeeded."

"Will you try? Please do—as a favor to me."

She dropped her eyes. "I will if you want me to."

"I do. I want you to show them what you can do."

"Then for your sake I will do my best. But who will mark his final examination paper?"

"I will."

"Then I know that it will be marked fairly, professor. You are never prejudiced—like the rest of us."

It was a very cool coed who sent for her classmate, Peter White, Jr.—cool and businesslike, very. But Pete was so glad to be summoned to her presence once more, on any terms, that he did not mind her being businesslike.

"Professor Sinclair has informed you, Pete, I suppose, that if you're to get through at all, you'll have to do some extra work with an authorized tutor."

"Yes. But how did you know?"

"He has authorized me to tutor you."

"You? Tutor me?" He burst out laughing.

"Don't you think I'm capable of doing it?" she asked, with considerable dignity.

"Capable? Sure you are. You can do anything—even make me learn something. But it's so funny!"

"I see nothing funny about it. It is purely a business arrangement."

"Yes, I know. But how did you get the job?"

"I applied for it."

"Oh, you wanted to tutor me? That sounds as if you were still interested in me."

"Why, of course! I've always been. But the question is, can I get you interested in your work?"

"Oh, I'll work for you."

He really intended to at the time. It sounded all right—quite ideal—working shoulder to shoulder with the woman you love. But suppose she doesn't love you! Joan remained cool and businesslike, but Pete could not pay attention to business. He wanted to pay attention to her. The shoulder-to-shoulder thing was not a very practical posture for work. She had fine ideas, but he was more interested in her fine eyes. He couldn't grasp the psychological principles she was so ably demonstrating for him, because he wanted to grasp the pretty psychologist and demonstrate entirely different things, which apparently

(Continued on Page 121)

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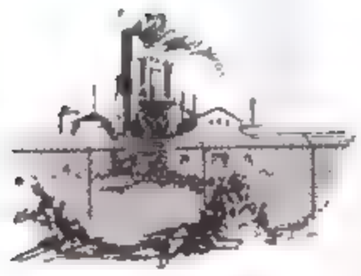

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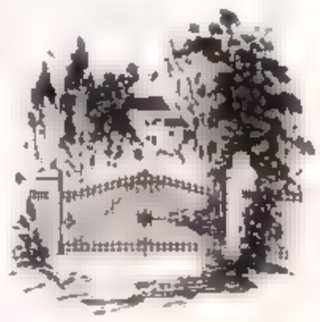

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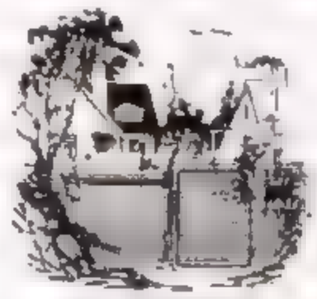

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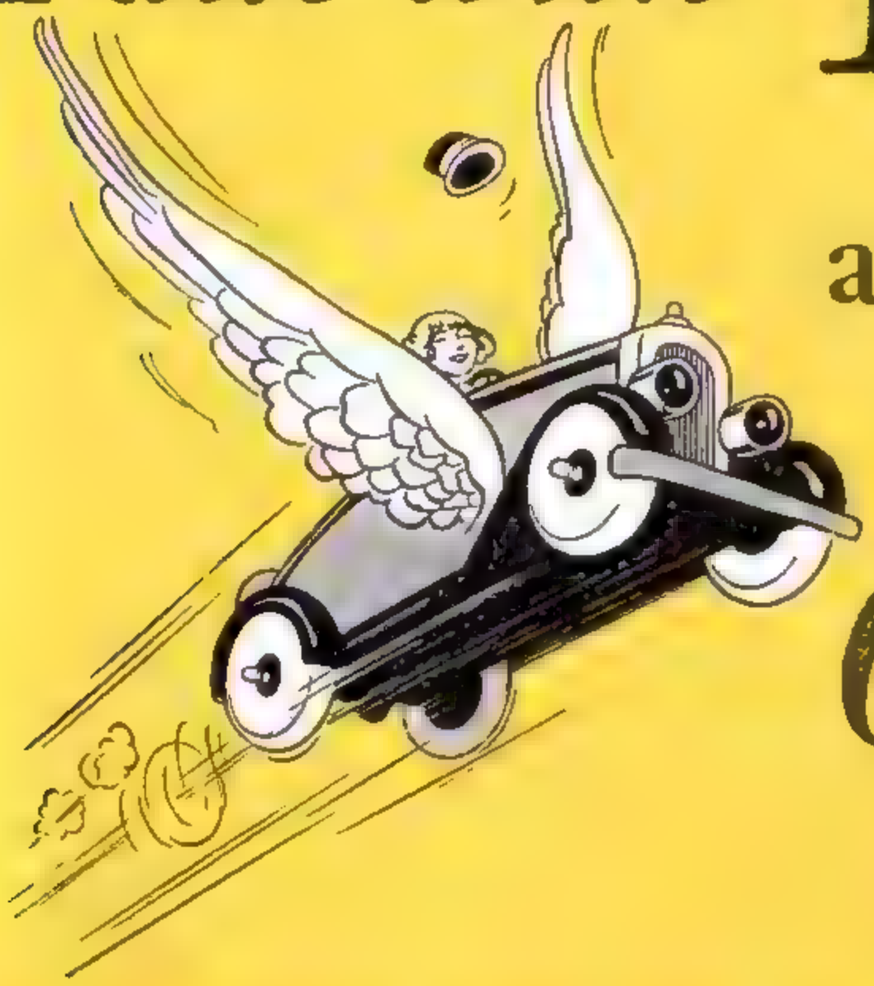

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ETHYL GASOLINE

(Continued from Page 118)

did not interest her. The result was a failure in both these important branches of human endeavor.

She tried scolding him. He only laughed.

"Go on, Joan, scold me some more. I love to watch you do it."

"Why can't you be serious?"

"I am. My intentions have been serious from the first."

"Oh, you make me so cross!"

"Good! I love to have you cross with me. It shows how deeply you care for me."

"You idiot! You're impossible!"

"You angel! You're lovely!"

"Look here, Pete, don't you want to get through?"

"Not especially. Why should I?"

"Because I want you to."

"Why? I dare you to tell me why."

"I got you into this hole; it's up to me to pull you out. I will not make another failure."

"You could easily make me succeed—you know how."

"Oh, I'm so fed up with all that stuff. For the last time, Pete, cut it out and get to work."

"Not till I know where I stand, Joan."

"Well, if you must know," she said, twinkling, "at the bottom of the class, Johnny Sinclair told me so."

"And how does Professor Sinclair stand?"

"Oh, Pete, please! Won't you study for my sake? Everything depends upon it."

"No, only for mine. What's in it for me?"

"You're selfish."

"You bet I am! I always was, I always will be—about you. Tell me the truth. Why are you so keen about getting me through, if it isn't for my selfish sake? It isn't for your selfish sake, is it? You're not thinking of going in for teaching next year, I hope."

"I detest teaching. I always did. Now more than ever. You're showing me what a failure I am. Go back to your room and study that chapter all over again."

She said nothing to Pete about being a candidate for the fellowship. It would only have distressed him unnecessarily. She had told him that she was not interested in it, but she could not explain why she was pretending to be. That would have excited him unfairly.

The next day: "Now, then, Pete, explain the terms 'extravert' and 'intravert.'"

"You're one and I'm the other. But I don't remember which is which. Why should I? What good will it do me in business?"

"But what is the difference between them?"

"About three feet—entirely too much."

"Oh, shut up! And sit down—over there."

He sat down—over there. "Well, what are you going to do next year?"

"Oh, I don't know. I may get a job selling bonds. Lots of your affected New York girls do that nowadays, I understand."

Pete smiled and nodded. "Some of our so-called smartest families. But why sell bonds?"

"For the same reason that you or anyone else would. We're awfully poor, Pete, and I've lived on the family long enough."

Pete slammed down the book and rose to his feet. "I've got an idea—a great idea! Quite an original idea! Did you ever think of getting married?"

"No. I've got too much self-respect to be dependent upon the bounty of some man. I'd rather teach than do that."

"Oh, but if you married the right sort, you could go to New York and become a great actress. Your husband wouldn't interfere with your career—not if he were the right sort, Joan."

"I've finished my career as an actress. It was a failure. You're going to have a written test tomorrow. Don't make me fail in this, Pete."

The written test did not speak very well for Joan's ability as a tutor. Even Professor Sinclair looked grave.

"Do you think my pupil can make the grade?" Joan asked.

The professor smiled down into her sweet, solicitous eyes. He was quite worried about her pupil himself, but he did not want her to know it. He was flattered by her apparent eagerness to win the privilege of working with him next year. This time, he observed, instead of clasping her hands, she put one on either cheek, and again looked at him as if he were God. He enjoyed observing these girlish motions and emotions. He believed in their being emotional. It is not woman's place to think. They were meant to feel—to feel excited about us. Otherwise they are not womanly.

"I'm sure your pupil will soon begin working hard. His type always postpones the supreme effort as long as possible. But it is too soon to tell whether he will pass the final examination."

"It would be terrible if he flunked—terrible."

"I'm glad you are so ambitious to succeed. Do you enjoy teaching, Joan?" He had got that far. He was calling her Joan. She nodded her head rapidly several times—another characteristic which interested him. "But some people are easier to teach than others, especially in psychology."

"Oh, you will win the fellowship. You must. But after that, I sometimes wonder what you ought to do." He wondered if the head of the department would approve of her as an instructor.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing." He suddenly arose from his seat and faced her. Then he turned and looked out of the window. "I don't suppose you ever thought of marriage as a career."

"Ever? All the time. Did you ever know a girl who didn't?"

Joan

He turned and shook his finger at her—his favorite professorial posture when lading out information to immature minds. "Do you know what you are?"

The little coed was startled—at least she seemed to be. "Do tell me what I am. You understand women so much better than they do themselves."

"You're not a modern girl at all. You are a true, old-fashioned woman, and I thought the breed was extinct."

She turned her face away as if abashed. "It isn't fair the way you always see through me. It's awful to be so transparent."

Well, he could not help that. It was his gift. And yet he did not want her to think of him merely as a psychologist, but as a man. To this innocent, guileless creature, he was only a god, after all. For weeks now he had been possessed with the thought of how interesting it would be to take this sweet, inexperienced girl in his arms and see her awaken there. He had read in books about their becoming awakened, but in life he had never done much awakening and he was crazy to try it. The trouble was that if he awakened her, he might have to marry her, and that wouldn't do at all. If he married anyone, it would be that rich regent's daughter. And yet it would be agreeable to have such a clever little wife. She could correct examination papers for him.

"Learning and even teaching are only incidental to the main object of your existence, little Joan."

"How true that is!" said the unawakened girl.

"Do you wish me to tell you more about yourself, Joan?" He came closer to her. His heart was beating so hard that it shook the lapels of his nice new spring suit.

"Ah, do," she said, going to the door—"after the examinations. I must prove first that I am a good teacher before I learn anything more about myself. Don't you think so, Professor Sinclair?"

The professor seemed to be swallowing something. "Yes, after commencement," he said. The regents and their families would attend commencement.

She had reached the door, and he crossed to open it for her. And again there came to him the intoxicating desire to take this unsuspecting little coed in his arms and awaken her. "I mustn't do this," he said to himself, standing between her and the door. "I mustn't."

Well, he didn't. He opened the door. "After commencement, Joan, I may have something interesting to tell you."

"Not unless Pete passes, though," said the enthusiastic young teacher. "I couldn't stand it if I failed. You mustn't let me fail. I'd never speak to you, look at you again—never!" And hurrying down the hall, she smiled and said to herself, "Poor fellow, he's so afraid I'll marry him."

By the time the final examinations were upon them, Joan had become completely convinced of the failure of coeducation. Pete, with his other responsibilities now cast off upon the shoulders of prominent juniors, was making his characteristic whirlwind finishes in the other courses; but in psychology, all through the term, he had continued to scowl and hate his professor, to laugh and love his tutor. He wanted to kick the one and kiss the other. And between the two, he had learned nothing. Moreover, that all-important examination was to be the last of the lot, and by that time, Joan feared, he would be too tired to make a whirlwind finish. There was a limit even to his remarkable powers of endurance.

She called upon the professor, and looking him reproachfully in the eye as if it were all his fault, demanded, "What are you going to do about it?"

The professor winced. Somehow he felt that it was his fault.

"I was discussing some of our doubtful cases with the head of the department. I told him what a brilliant paper your pupil had written at the mid-year examination."

"Then why didn't you pass him?" asked the coed.

Again the professor winced. "At any rate, I can conscientiously mark him more liberally this time. He has been so faithful in his attendance throughout the entire term." That was true. Pete had not been cutting his classes. She had accomplished that much. "And there is no one in any of my sections who listens to me with more absorbed interest. He never misses a word I say. Didn't you ever observe his intent expression in class?"

After a pause in which the little coed seemed to be blowing her pretty nose, she said, "No, professor, because, you see, I have been so intent myself."

"Yes, of course; but I think he has been working harder than you realize. You should give him credit for it, Joan. I'm afraid you are still prejudiced against him."

Even such an experienced actress as Joan could not successfully conceal all her girlish emotions. She looked surprised.

"Oh, but he has," the professor assured her. "His term grade proves it." And in order to convince the skeptical tutor, he ran over his card catalogue until he came to the record marked "Peter White, Jr." "You see, there is marked improvement."

Well, there was. The professor had marked it.

"I think he will scrape through," the professor said uneasily; "he has a chance."

"Well," said Joan severely, "I have certainly done all I can to put him through. The rest is up to you, Professor Sinclair."

She was severe also with Pete. To him she said, "Well, idiot, you are up against it. What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, don't worry about me," said the optimist. "I've gone over that damn prig's head."

"What are you talking about?"

"I wrote him a darn good paper at the mid-year, and he flunked me. I'm not going to let him do that again. I went to the head of the department himself. He's a good scout—like your father. He likes me. You know how decent he was during my unsuccessful drive for the honor system. Well, I asked him, as a farewell favor, to look up that old Blue Book of mine and see what he thought. I told him that Johnny had it in for me. And I have a hunch that he has it in for Johnny. Everybody hates Johnny. At any rate, my paper is going to be marked fairly this time."

"But, Pete, we don't want your paper to be marked fairly."

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh, nothing, but I'm afraid you've spoiled everything."

The next day Professor Sinclair summoned the candidate for the fellowship. She saw at once that something had happened. He was pacing the floor. "I've been preparing the examination questions." He walked over to his desk and covered some manuscripts thereon.

Joan said to herself, "Does he think that I would look at them?"

"You know I told you," the professor went on, "that I had consulted the head of the department about our doubtful cases. Well, he seems to have gained the impression somehow that I marked Peter White's paper at the mid-year examination too strictly. Perhaps I was a bit too conscientious that time."

"Ah, but you can make up for it this time."

The professor hesitated, and now that he had covered up the examination papers, he began pacing the floor again. "I think I ought to tell you at once that it will not be my privilege to mark your pupil's paper. The head of the department himself has decided to take a hand in grading the doubtful cases. That is sometimes done, you know."

Joan's last hope evaporated. Pete could not possibly pass.

"Oh," she cried, "then I have lost the fellowship!" And she turned away as if her heart were broken.

Impulsively, the professor rushed toward her, with arms outstretched, as if about to comfort her. But he dropped them again. "No, no, my dear child; it's going to be all right, I'm sure. Think what a wonderful paper he wrote for me last time. Perhaps he can do it again—surely he can do it again."

"He can't—he can't! No one can keep up his present pace, not even Pete. He can't get his degree, he can't get his job, he can't—that is, I mean I can't get my job next year."

"He has wonderful powers of concentration," said the professor. "He has proved that already."

"Yes, but he can't cover your whole subject in one night. Not even he can do that."

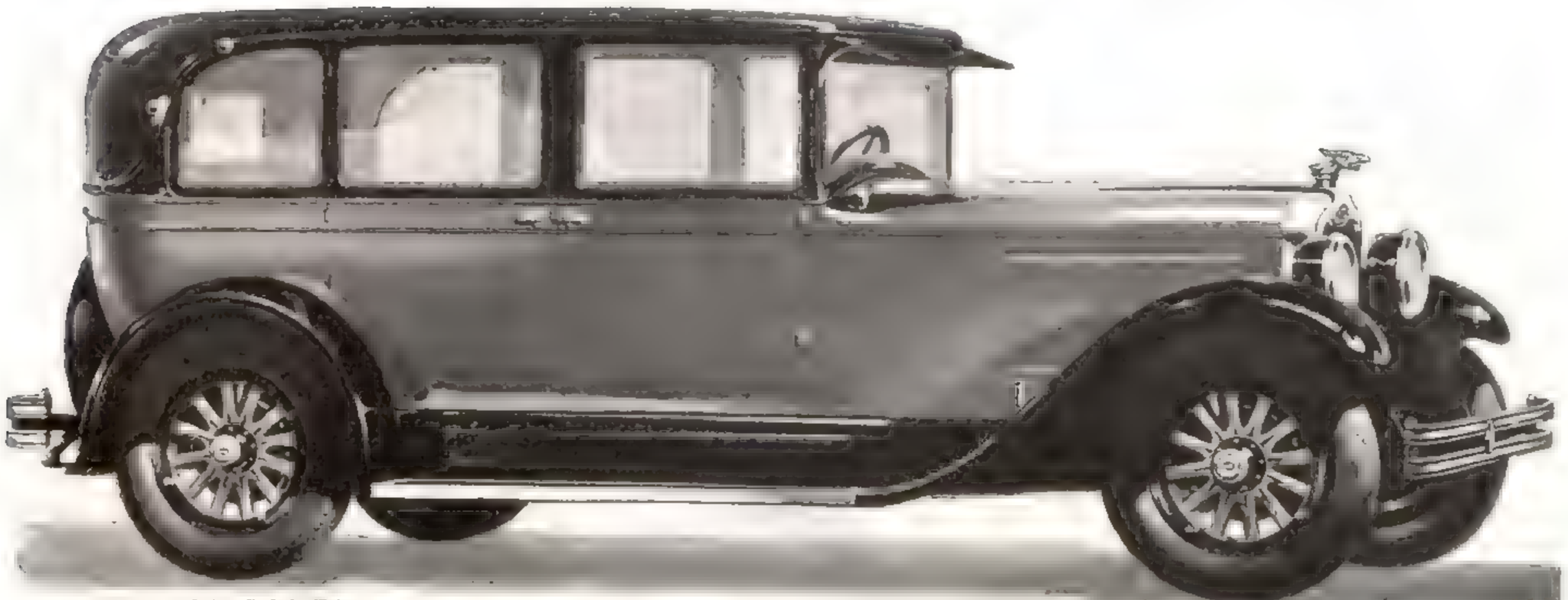
The professor glanced at the manuscript on his desk. Then he picked up the textbook, the one composed by himself and prescribed for his classes—also by himself. "Judging from his classroom work and the results of the written tests, your pupil seems much better prepared in certain parts of the work than others. For example, I should say that it was hardly necessary for him to review the first seventy-five pages of my book—or the last thirty-six, for that matter. Your opinion will concur with mine, I'm sure."

"If you want my frank opinion," said Joan, who, for the first time in her experience with this professor of psychology, was a lap behind him in psychological processes—"if you want my frank opinion, he is not up in any of it and cannot possibly pass, no matter how hard he works."

"Don't say that. You mustn't. Don't say it to him, at any rate. Remember what you have learned in my course about the

(Continued on Page 124)

THE ALL-AMERICAN SIX



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PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 121)

power of mental suggestion. That, by the way, is one of the subjects that I have long felt he has been remiss in. He must study that chapter carefully. Then, too, there are certain other salient chapters in the book which I feel, from my observation of him, that he should concentrate upon. For example, I should feel more hopeful of his passing the examination if he mastered Chapter 27."

"Oh, you mean the one about the inner strata of energy," said Joan, brightening up. "He's interested in that subject. He has a lot of those inner strata himself."

"Yes. Then, too, there are certain general principles of psychology which every student should master. They are rather ably summarized, if I do say so myself, in Chapter 31."

"That's the one about rationalizing our fears, prejudices and desires," said Joan.

"How well you know my book!" The professor allowed himself a smile. "I think Chapter 52 is also important, don't you?"

Joan made no audible comment, although she knew—or perhaps it was because she knew—that Chapter 52 included an interesting passage on What We Mean by a Sense of Honor.

The professor was looking out of the window now, and Joan was looking at the back of his head and wondering what was going on inside of it. Probably the professor did not quite realize it himself. If he ever did later, it might make an interesting new chapter for the revised edition of his notable book on psychology.

"Of course, if you tell me to do so," the girl said at last, "I'll advise my pupil to concentrate upon those salient chapters."

"I always advise my students to concentrate upon their weakest points," said the professor.

"Thank you," said Joan, going to the door. "We all have our weak points."

"Good luck to your pupil," he called after her.

"Well!" she said to herself as she walked down the hall. "But I'll have to follow orders. If they won't let us have the honor system, I suppose I'll have to use the dishonor system. What else can those who know too much about human nature expect?"

"All right," said Pete, "all right. I always do as you tell me. But where did you get that word 'salient'?"

"Oh, I know lots of things you don't know. Now beat it to your room and tie a wet towel around your head."

"Don't worry about me. I'm going to write a darn good paper."

And he did.

"Gosh! It was a cinch," said Pete, strutting in to report to his tutor. "Best paper I ever wrote. You're a grand teacher. But say, how did you get that hunch? You must be a mind reader."

"No, I'm one of those obvious, transparent, unromantic modern females who don't know how to handle their hereditary foes."

"What the deuce are you talking about?"

"About psychology. What do I usually talk to you about?"

VII

COMMENCEMENT seemed to be noise, heat, blare, bands; parades, proms, house parties; old grads, new ones; pretty girls, plain ones; mothers, fathers, flowers; alumni and alumnæ; class reunions and liquor; academic processions, academic gowns, academic guff; orations, announcements and the valedictory address. Then several hundred youths and maidens were ushered out into the world with nice little diplomas for conquering it.

Well, Pete's name was among those read out before the multitude as having won the degree of bachelor of arts. He had made up his back work and passed his final examinations—all of them, even the one in psychology. It was a great achievement, and his father had come on to witness his triumph.

But this great moment in the life of Peter White, Jr., to which he had looked forward so long and for which he had worked so hard, was transformed, within the space of three seconds, from the glory of victory to the tragedy of despair. Joan Martin was announced as the successful candidate for the fellowship, and in that moment of clear vision—no, three seconds—Pete lost all faith in woman, and that is a terrible way to begin life.

He saw why she had made him work so hard. "Everything depends on it," she had said. It was to win the fellowship. She had solemnly told him that she did not want it, that it would bore her. All along she must have planned to return and work next year with that despicable professor. That accounted for her coldness while she tutored him. That explained her evasive answers to his questions about her future. He had been duped and deceived by the woman he had trusted and adored.

"Well, boy," said his father, "you've got it, and it does you great credit. But I never expected you to—especially at a coeducational plant." He laughed to cover his pride and gratification. "I still don't know how it happened."

"Neither did I," mumbled his namesake, "until this morning."

"Well, you needn't look so mad about it. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the boy. "I merely made a mistake—that's all."

"What the devil are you talking about, Pete?"

"You could never understand. Come on, we've got to lunch at the Martins', you know."

"Got to?" That was a clew, and before luncheon was finished, the keen-eyed old man understood some of it.

Pete had congratulated Joan with great dignity. He told her he was glad that she had won what she wanted and wished her great success. He thought he was doing it very well, and got a certain cold kick out of it. He said he would be obliged to excuse himself early to attend to his packing.

"I'm leaving tonight for the East, with father," he said.

That was news to his father, who said nothing, but was learning much.

The girl was also dignified, and expressed the opinion that it would be very pleasant for both of them to travel East together.

Mr. White, looking on, could hardly keep his face straight. Pete did not see that. He did not even observe the inquiring glances of the Martins. He thought of nothing but his own suffering. A servant announced that Professor Sinclair wished to speak to Miss Martin on the telephone. Joan and that man Sinclair!

Gradually he perceived, through the mist of misery, that his father seemed very much interested in this heartless girl who had destroyed his son's faith in woman. Mr. White suggested after luncheon that she take him about the campus and show him the sights.

"Of course!" thought Pete. "He has fallen for her." But then everyone did—all ages, both sexes. "If they only knew her as she really is!" he thought.

Joan seemed to like the old man at once. She said that she would be charmed to take a walk with him.

"Don't forget, darling," said Mrs. Martin, "that Mr. Sinclair is driving you to the tea at the country club."

"She won't forget," thought Pete. "If I don't see you again, Joan—why—good-by."

"Oh, but you will. You're dining with us this evening."

"'Fraid not. I'll have to hustle with my packing."

"Oh, yes, he will," said the old man. "Come on, Joan. Don't bother with him." And she walked out of his life forever with his father. What a strange way for the love of your life to walk out of it!

Later in the afternoon, the old man dropped in at the room and took the same seat he had occupied on the occasion of another and very different call, and watched his namesake packing furiously. Finally, finishing his cigar, he said, "Well, boy, so far as I can make out, you haven't even learned anything about women in this coeducational institution."

Pete paused in his packing and gave his father a pitying look. Fathers never know anything about girls. How can they? They're too old. She must have arrived at the country club with that man Sinclair by this time. He would never see her again.

"Far be it from me to contradict you," said Pete, trying to recapture the casual smile of a previous occasion, "but I elected a pretty heavy schedule in that branch of knowledge at my dear old alma mater, and I've done considerable optional work outside of regular hours." Then he added bitterly, "I know enough about women, thank you, to last me a lifetime."

"Is that so?" asked his father. "Well, I'm always misjudging you. For my part, I'm just beginning to appreciate coeducation. That little Martin girl, for example. I'll take back what I said about your classmate. She's no peach. She's an angel and a darling, and if I were in your place I'd go and tell her so."

"I did once—when I thought she was."

"Oh, you don't think she is any more? Well, of course you understand such matters better than I, but I don't entirely agree with you."

"That shows how little you know about it," said Pete, and turned to his trunk again.

The old man let him pack a while and took one of Pete's cheap cigarettes, having exhausted the supply of his own cigars.

"What's the matter with her, Pete?"

"That's a question I'd rather not discuss with you, sir."

"I don't blame you—and I don't want you to. Discuss it with her."

"I don't care to discuss anything with her ever again."

"Bad as that, eh?"

"Oh, I know she looks good to you. She pulled the wool over your eyes as she did over mine. But I've learned my lesson. I'm through with women."

"Well, now, that's too bad," said his father. "I don't suppose you'd care to tell me about it?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't. It's too painful." And then, to his own surprise, he did tell a little about it—even to his own father. He had never guessed it would come to that—discussing the girl question with his own father. It showed how desperate he was. Finally he actually heard himself saying, "I want your advice. Suppose you were in my place, what would you do?"

"I once asked your advice, Pete, sitting right here in this same chair. I've never forgotten your reply. I liked it. I'll give you the same answer. Tell that woman to go to hell."

Pete looked up. Apparently his father was serious. "She had no right to make a fool of you, and you would be an idiot to stand for it. You're no longer a boy—you're a man—a college graduate. It's beneath your dignity. I wouldn't let a woman treat me that way, if I were you, and get away with it. There are some things that a man can't stand—and oughtn't to. Don't take it lying down. Go and tell her what you think of her. Give her the devil. Tell her to go to hell."

"Do you really think I ought to do that?"

"Certainly I do. I wouldn't respect you if you didn't. Neither would she. Show her that you're not a man to be trifled with. I'll finish your packing. Go and tell her now, before it's too late."

"I believe you're right," said Pete. "I will. I'm not going to let anybody treat me that way."

"Good! That's the way to talk!" And as Pete hurried down the stairs, the old man leaned back in his chair and laughed.

Pete had to wait until Doctor Sinclair's smart roadster brought her back. Waiting is such agony. But the psychologist drove away again at once.

"Oh," said Joan, "I didn't expect to see you here."

Pete said, "How do you do?" But somehow he didn't feel like telling her to go to hell, exactly. Perhaps, as in his father's own case, some months earlier, the real trouble was that he didn't want her to go to hell. He decided to give her a chance. Like his father, he would be generous and forgive her, if he could. "Look here, Joan, before I say good-by to you forever, I think it only fair to give you an opportunity to explain."

"Oh, do you? How generous of you! To explain that if it weren't for me you would not have got your degree or your job?"

"I've already thanked you for that. You needn't remind me of it. What I want to know is why you worked me. You told me once that you detested teaching, that the fellowship would bore you."

"Oh, well, I've got to do something, haven't I? And we all learn to like what we can do well. Anyone who could get you through college must be a born teacher. Professor Sinclair says so."

"We'll leave him out of this discussion," said Pete with great dignity.

"If it weren't for him I would never have had a chance to tutor you."

"I'll admit that you have taught me a great deal about psychology," Pete went on bitterly—"a great deal that is not in books. I suppose you enjoyed it."

"Yes; didn't you?"

"I did at the time. I don't now. You persuaded me to study by letting me hope and believe ——"

"—— that you would get your diploma and your job. Well, you've got them. What more do you want?"

"Tell me the truth, Joan. Did you or did you not deceive me?"

There was a pause.

"Yes—if you want to put it that way."

"And you're keeping something back from me now?"

"Yes. I might as well be honest about it. I've been deceiving you for some time."

"You dare say that to my face?"

She bowed her head. "Your father said I mustn't let you go away deceived."

"Oh, Joan, how could you? You know why I came here to college—you made me. You know why I cut out boozing and petting—you made me. You made me amount to something. You made a man of me. You even made a student of me. And now —— Oh, Joan, how could you play upon my love for you?"

"Did I do all that?"

"You know you did."

"Then it seems to me I've done enough. It's time you did something for yourself. Oh, Pete, Pete, don't make me do it all! I can't ask you to marry me. I'd like to, but I haven't learned how. I'm only a coed."

A reasonable suggestion, and Pete, as usual, took her advice.

In the course of time, they came part way back to earth again.

"But how about that fellowship?" he asked.

"I've resigned. I just told Johnny so. I learned enough about psychology to land a better job."

"You mean me?"

"My, no! I landed you long ago. I've got a place in the bond department of a friend's bank in New York."

"Who's your friend?"

"Peter White, Sr."

(THE END)

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ONE WONDERFUL LESSON

(Continued from Page 13

acting just reasonably decent to Bob Lambert. And some day you will find out that old friends are the best friends and that a lot of your new friends are not worth the powder to blow them up."

Having said this, she began to cry and hurried on down the street.

Though I was sorry to see the way Geneva looked at things, I did not waste any time moaning over her attitude. I did not have to; I was out every night and enjoying myself.

The boss, a great fan for all kinds of sports, had raised my salary, saying, "Norman, we are certainly glad to have red blood in this concern. If you put the same punch and nerve into your work that you have proved is yours, you are scheduled for the top and there is no stopping you."

A vaudeville agent in Chicago had written asking if I would consider a stage career, and stating that an investment of a few hundred dollars would soon net me thousands. And one night at Sam's pool parlor there was actually a fight because two fellows got sore at each other while crowding up to hear me tell my story.

Everywhere I went I would be slapped on the back and parties would say, "Norman, you are sure one nervy kid. You have got the stuff. There is no comparing your feat with what Bob Lambert did. I suppose you have heard that after going to Chicago and trying to get a job as a professional lifesaver, Bob is back again and working at his old job. That is all he is good for, the big bum."

I often wished that Fulbert would wake up out of his semiconscious state and give his personal account of all that had happened, because I often felt a modest feeling when telling my own story, though I rarely added anything which had not actually taken place. But while Doctor Porrit's diagnosis was encouraging, Fulbert continued in a semiconscious condition, never speaking more than one or two words at a time. Thus, when it came to publicity, I was obliged to rely on myself. And I did the best I could.

The climax of my popularity was reached at the Annual Charity Bazaar, where one of the ladies asked me to come and exhibit my photographs, gloves and other apparatus for ten cents admission, and every time a group got inside my booth I was to tell the story of my feat. On the last night of the bazaar a crowd blew in from the Belmore Country Club. They were a little teed up, but after listening to my story they had me write my name with an appropriate sentiment on various cards, for which they paid the bazaar five dollars apiece.

"Well, Norman," said Doctor Porrit as I left the hall at 10:30, "how do you enjoy being a celebrity? Have you had enough of the glare of publicity or do you want a little more of this famous stuff?"

"Doctor," I replied, "I can truthfully say I am well pleased with what has happened and I am glad I became famous, because I like it fine."

"Norman," he said, with a peculiar expression about his spectacles, "I remember your telling me once that you had always wanted a university education."

"Yes," I stated, "that was my ambition."

"Perhaps you will never have a university education, Norman, but you are going to be educated just the same. You have sent in a prepaid request for one wonderful lesson and you are going to get it."

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"Just what I say, Norman. And when you recover from the effects and understand what it means to be really educated, you will ejaculate: 'Doctor Porrit, I would not trade that wonderful lesson I have just received for a hundred thousand dollars cash in the hand.'"

I was all confused, not knowing just how serious to take him. "Where will I get this lesson, doctor?"

"Right where you live, Norman—right where you live."

"And what will it cost?" I continued, kidding him along.

"All you have, Norman, but it will be worth it and then some. And you are going to get this wonderful lesson a little bit sooner than ordered, as a result of the condition of your friend Fulbert Harringwell."

"Is he worse, doctor? I have called every day and they always told me he was getting better."

"He was and he is. He emerged from his state of coma at 7:30 this evening, and he is now busy trying to remember what happened, with interesting results. Did you ever see anybody thrown to the wolves, Norman?"

"No," I answered; "at least not that I can remember."

"That is a good thing, Norman, because, unless all signs are misleading, you are going to be thrown to the wolves yourself, and if you had ever seen it happen you might feel a bit discouraged at the prospect."

III

THOUGH it was nearly eleven o'clock, I made up my mind to go over and see Fulbert right off and find out just what Doctor Porrit meant.

As I turned in at the Harringwells' front walk a couple of fellows who were leaving the house said, "Hello, Norman; have you seen Fulbert?"

"No," I said, "but I am on my way."

"He has something to tell you," was the response as, without waiting to answer my questions, they walked off laughing.

Fulbert was sitting up in bed eating a baked apple.

"Hello, Norman. I just woke up a couple of hours ago the same as if I had come out of a long dream. By the way, what happened to us that night, anyhow?"

"Do you mean after the flash-light powder exploded?"

"I don't remember that at all. All I remember is standing at the top of the cliff and saying I would like a few explanations and then—blooey!"

"Listen, Fulbert, you certainly remember seeing me climb down the cliff, because we had a long conversation after I got to the ledge, and anyhow, you must remember something about those two snapshots you took at the top. I can show you those photos myself. They prove you took them."

"They prove somebody took them," he stated, laying down his spoon. "Yes, they sure prove somebody took them. Personally, all I remember is asking for a few explanations and then everything is blank. By the way, if you found me unconscious at the bottom of the cliff, how did it happen that the ambulance picked me up at the top?"

"Because I thought if the ambulance came by the river road and went back the same way it would be too rough for you. That is why I packed you up by the side trail."

"You packed me all the way up?"

"Yes."

"Without anybody helping you?"

"Yes."

He looked at me for a minute and then said, "Ma, how about another baked apple?"

"Fulbert," I said, "make a little effort. Try to think. Don't you remember how I started to go down from the ledge and how you said ——"

"Norman, you could talk like that all night and it's God's truth I wouldn't remember any more than I've told you. 'I would like a few explanations,' I said at the top of the cliff and then blooey! It was just as if somebody had socked me on the head with a sandbag."

I tried to elucidate a little more, but Mrs. Harringwell, coming with the apple, practically forced me out of the room.

Needless to say I was sorry to find Fulbert in that frame of mind, but I did not realize how quick base suspicions would spread or how serious would be their effect, until noon the next day, when I called up the boss and told him I was sick. In a way this was a fact, because I had hardly slept the night previous.

"Norman," said the boss, "this makes the third time in two weeks you have been sick on full pay. Evidently the mental strain of faking that cliff business must have been severe. We are beginning to feel you are an imaginative genius, Norman, and what you ought to do is to write plots for the movies, and as far as this office is concerned from now on you are free to do it. Ask the cashier for your envelope." And he hung up.

This was the first shock, but it was only the beginning, because from then on things went worse and worse. When I called up a girl for a date she was always busy. When I showed up at Sam's place some loafer would start crawling under a pool table and yelling, "Don't hit me, Norman; I haven't got a camera." And then a conversation would start about whether the best way to knock a man out was with a loaded rubber hose or an old sock with sand in it.

I will ask the kind indulgence of the reader for not describing in detail the next few weeks of my life, which were certainly about as trying as any time anybody ever passed anywhere.

Being now without a job I thought for a while I would just as soon leave Pleasant Point altogether and go where a man who had accomplished a feat of daring would be appreciated at his true value. But when I wrote the vaudeville agent in Chicago stating I would be glad to accept his generous offer if he would put up the initial five hundred himself, I not being able to provide same, he did not answer. And when I wrote to the Milwaukee paper offering to write a piece in my own words about the feat, they did not answer either. Nor did the state university, to whom I wrote saying that in return for a good education I would take part in their athletic activities and charge only the lowest price consistent with decent living expenses.

Day by day the bank account got lower. Once I tried to start a little business by offering to take visitors out to Indian Cliff for a dollar a head, which would include a free lecture on how I accomplished my feat. But only one party accepted, and when we reached the spot he refused to pay a cent, explaining he had thought I was presenting, in veiled language, a bootlegging proposition.

But the final blow came from a scientist who lectured in Pleasant Point on mountain climbing. Somebody showed this scientist Indian Cliff and asked if, in his opinion, a young man without experience could make this descent at night using hands and feet only.

"No," he replied, "it would take a skilled mountaineer; and he would need an alpenstock, plenty of rope, and lots of daylight."

On being told this the principal of the high school said that science could not lie, and thus that what the scientist had said was the truth and he was very sorry, as he had always thought I was an estimable young man.

Next morning, when I met the superintendent of the Sunday school, he turned away as though not seeing me.

"What is the matter, Mr. Melpus?" I asked, stepping in front of him.

"Norman," was the answer, in a severe voice, "when I believed in you I rejoiced in your success, but lately I have been forced to admit to myself that your reputed adventure was either a dream or a lie. And I want nothing whatever to do, Norman, either with dreamers or liars."

That afternoon at Sam's, when I started to explain my side of the case and why the

(Continued on Page 128)

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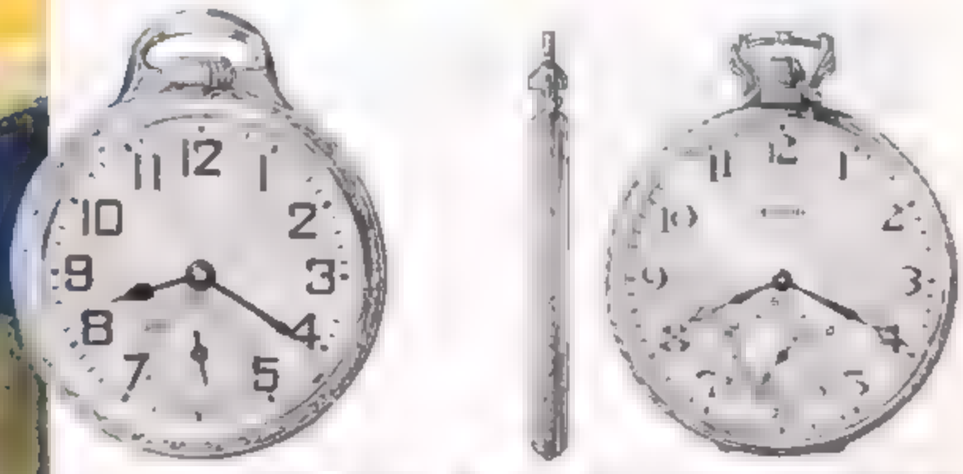

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THE ORIGINAL "STUFT" CANDIES—OFTEN IMITATED BUT NEVER EQUALED

(Continued from Page 126)

alleged mountain-climbing expert was wrong, Sam said, "Listen, Norman, and take this from a friend: Everybody has heard your story and nobody believes it. If you want to tell it again go outside and tell it to the birdies."

"If I walk out of this place, Sam," I responded in a firm voice, "I will never walk back again."

"You will get a unanimous vote of thanks," was Sam's comment. "And as another bit of friendly advice, the next time you climb down any cliffs, try it in daylight and before witnesses. It will do you more good."

This criticism, or rather this suggestion, made by Sam had occurred to me independently some time before. But as often as I had thought of once again tackling Indian Cliff cold shivers had run up and down my spinal column.

There was a reason.

At the moment when I accomplished my feat I had passed six weeks doing the hardest kind of training and my muscles and nerves were in perfect condition. But more important than these was the way I felt. I had gone into the business because Bob Lambert had cut me out and because I was therefore desperate and did not care two cents whether I lived or died. In addition to my own feelings, I knew I had the public sentiment backing me up, since a lot of prominent people about town were being rubbed the wrong way by seeing Bob put on airs and act the same as if he had really done something.

Now, as a result of sitting up nights, smoking too much, and quitting all exercise, I was no longer in good condition. Instead of scoffing at life and death, I had changed entirely and had, in fact, become rather partial to the idea of living. As for the public sentiment, as much as same had previously been for me it was now turned completely about and jabbing me at every turn.

People that a couple of weeks before had been slapping me on the back were now repeating stories of how I had lured Fulbert Harringwell to the top of Indian Cliff and sandbagged him in order to steal his watch. And one party who, the day after the feat, had successfully borrowed ten dollars off me, was whispering to all and sundry that I had come to Pleasant Point after serving a two-year sentence at Waupun, the result of trying to poison my grandmother. And the only foundation for this black lie was the fact that I had been brought up in the city of Waupun, where my father was a respected employe in one of the leading banks.

Everybody, even including girls I had taken to shows and dinners, seemed to be down on me. People who passed me on the street would say, "Hello, Norman; how was the climbing last night? Lots of dew on the rocks?"

And even Fulbert Harringwell demeaned himself to remark, "Let me know when you pull your next stunt, Norman. I have bought a football helmet and taken out a life-insurance policy, so I'm all set." After supporting these and similar Smart Aleck cracks, sometimes it did not seem to me that I had enough nerve left to slide down the banisters.

And, in addition to all this, every time I looked at my savings-bank book I got weak and had to hold onto a chair, because the amount of cash left therein was less than ten dollars.

On leaving Sam's place I had strolled over to River Park and, seated on a bench, was mulling over the situation and probably looking as discouraged as I felt, when a cheerful voice said, "Well, Norman, how is the world treating you?"

It was Doctor Porrit.

IV

IN A FEW words I told him how my feelings were being outraged. "And the worst of it is," I said, "I actually did climb down Indian Cliff. I did it at midnight, using only Nature's tools."

The doctor seated himself on the bench beside me.

"I don't doubt your word, Norman, but other people do."

"They are sore," I said bitterly, "because I became famous."

"Those are the truest words your lips have ever uttered, Norman. Nothing revolts humanity more than to see a boob neighbor become famous. If only he were a resident of Peking or Suez, it wouldn't be so bad. It is the fact that we know him personally that hurts. We may admire him some, but we hate him a lot more. And when anything happens to justify our feelings, we are right on the job, ready to give him the razz or a good swift kick in the pants, depending on whether he has been knocked conscious or unconscious. And we are all like that except a few hypocrites who are a lot worse."

I said something, but not very plain.

The doctor put his hands in his pockets. "It is a bad business, Norman, this becoming famous. Take your own case. You were considered one of the model young men of the community, with many friends, a growing bank account, and a nice girl willing to share your life. And now you admit yourself that there is no Santa Claus."

"I climbed down Indian Cliff at midnight," I repeated between gritted teeth.

"I am sure you did, Norman, and as a result you have received one wonderful lesson, and if you are only willing to profit by it you will find it better than a university education. Nobody passes through life, Norman, without getting at least one of these wonderful lessons, and I am glad to say I have had mine."

Doctor Porrit leaned back on the bench.

"When I was a lad of eighteen I decided to become famous myself. My father was a doctor, but what pleased him more than any compliment on his medical skill was when people said, 'What muscles you have, doctor! I believe you could give our young men of today cards and spades and then beat them.'

"It was my father's privilege as well as his pleasure to take me out in the woodshed every morning for a few brisk minutes with the boxing gloves. One morning some months before my nineteenth birthday I decided I would surprise the good old man, and I did.

"'Where did you learn that right uppercut?' he asked, when he had finally picked himself up out of the kindling.

"'Father,' I said, 'I am going to tell you the truth. About six months ago I began taking up boxing seriously at the Rover Athletic Club. I learned so fast that almost from the start I have had to pull my punches to avoid injuring you, and during the last three months I have been fighting in the preliminaries at the R. A. C. under the name of Battling Lannigan. And for the next semi-wind-up I am going to be featured in a bout with Kid Peanuts from Chicago. Mitt me, dad—mitt me.'

"I can still remember the look of admiration and other emotions that crossed his face while I made these revelations.

"'Oh,' he said, 'so under the name of Battling Lannigan you are going to fight Kid Peanuts in the semi-wind-up.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'and instead of attending medical school, I am going to make my profession the squared circle, where I have already become famous locally.'

"'Already famous locally,' he repeated, tearing away with his teeth at the lacings of his glove.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I can claim without exaggeration that I am already famous locally.'

"'Well, then,' said the good old man, 'whether you decide to go to medical school or not, the time has come when you can appreciate the blessings of an education and I am going to start yours this morning with a wonderful lesson.'

"So saying and without wasting any more words, he shucked off his right glove and grabbed out of the corner a soap-premium picture entitled Playing Grandma

(Continued on Page 131)

The improved Shaler Patch especially designed for Balloon tires is the result of months of study by Shaler chemists in collaboration with the experimental departments of two of the largest tire companies. It stands the constant flexing of low pressure tires without effect and, of course, provides a new margin of performance on high pressure tires where the service is less severe.

It *can't* PULL OFF— *It's Vulcanized*

TRY it! Put a Shaler Patch on some old tube. Tug on it with a pair of pliers until something gives. That "something" will be the tube. The patch *can't* come off—it's *vulcanized* in place—*welded* with heat.

Think what such a patch means in saving your tires—and saving you trouble. It stops tire damage at its source. Patches that can't come off preserve the pressure in your tires—protect them against the ravages of under-inflation. By keeping your tubes like new, Shaler Patches keep your tires constantly dependable.

This strikes home with any motorist—a saving in money, a saving in time, and a saving in trouble. But it's only half of the story. The Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer is, as well, the simplest, safest, and easiest means of fixing punctures. It's always ready for use. All you need is a match. No gasoline—no muss. More than 65 million times last year, motorists fixed their punctures this better way.

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5 MINUTE VULCANIZER

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To make a repair, you simply clamp a Shaler Patch-&-Heat Unit over the puncture, light the fuel, give it five minutes to cool; then unscrew the clamp and throw the little fuel pan away. That's all. No gasoline—no muss. The repaired tube is as good as new and ready for immediate use.

Shaler Outfit complete including Vulcanizer, Tire Roughener, one dozen improved Patch-&-Heat Units and complete instructions for repairing rubber goods of all kinds, $1.50.

Extra Patch-&-Heat Units, per dozen, 75c.

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WHEN summer suns are burning hot, then's the test of bathroom facilities. . . . *A* insists on a minimum of two baths a day. *B* wants her bath when she wants it. *C* likes to loll luxuriously, by the hour, in the brimming cool. . . . Just *one more* bathroom makes an unbelievable difference—and is easy to have—in most houses. A five-by-six space; a modest investment which makes your house much more valuable; Kohler Plumbing Fixtures for highest quality at no higher cost—and there you are! Ask your plumber about the graceful, beautiful fixtures that are signed with the name "Kohler" fused in superb and spotless enamel. And write for Booklet E.

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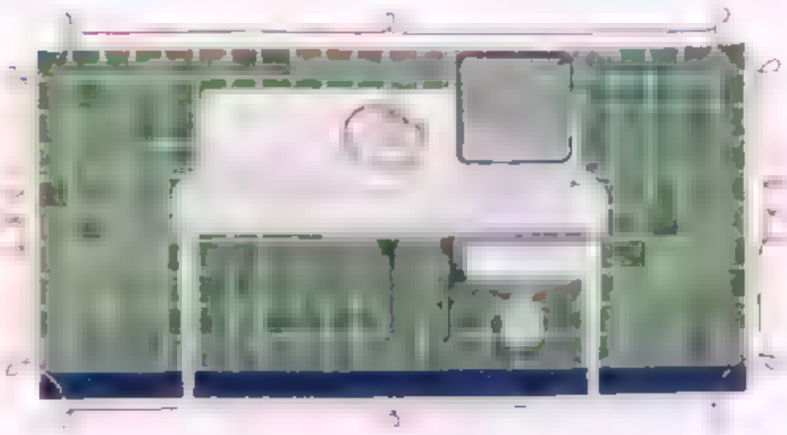
The Kohler Electric Sink washes dishes gleamingly, hygienically clean, at the pressure of a button. The best servant of the "Electric Twenties"—the modern sink, electrified!



Made in several styles, there is a Kohler Electric Sink for your kitchen. Your own plumber will install it—on convenient payments. Write for descriptive booklet

THE KOHLER ELECTRIC SINK

(Continued from Page 128)

and entirely surrounded by a substantial oak frame."

"Why did your father pick up the soap-premium picture entitled Playing Grandma?" I asked as the doctor paused.

"Because, Norman, it was the only adequate educational implement he could lay his hands on. By the time he finished that wonderful lesson I had made up my mind that if I ever had to become famous again, I would do it in some obscure way far from the spotlight of publicity and that I would never tell anybody about it. Nothing fails like success, Norman, when it makes you famous too fast. It is too bad human nature is that way, but that is the way it is."

"I climbed down Indian Cliff at midnight," I remarked after a moment.

"I am sure you did, Norman, but that is where you and I stand alone. So if I were you I think I should stop talking about the matter altogether and let the public turn its valuable attention elsewhere. Later on, when truth crushed to earth rises again, maybe Pleasant Point will once more make a hero of you. Think it over."

After Doctor Porrit left me I passed a minute thinking, and it was one of the bitterest minutes of my life. But his words had made an impression and I could see that, however unfair to myself, in a certain way what he had said was the truth. And I had just started home with the full intention of beginning life over and in the future never mentioning Indian Cliff unless asked about same, when I ran into Geneva Werle.

"Oh, Norman," she said, without any introduction whatever, "I have something I must say to you."

There were tears in her eyes, and when I tried to dodge, she moved first.

"You know I am your friend, Norman, and you must listen to me. Norman, why don't you be frank and tell the whole truth? Admit you never climbed down Indian Cliff and that it was just a practical joke. Explain what really happened and I am sure everybody will forgive you and people will stop saying the terrible things that are now being repeated all over town."

There were a couple of seconds when I did not know whether I would be able to control myself or not. What I wanted to do most was to pick up a rock and heave it through the nearest plate-glass window. It made me boil to think that after having risked my neck in the interests of the American public everybody, including Geneva Werle, should turn around and call me a liar and worse. Right then and there I said to myself, "This is too much, and it is the last insult I will stand for."

"Miss Werle," I said aloud, "I have told the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and I am not only going to stick to it but I am going to prove it. Tomorrow is Saturday. There is a Sunday-school picnic at Indian Cliff Park. Well, I will not only be there, but in the presence of all who wish to see the feat I will descend Indian Cliff for the second time."

"Norman," she said, with a little frightened cry, "for my sake, please don't do anything so ridiculous."

"My mind is made up, Miss Werle," I responded in an icy voice. And having said this I walked on past her and down the street as though she did not exist.

I will state freely that I did not sleep that night nor was I able to close my eyes during the next day. I did not even have the energy or nerve to walk out and look once more at Indian Cliff or recall to my memory the details of the path I had worked out. I merely hung around in my room using up cigarettes and matches and waiting for the hour to come.

At five minutes to four, when, after a last drag, I reached the picnic grounds and the Sunday school I was unpleasantly surprised to see, away down below at the base of the cliff, a gang of about a hundred and fifty loafers gathered around an ambulance. Twenty-four hours of a cigarette diet had not made me feel any too good and this spectacle made me feel worse.

By a strong effort of will I fought off the tobacco taste that kept rising in my mouth, and turning my back to the cliff, I faced the Sunday school and Mr. Melpus on the other side of the guard rail.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, after swallowing a couple of times, "I am about to repeat for your approval the feat which I previously performed here at midnight, and I will ask any skeptic present to kindly come forward and search me to see I carry no apparatus of any kind except Nature's tools. And I will further state that I am prepared to forfeit five thousand dollars to anyone who will prove that my former descent was not made fair and square. Furthermore, I will state there are certain knockers in this town who are going to be smoked out ——"

That was as far as I got. I had hardly pronounced the two words "smoked out" when it seemed as if all those cigarettes I had been inhaling jumped up simultaneously and smacked me in the face. To save myself from falling I took two steps backward.

I remember hearing a gasp from the Sunday school as my left leg shot over the edge, and I remember trying to grab at the dried grass and little pebbles as they slid past me. And that is the last thing I do remember, except the wind whistling in my ears.

V

MY NEXT recollection is becoming aware that my eyes had been open for a long time and that I was looking up at a white ceiling.

"Well, Norman," said a familiar voice, "how does the young scholar feel this P.M.?"

Turning my head slightly I saw Doctor Porrit. He was sitting beside my bed in a small room that seemed to be all full of flowers and baskets of fruit and similar dainties.

"Did I get down the cliff?" I asked in a weak voice.

"As far as the ledge, Norman, you went down flying. It was one of the most rapid descents ever seen in these parts. They had to send in the alarm for our local fire laddies to get you up to the top again."

I waited a minute until I had recovered from my disappointment, and then I asked, "Who sent all this stuff in?"

"I will not attempt to deceive you, Norman. There has been a tremendous reaction in your favor. The flowers and fruit and frosted cakes come mostly from various local organizations and private persons who have felt an interest in your case. That history is the gift of the principal of the high school, and the book on how to know the trees and the flowers comes from Mr. Melpus. A committee of prominent citizens has subscribed a hundred dollars to help you in your present emergency and your old employer says your job is waiting for you if you are capable of filling it. The boys at Sam's sent you this box of cigars and the carton of cigarettes. Fulbert Harringwell is worried to death over your accident and is going around looking like a sick rooster. And there is a tearful young lady waiting outside this door who I have every reason to believe is Geneva Werle."

"Well," I said, "do they all believe now I climbed down Indian Cliff at midnight?"

"Once more I will not attempt to deceive you, Norman. They believe nothing of the kind. But the double fracture of the right leg and the three broken ribs have made them feel that you are no longer an exceptional character, but just folks once more. The story has spread that when the flash light exploded it not only knocked Fulbert unconscious, but at the same time it blew you into a temporarily dotty state during which you were not responsible for your words or actions. And now, if you feel that the real facts of the case ought to be dug up once more and fought over, say so. On the other hand, if you feel you have suffered enough and that you have fully digested your wonderful lesson, then wink the right eye. We will allow the dead past to bury its dead and I will let Geneva in."

Maybe it was because I felt too weak to struggle any longer, and maybe it was because my subconscious had already reasoned it out and decided what I had ought to do, and maybe it was just because I was hungry to have Geneva Werle make a fuss over me. Anyhow, I winked my right eye.

VI

ONE Sunday afternoon last summer when my wife and children were out of town I walked past Indian Cliff and, looking up at it, wondered if all that had happened had not been as Mr. Melpus stated, either a dream or a lie. It seemed impossible that it ever could have actually taken place. While I stood there looking up I noticed a young fellow doing the same and laughing quietly.

"I am a human fly," he explained, "visiting my brother-in-law at Belmore. They were telling me nobody had ever gone up or down that cliff. Man, it is a cinch and I am going to prove it."

"Suppose you climbed down the cliff," I said, "and thereby showed everybody it was possible and maybe had been done in the past, how much would you make out of your exhibition?"

"I would certainly make twenty-five dollars."

"Here is fifty," I said, pulling it out.

"What for?"

"For not doing it. And for telling your brother-in-law and everybody else that it can't be done."

"What is the idea?" he asked, taking the fifty.

"My society is back of me," I answered.

"What society—the Humane Society?"

"No," I stated, "the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Educated Persons."

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Iver Johnson Velocipede

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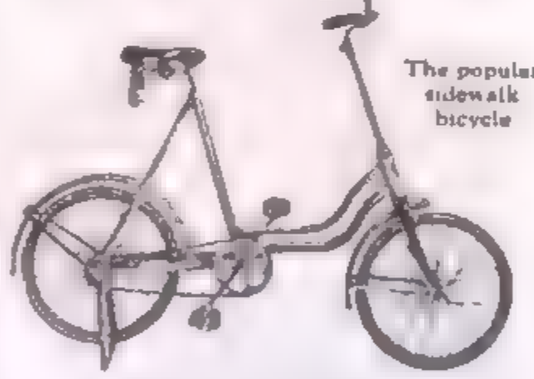
CHEAP velocipedes cost the most in the end. Don't waste your money on an unknown make.

Get an Iver Johnson and you will get the best. Built by Iver Johnson Bicycle mechanics to withstand hard knocks and abuse. Vital parts drop-forged for added strength. Extra number of heavy spokes eliminates all spoke trouble. Full one inch non-skid cushion rubber tires. Made in three sizes. Color choice of Red, Blue or Gold baked-on enamel, with "Duco" white head. *Write for Free Color Catalog "B"*



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Boys and girls too big to ride a velocipede go wild over this Iver Johnson Juniorcycle. This sidewalk bicycle withstands childish abuse. Absolutely safe. Vital parts are drop-forged for ruggedness. Equipment includes New Departure Endee coaster brake, and full one-inch non-skid cushion rubber tires. Colors: Red, Blue or Gold, with "Duco" white head. Full nickel fork and steering column. *Send for Free Color Catalog "B."*

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Models and sizes to suit everybody. Frame of high-carbon seamless steel tubing with a tensile strength of 90,000 pounds to the square inch. Vital parts are of genuine drop-forgings made in our own plant. Beautifully finished like a high-priced automobile. Best guaranteed equipment. *Send for Free Color Catalog "B."*

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Briggs Bodies reflect the latest style tendency and are establishing new precedents in distinction and durability. Those motor cars that are supreme in each price division come equipped with this well-known product.

BRIGGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE NEXT FEW YEARS

Continued from Page 27)

The fight for truth has not been an easy conquest, but it has brought us to the point of recording seven new inventions a minute instead of one important discovery a century. We no longer look with suspicion upon every innovation. We do not believe that the installation of a lightning rod on top of a farm building is an interference with the workings of Divine Providence. We have cast aside all the nonsense about the positions of the planets and the moon in the signs of the zodiac determining the fate of the newborn child. And thank heaven we no longer wait for a sign from the astrologer that it is now safe to proceed with the annual spring ceremonial of a tub bath after a winter of bodily abstinence from soap and water.

We are getting a new conception of materialism and opening our eyes to the truth that there is no separating the spiritual from the material realm. We no longer forget that we are a part of Nature and that Nature moves steadily and surely toward definite ends without any regard whatever for the sentimental reasons which so largely control human actions. We agree that materialism stands for efficiency and conservation. We understand that it is opposed to smoke because smoke cuts off God's sunlight, which is the chief ally of health. We recognize that it is opposed to dirty morals, dirty air, dirty water, dirty streets, poor roads and everything else that means a waste of time, energy and wealth.

Materialism does not oppose the lesson of the ages that beings low in the scale of evolution must receive guidance from a Higher Wisdom. It will turn us from studies of abstract matters of small importance to vital problems. The 40,000,000 wage earners in the United States lose nearly 10 per cent of their time on account of sickness; they spend six times as much for fire protection as for health protection; and of this great army of people in America, more than 500,000 die each year between the ages of 40 and 60 from old-age diseases that are largely preventable and that have their origin in some part of the digestive tract.

A chemist in a laboratory can bring together three or four useful substances that by themselves are perfectly harmless, and through this mixing operation he may produce a compound having death-dealing qualities. But after thousands of years of experience in eating, man knows very little about the transformations that take place in good foods that turn into poisons when mixed together in the human stomach. The famous British physician, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, tells us that the increase in cancer which horrifies the world today is due largely to self-created poisons.

Taking the Credit

No force that is directly engaged in a struggle for better health, greater human happiness and a cleaner civilization can be separated from things divine. It is only through the cold reasoning of the materialistic mind that remedies will be found for most of today's ills. After all, is not the disagreement on this point more a matter of definition of the subject of the controversy? What may be called materialism by one is often a far different thing to another.

It is impossible for mankind to advance at the speed we have maintained recently without running into difficulties. The folly of it is that we credit ourselves with the creation of all that is good, and blame materialism for the evil effects of uncontrolled human nature. It is for this very reason that the materialistic mind—which, after all, is the scientific mind—now recognizes the urgent need for diverting some attention from the control of the forces of Nature to the control of human instincts. The great mistake of this age has been in overlooking the vital necessity of adjusting man's nature to scientific progress.

We have not yet reached that plane of intelligence where we can wear the girdle of wealth with becoming meekness. It is for this reason that we must keep alive an association with our ancestors by studying their character, accompanying them in their undertakings, contemplating their sufferings and successes, and thereby sharing in the rewards that come to those who still hold reverence for the lessons of experience.

An era of prosperity very often is like a ray of the sun, that the least obstacle can interrupt. It is a time when the fires on many altars go out, when folks let go the bridle, when a minimum of attention is given to the mending of faults, when everything is on a grand scale and we depart from the fundamentals of earning and saving, and when the curtain is drawn aside disclosing hidden character—now represented to some extent by our toleration for dirt on the stage and in literature. Even materialism knows that when earthly goods are permitted to rise as high as our hearts they begin to bury us alive.

Trustees of Tomorrow

It is romances like that of Henry Ford which have developed in many a contempt for methods that build success surely but slowly. Here was a case where thirteen original stockholders put in a few thousand dollars and took out tens of millions. Or perhaps we are influenced by such fairy-like tales as that of the development of the chain store in America. It is an amazing fact that if in 1912 one had put $10,000 into our ten largest companies operating chain stores, placing $1000 in each of the ten, this investment today would be worth $277,000. It is no wonder that so many folks have come to believe that the road to fortune is a crowded highway with an easy footing over all the steep places. We turn our eyes to spectacular achievements and lose sight of the thousands of failures.

Two things cause a great deal of human distress. One is striving to make life fit the molds of yesterday. The other is trying to visualize tomorrow in the light of today's conditions. We are being educated to believe that present prosperity is constructed on a new foundation, one cornerstone of which is the Federal Reserve Act. This law appears to provide the most perfect banking system that the world has ever known. We hope it will keep us solidly on a gold standard, for it allows the expansion or contraction of credit to meet any demand or stress of circumstance. Under this system we cannot use worthless paper money such as gave us the phrase, "Not worth a continental," during our War for Independence. It is probable we have finished with Black Fridays such as happened in 1873, when Jay Gould tried to corner the gold supply. Perhaps we are free of the effects of great money panics like that of 1907, which came as a result of frenzied speculation and an unsound credit situation.

But to say that business crises have forever been relegated to the pages of history is to exaggerate our accomplishments and provide hopes which will never be sustained. We have scores of new problems, such as the installment debt, now said to be in excess of $4,000,000,000. One may question whether there is any great difference between inflation of the consumer and that of the producer. Debts are debts and mortgaged incomes may eventually give us much to worry about. Many recent developments of our new industrial life are untried factors.

During the war we were all keen for every measure that spelled economy. In many places prosperity has deadened this desire to save. Taking business as a whole, the present ratio of waste is no less than 50 per cent. Our annual loss of effort now amounts to more than 20,000,000 man power. Fuels, metals, lumber and even animal life on land and in the ocean are being destroyed with reckless abandon. Some are even telling us that conservation of resources is a mistaken notion, because the things saved will probably not be needed by our children's children as a result of radical changes in life. These exponents of the belief that we are not trustees of tomorrow point out that we should be guided in our business operations not by what is theoretically possible but by what is economically justified at this very moment.

Such an assumption takes too much for granted. It gathers up all our hopes of the future and presents them as realized facts. It laughs at the statement that the world will soon be depending on its scrap heap for essential supplies. It lightly directs attention to the ease with which human existence can be perpetuated through chemical synthesis. We are told to expect synthetic rubber from petroleum or the soy bean, composition wood from things now worthless, and artificial stone that is no less durable than natural rock. The furnishings of our homes are to be made largely of artificial leather and artificial silk.

There is no doubt that the field of chemistry will disclose astonishing advances if we may regard the recent past as a criterion of the future. A few years ago 1,000,000 acres in India were devoted entirely to growing indigo. Now the natural product supplies only 1 per cent of the world's demand. In many places the laboratory worker has actually improved upon Nature. Synthetic products like procaine have practically all the virtues of the natural drug, and fewer of its deleterious effects. Our artificial substitute for cocaine is not habit-forming, is cheaper and is less toxic.

It is also evident that we can make furniture that is fireproof and resistant to decay out of resinoids and other wood derivatives, just as rayon, celluloid and many other artificial products are now made. There is no doubt that soon we shall be substituting noncorroding metal alloys for copper, lead, zinc, tin and antimony. But even if we realize all this and much more, there is no excuse for our neglecting to remedy the present huge waste taking place on every side.

This does not mean that we have been standing still. Recent revisions of obsolete building codes are saving us millions of dollars each year. Improved methods are giving us a 20 per cent increase in the ton miles of freight handled per railroad employe. Within a comparatively few years we have reduced the average consumption of coal per kilowatt hour in electrical generating plants to a third of what it was. But eventually there comes an end to such savings. When the most obvious faults have been corrected, the increase in economies is sure to be at a far lower rate. It is for this reason that we must be forever directing our attention to opportunities in new quarters.

Saving by Simplifying

Among the fields offering tremendous possibilities is that of simplification. Early results along this line of effort have already surpassed expectations. The worker who produced 100 pairs of shoes thirteen years ago now turns out 117 pairs in the same time. The individual workman in the automobile industry now produces three cars where he produced only one, and in the cement industry he turns out 158 tons where only 100 tons were manufactured before.

A chain system of drug stores cut its variety of commodities from 20,000 to 10,000, increasing the volume of business 40 per cent, the turnover of stock 70 per cent, and at the same time decreasing investment and inventory. A company operating hotels made a tremendous reduction in glassware styles, carpet designs, patterns of table linen and dozens of other articles

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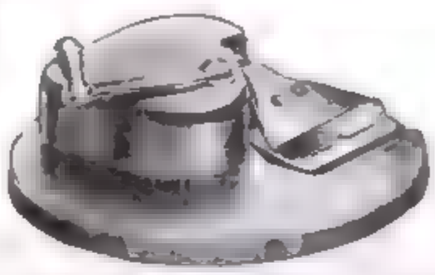

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KRISS-KROSS Stropper marks the end of raking and scraping tender faces with dull blades. It ends bother and expense of buying new ones. For KRISS-KROSS actually makes old blades *keener than new!* Strops *on the diagonal* with master-barber's secret stroke. Automatic pressure and reverse. Notifies you the exact moment your blade is ready *with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!* No wonder more than a million men call KRISS-KROSS the most amazing shaving invention ever presented! And no wonder it pays representatives clear up to $600 a month!

Agents! Amazing Profits

KRISS-KROSS sales and profits are PHENOMENAL! Tillotson sold $114 in a single day! Even spare-time workers make as much as $40 in a day. Mr. E. of Connecticut, who made this sum on a Saturday afternoon! Giving away FREE RAZORS boosts your profits amazingly. Get details of permanent, dignified proposition. Check bottom line of coupon and mail at once!

Rhodes KRISS KROSS STROPPER

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. K-391, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. K-391
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

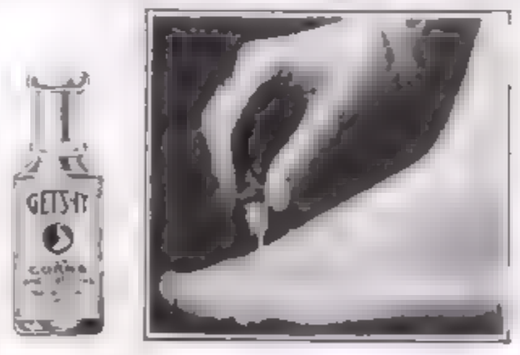
Send full information on KRISS-KROSS Stropper and the 4-Way Razor you are giving without extra charge. This does not obligate me.

Name

Address

City State

Check here if interested in KRISS-KROSS Motor Mowers.



Corns Vanish
after this amazing liquid
Acts like an anæsthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anæsthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Satisfaction guaranteed. Write at once for free booklet. Sold everywhere, 25¢ or sent direct.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS. U.S.A.
TOWELING AND TOWELS

Have you tried this new

"Pick-up" Drink

from Switzerland?

Refreshes your mind and body almost instantly . . . gives you new energy that outlasts the day

Write for a 3-day test

This will tell you of a delightful new way to banish afternoon "let-downs." To keep you at your best all day. Alert. Energetic. Purposeful.

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is a delicious new food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant, but a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

Cause of logiuess—how Ovaltine overcomes

Nine times out of ten, mental and physical "let-downs" are due to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both.

Delicious Ovaltine instantly overcomes this trouble. This is why:

First—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Third—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Quick assimilation follows, which is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Your mind clears and your body responds. You become alert, both mentally and physically.

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for sleeplessness, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

More than 20 000 doctors recommend it

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

I feel that Ovaltine is one of the wisest investments I ever made. I have felt better since taking Ovaltine and have more pep.

M. A. Chaffie
Lake Odessa, Mich.

I did not have any pep until I tried Ovaltine. It is one of the best body builders I have ever tried. Keeps me full of pep.

N. E. Rice
Wheeling, W. Va.

The Wander Company, Dept. P 2
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

(One package to a person)

Send for 3-day test

in common use, and the outcome was an added profit of approximately $100,000 a year. A food manufacturer cut his varieties in half and doubled his sales. A shoe company decreased production costs 31 per cent, overhead 28 per cent and inventories 26 per cent when it reduced from three grades to one and from 2500 styles to 100. A similar story comes from a hat manufacturer who effected a 40 per cent saving in cost by cutting his models from 3412 to less than 600.

It is facts of this kind that explain how wages and profits could go up in some fields while prices went down. But what we must not overlook is the truth that current accomplishments are comparatively trivial when regarded in the light of the problems that lie before us and the changes that are coming. There is no room here to do more than merely suggest a few of the things that will have to be given attention.

First is our national bonfire, that costs us $600,000,000 annually, and that has destroyed more American lives since the World War ended than were lost in the war itself. During this short period we have burned up property having a total value almost equal to the national wealth of Belgium. This is a serious indictment in view of the fact that 90 per cent of all fires are preventable, the match of the careless smoker ranking first as a cause. Our present fire cost is five dollars per person, or 20 times what it is in Europe, and the premium payers of the insurance companies pass this loss on to the public, chiefly in higher rents. An evil that snuffs out 12,000 lives a year and causes injury to twice that many people deserves study.

A Paradise for Insects

Then there is the question of insect pest which causes us an annual loss of more than $2,000,000,000. About 10 per cent of everything raised on American farms is destroyed by insects. The yearly damage from this cause alone in our spruce forests is equivalent to the nation's paper requirements for several weeks. The boll weevil, the Pandora moth, the crambus, the hornworm and thousands of other species of beetles, root worms and moths ruin hundreds of thousands of acres of cotton, tobacco, beans, potatoes, nuts, melons, vineyards and orchards. Each year the damage to crops nullifies the labor of nearly 1,000,000 people.

Many have wondered why it has taken man tens of thousands of years to get a secure footing on the face of the earth. Is it not likely that our type of animal has been all but wiped out many times by the savage attacks of insect enemies? The tepeguas, or black ants, of Mexico have been known to move in such numbers that every living thing in their path—frogs, rodents and even snakes—have actually been eaten alive.

The entomologist tells us frankly that insects are better fitted for existence upon the earth than is humankind. Modern transportation facilities are now distributing throughout our land more than 600,000 types of bugs. We are identifying new species of insects at the rate of 6000 a year, and each new bug must be understood before we can control it. The birth rate of these pests is tremendous, many species laying 500,000 eggs in a single batch. If the rat could find a way to overcome his high rate of mortality, he would soon crowd us out of the country. Professor Chambers, of the University of Pennsylvania, figures that in ten years the offspring of one pair of rats would, if all survived, number two and three-tenths quintillions. Fifty years ago three rabbits were taken to Australia, and forty years later 96,000,000 rabbit skins and 25,000,000 frozen rabbits were shipped back to Europe.

The descendants of one female moth can destroy in a single year a quantity of wool equivalent to that produced by thirteen sheep. It is estimated that moths now cost the people of the United States $200,000,000 annually. Civilization in Africa is blocked by the tsetse fly, and realty values in parts of our own country are held at a low level by the mosquito. Intensified farming methods and our rapidly expanding system of carriers have opened up far greater opportunities for the spread of pests.

The wider use of insecticides would reduce national waste by many millions. Wooden structures all over our land are being destroyed by fungi, notwithstanding that technical knowledge has disclosed simple measures to check the dry rot of woodwork.

Decay is progressive and infectious. The fundamental rule of rot prevention is: Remove all diseased pieces at once. While such things as creosote should be used during the course of construction, they can be applied with excellent results even afterward, and it is no exaggeration to say that a can of creosote and a paintbrush in every home, office and factory would save a huge sum of money.

No phase of our life is untouched by waste of materials or motion. This is largely due to our using only a small part of the technical knowledge we already possess. Hundreds of thousands of people are idle against their wills because of seasonal employment, strikes and lockouts, booms and depressions, preventable accidents and preventable sickness, excess plant capacity, overloaded inventories, too many retail stores, high-pressure salesmanship that overburdens the consumer with debts, and the deliberate obstruction to the introduction of better methods and machines by those who refuse to discard obsolete practices and equipment.

Then there is a tremendous loss of human energy in lines of effort that add nothing to the health, wealth and happiness of humanity. An army of folks are engaged in commercialized quackery. Some handle fake medicines, while others seek easy money through gambling and through fraudulent business promotions. Still others deal in the adulteration of goods.

So, while we are talking of the future and all the marvels that man is to create, let us not completely overlook the intimate problems that touch our lives this very minute. We must actually decide on ways and means and stop being satisfied with a mere display of good intentions. We must take life as it is, not as we think it should be. We must get into our consciousness the truth that we cannot get rid of the realities that surround us by going back to Nature or following any other loosely made and equally impossible suggestion. We must bring Nature to us unless we decide to kill off half our people and give up living in congested cities.

The leaders of industry must realize right now that health considerations will largely mold the character of business in the next few years. Those who refuse to recognize this fact will soon find themselves at odds with public opinion.

A Coat of Tan for Office Wear

The illuminants of the near future will be selected largely for hygienic reasons. And whether this is cold light produced by the electrically excited vapors of neon and nitrogen, or rays from a filament lamp in a special glass bulb which allows a desirable mixture of ultraviolet rays to pass through, the ultimate outcome is sure to bring a radical change in methods.

This business of coming indoors to earn our living has placed a serious strain upon human eyes. We use our eyes twenty times as much for close reading as did our ancestors. The result is that 70 per cent of our people now have defective vision. Legislation for eyesight conservation has been enacted in only eight states. Less than one-third of our school children are receiving visual tests. Therefore we are coming rapidly to a time when the total wattage available per person for lighting will be doubled, convenience outlets will be trebled and the filament lamp without a shade will be an oddity. Free eye examinations for employes at regular intervals will insure a

(Continued on Page 136)

RIDE ON TIRES BY

LEE *of Conshohocken*

OF WHAT USE TO YOU is the out-of-doors, the scent of the pines, the ozone of the mountains, the relief from crowds and confusion—if your trip is spoiled by tire-madness?

Preparedness pays—always.

The first step is to see the Lee dealer in your town; he's the preparedness expert. From the small car to the luxurious limousine, he knows the right tire. Anybody can fit a tire to a rim, but the Lee tire man will fit tires to the use you expect to give them.

For big heavy cars, hard driving and overloads, an extraordinary tire, Lee Heavy Duty.

For ordinary conditions and normal use, the new Lee Balloon, lighter, less expensive. A remarkable value.

For stony and treacherous roads or cactus studded prairie, Lee Puncture Proof; you can't drive a nail through the tread of this old masterpiece.

For smaller lighter cars, either Puncture Proof, Shoulderbilt (heavy duty), Lee Balloon or Leeland, depending on your purse and your purpose.

Every Lee tire expresses the Lee tradition of craftsmanship. The boast of modern methods and best materials is a Lee boast. But the plus value in Lee tires is the workmanship and skill which make your tire-money go the farthest.

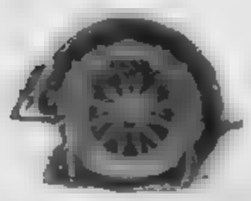
Look up the Lee dealer; he knows; and he has the tires.

COST NO MORE TO BUY - FAR LESS TO RUN

When the sky signals, "It's going to rain," it also says, "Put on chains"

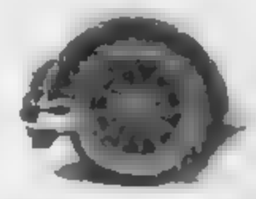
Wet Rubber *Slips*— WEED CHAINS *Grip*

The Correct Way to Put on Weed Chains



Drape chains over both tires with red connecting hook just resting on the road, toward the rear. Tuck forward end of chains under tires

Roll car forward just enough to run over the slack ends so that the red connecting hooks are about a foot above the road



Connect the inside hook first, then the outer—as tight as possible by hand. When car runs the chains will have proper creeping action

Made by the Makers of WEED *Levelizers and* WEED *Bumpers*

(Continued from Page 134)

large saving to business and industry. Although we are all agreed that nothing is more foolish than to save light at the expense of eyes, less than 9 per cent of our offices and plants have lighting arrangements that can be called excellent.

Man is an outdoor animal, and if the present demands of life make it difficult for us to move out into the sun and fresh air, we must bring these essential things indoors so as to derive the natural benefits they provide.

We have been living and working behind windows that shut us off from the health-promoting rays of the sun. Engineers and chemists recently met this situation by giving us a glass which allows a large percentage of the vital short rays of sunlight to pass through. A bookkeeper I know, working behind such glass last winter, took on a tan equal to that he would have obtained outdoors in the sunshine of Florida. Little children romping nearly naked behind this type of glass in January at home have derived practically all the sunlight benefits of summer days at a beach.

Race betterment is only just now commencing in real earnest. In this thought lies a serious threat to many kinds of business. We are seeing the folly of piling up dollars without storing health at the same time so as to perpetuate the ability to enjoy recreation. Of course, in our excess of zeal we often rush to extremes. Many a person should still be in possession of teeth, tonsils and appendix that need not have been removed. Twenty years ago Fletcherism was a fad, then calories, then raw foods, then toxicosis. While each idea had merit, no one in itself was complete.

But not all these health movements are silly fads. Terraced buildings in New York and other cities represent far more than a mere change of fashion. They are direct recognition that sunshine in the streets below is essential. Armored corsets will not come back, and comfort and convenience will determine the future of bobbed hair and the length of women's skirts. Our great and growing army of clear-headed business women will not be so easily controlled in the future by the professional arbiters of style.

On every side we are commencing to feel the influence of health measures on freedom of action. The job of supplying adequate sewerage a few years hence will be such an enormous task that every gallon of water will be metered so as to reduce the per capita consumption. The average person in many cities now consumes 275 gallons of water a day, which is more than twice as much as is necessary.

Half an Ear

Already cities like New York and Chicago have commenced to worry about measures to safeguard health in 1950. Chicago's plans call for an expenditure of $120,000,000, and Detroit's proposed outlay for better sewerage and sanitation is $101,000,000. The average reader will be amazed to know that present sewage-treatment plants serve only 15,000,000 people, which leaves the wastes from hundreds of industries and from 50,000,000 more people to run away freely and serve as a menace to the nation's health. We are paying dearly right now for the pollution of our waters as is shown by last year's figures tabulating 8028 cases of typhoid and 11,000 cases of dysentery.

And let us not overlook the growing problem of noise which is a natural outcome of our present machine age. New devices for measuring noise have disclosed that at busy corners in some of our large cities the noise produced totals fifty units, or enough to destroy half of our normal hearing. On top of a thirty or forty story building at this same corner, the noise intensity will measure only ten or fifteen units, and this means a loss of approximately 10 or 15 per cent of hearing. Generally speaking, 100 units of noise is so deafening that it precludes a person hearing any other sounds.

Noise not only affects health but causes a large loss to business through the distraction of attention. A noisy environment means the use of more energy in talking. Night noises cause a loss of sleep. Conversation on a railway train or in the subway requires an expenditure of more than 100 times as much energy as in a quiet room.

Soon noise producers will be banned completely. Even the work of dictating an article like this to a typist using a noisy machine means more of a drain on the energy of the author than he realizes. In a short time architects, in designing buildings, will no more think of neglecting to consider sound-absorbing measures and devices than they will provisions for adequate supplies of heat and water. Street and subway cars will have noiseless wheels and coupling connections. In office and factory every machine from typewriter to drill will operate in comparative silence. Some rooms will be flat, or dead, but in auditoriums, churches and theaters the aim will be to preserve rather than to reduce resonance. As a result, office routine will be accelerated, human energy conserved, costly mistakes reduced and the human body released from its present use as a sound shock absorber.

Moving the Atlantic

But of all the problems demanding time and attention right now, transportation is of prime importance. Much has happened since that August afternoon in 1826 when John Stevens built a wood fire in the odd-looking contrivance that was to startle the natives by traveling around two concentric circles on the wooden rails that had been laid down upon his New Jersey lawn. Our railroad mileage would now belt the earth a dozen times. Taking all our transportation facilities and including in our estimate motor vehicles, improved highways and river and harbor improvements, America has spent more than $50,000,000,000 to provide ways and means to take care of the nation's traffic. Even this huge expenditure has not been sufficient, as is indicated by the records which show that in 1921 and every other time of depression, a lack of haulage facilities was always a contributing factor in the slowing down of industry. The ability of our railroads to prevent a shortage of freight cars during the past four years has undoubtedly helped to extend the present era of good times.

But never before has it been so true that time is money. Present delays in moving merchandise and people in congested districts are adding materially right now to the cost of doing business. The old order, therefore, is about to be reformed. One plan provides for moving the Atlantic Ocean into the heart of the North American Continent. Our Great Lakes ports will become ocean ports, thus removing the freight disadvantage which affects 40,000,000 Americans residing in what we call our Midwest region. Farmers and manufacturers in this section learned long ago that it is ten times as expensive ton for ton and mile for mile to move goods to market over the land as it is to move them over the ocean. Moving the ocean to the interior of America will largely overcome our handicap in competing for the world's grain markets, and one likely result will be to increase the buying power of the American farmer's dollar.

Then we also have to deal with the amazing development of the self-propelled vehicle. If all the motor cars now in use in the United States were lined up one behind the other and given a clear spacing of twenty feet, these cars would cover a mileage greater than one-quarter of our 550,000 miles of improved highways of all types. To meet this emergency we must have highways and streets that will stand up under intense stresses the year round irrespective of heat, moisture and cold.

There is urgent need for better brakes, better signal devices, better illumination

and better vehicular control. Radical measures must be put into effect to conserve street space. Every Saturday night in several of our larger cities there are more than 1000 more automobiles than there were the Saturday before. Figuratively speaking, one may say that on Sunday, when the traffic cop in South Chicago holds up his hand, automobiles in the same line in Michigan City stop.

As a result, new highway construction must provide for at least three classes of roads: First, the primary or arterial highways; then the secondary roads, which include feeder systems; and lastly, the local roads which take care of short-haul traffic. The primary highways must be wide enough to allow for three or four traffic lanes to pass at one time in each direction.

In order to prevent rendering an injustice to other forms of transportation, busses and trucks will have to be subjected to regulations as to rates and service just as the railroads are today. All vehicles must pay a fair tax for the use of the highways they run over. And in the near future the driver will be arrested more often for going too slow than for going too fast.

Motor-car congestion in New York City now costs the inhabitants $1,000,000 a day. The charge for delivering a bushel of potatoes to the consumer in New York is equal to that for hauling these potatoes 1000 miles by rail. Four cents a minute is the approximate expense of keeping a motor truck of average size on the streets whether running or not. This all makes it plain that waste of time, fuel and equipment bears a direct relation to the cost of living.

Millions of dollars must be spent in the reconstruction of our cities. New thoroughfares will have to be cut through built-up sections. Urban streets and country highways must be connected in vast geometrical systems, the financing to be taken care of jointly by the city, the county and the state. Old streets will have to be widened, automobile roadways built and more vehicular tunnels constructed. We must abandon the notion that because Main Street is twenty feet wide, the new extension of the street must be built on the same scale. It costs more not to have wide roads than to build them.

Prominent in our actual plans for municipal reconstruction are two-level sidewalks, bridges for pedestrians at busy intersections, escalators and ramps to connect streets that lie one above the other, removal of signs and shrubbery that obscure vision, express routes through and around towns and villages, making it possible for fast-traveling tourists to avoid meeting heavy urban traffic; and uniform signals, rules and laws so that at each and every corner the driver knows just what he is expected to do.

The Transportation Problem

Street cars make up only 10 per cent of the traffic movement and carry 81 per cent of the passengers. The automobile carries only a little more than one-fifth of the passengers and comprises nearly 62 per cent of the traffic. New types of street cars, built largely of aluminum, beautiful and comfortable and operating noiselessly, will help remedy present traffic confusion. The bus is to play a mighty important rôle in handling traffic in the future, but it must be a part of a coördinated service under a single management. Indicative of how quickly trends may change are the figures showing that street railways last year carried 237,000,000 more passengers than in 1926. This means that we can cancel our orders for flowers for the last rites of the street car.

This lack of capacity of city streets to handle traffic means a rapid extension of the no-parking zones. One automobile standing at the curb narrows a street for an entire block. A further result of this condition will be building regulations limiting the number of tall structures on each city block. The skyscraper has increased the floor space in many communities as much as six times, with the result that six times as many people are discharged every day on that section of the street which the building fronts. No plan of subway building will take care of such growth. Burrowing into the earth is far more costly than growing into the air. Expensive subways will probably end up by supplying space for sewers, electric conduits, water and gas pipes, and other essential service lines, eliminating the necessity for constantly tearing up streets in order to repair and enlarge existing facilities.

This combination of developments is bringing us rapidly to a new day. Small towns away from water and away from railroads will take on new leases of life as a result of the building of a nation-wide highway system. Throughout our country very soon we shall witness also the use of the rail motor car instead of the small steam passenger train, thereby effecting an economy through substituting the internal-combustion engine for the steam locomotive, permitting more frequent service on light traffic runs. Railroads themselves will go in more largely for trucks where it is necessary to meet the demands of customers for the convenience of direct door-to-door deliveries. Better illumination in congested sections of cities will permit commercial motor traffic to operate twenty-four hours a day in safety, using the night hours to move heavy freight in trucks, with a minimum of noise and delay, to department stores, warehouses and terminals. Today the streets are practically wasted at night.

A Gold Mine in New York City

The tools and money now available to the engineer and the scientist render undertakings possible today that would have been looked upon as fantastic dreams two or three decades ago. Recently I was talking with T. Kennard Thomson, one of America's eminent engineers, who has given as much study as anyone to the city of the future. He estimates that New York City has more than nine square miles of unused land in the very heart of the community that for $400,000,000 can be made worth $3,750,000,000 by lifting it two or three feet above high tide. On this land could be erected buildings easily worth three times the value of the new land. Here at the feet of New York is perhaps the richest unworked gold mine in the world. The job of reclaiming this land, lying between the Battery and Staten Island, which we now call the Upper Bay, does not present any insurmountable problems from an engineering standpoint.

Here would be a chance to build the most beautiful and the most utilitarian city that the mind can conceive—a city constructed in conformity with fixed plans that include not only all the benefits of modern science but take advantage of developments that are now only matters of anticipation; a city with immense buildings, each covering an entire block, having real roof gardens with flower beds on their roofs, so that children might play in safety away from the noise and bustle of the streets; a city so constructed that transit facilities cover routes on a level with the roof gardens, twenty or thirty floors above the street levels.

It is a dream city, perhaps, but one that might be made to produce a revenue sufficient completely to extinguish the indebtedness of our country's chief metropolis; a model community that would set a standard for the future, and one that can be created as easily as the great pneumatic caissons and the deep foundations have been built by Thomson and other engineering experts who are thinking in terms of the stupendous quantities with which man must now prepare to deal.

It is entirely proper that we should give some thought to the possibilities of astounding developments that will shape the lives of our children's children. It is interesting to speculate on an age that will disclose the lanes of the air over land and sea crowded with machines carrying passengers and

Before and after using safety razor, draw blade between thumb and forefinger, moistened with 3-in-One.

Apply 3-in-One the same way to blade of "regular" razor. Also rub a few drops into strop now and then. Keeps leather soft.

More Shaves From Every Blade

A new razor blade every day or two? Nonsense! Apply 3-in-One to the edges before and after shaving and your blade will cut keen and smooth through 10-20-30 shaves. Here's *why:*

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

The apparently smooth edge of your razor blade is actually like a fine-toothed "saw." Unless protected by a film of fine oil, lather and moisture get in between these invisible teeth, which you cannot wipe entirely dry. Rust forms. The teeth bend—break. Your blade is dull. It pulls. You discard it.

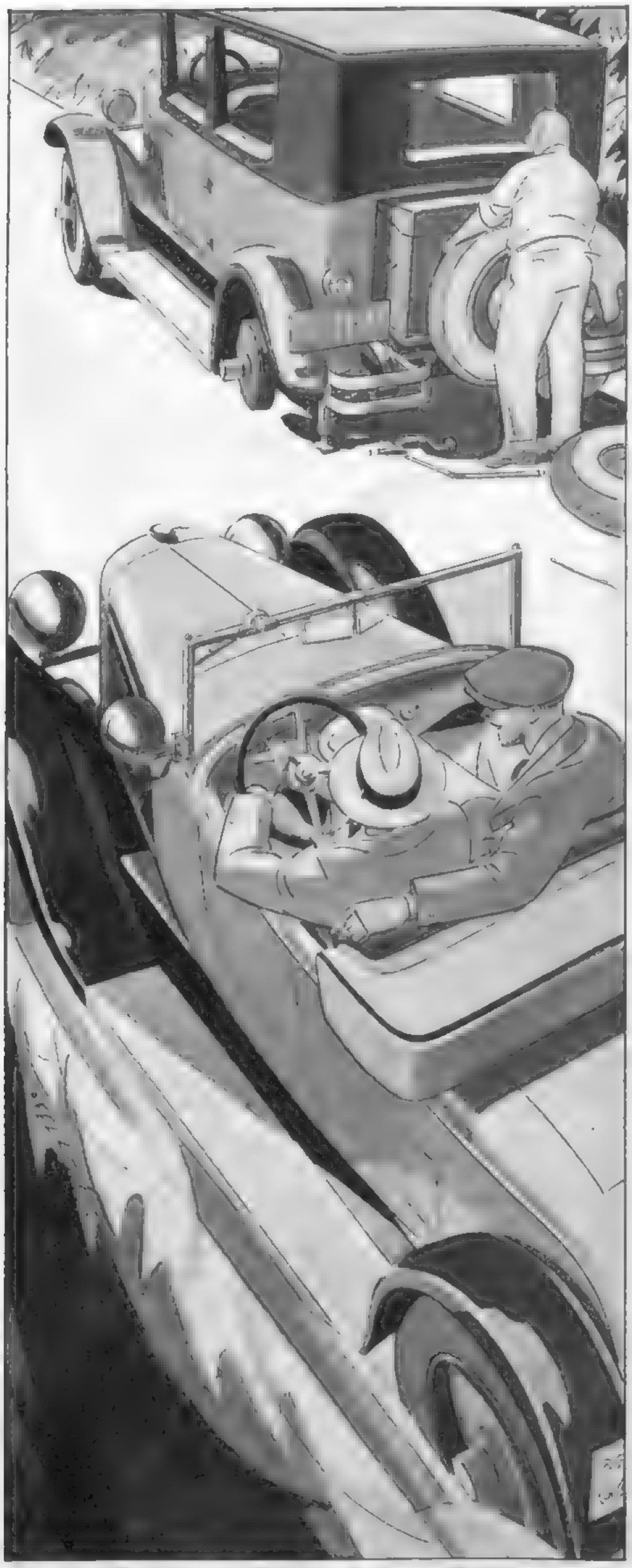
3-in-One on your blade before shaving makes the razor glide. Used after shaving, you are sure to find your blade rustproof next morning. Apply as illustrated at left.

3-in-One is sold in hardware, drug, sporting goods, auto accessory, grocery, department and general stores in the popular 3-oz. Handy Oil Can and in three sizes of bottles.

FREE: *Generous sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card.*

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St. New York, N. Y.

33 YEARS OF CONTINUOUS SERVICE



"It's a wonder some of the insurance companies don't issue a policy against blowouts."

"What's the use, when you can buy Kelly-Springfield tires?"

freight to all parts of the earth at tremendous speed. Our imaginations are given healthful exercise and our viewpoints broadened when we try to picture a form of life with universal coöperation, free of idleness and the waste of duplicated effort, free of religious intolerance, free of social recognition that is based on nothing more than financial success, free of the confusion resulting from mankind's failure to accept and develop one common language, and free of any argument on the point that the word "good" means everything that adds to the total happiness of the human race.

But we might as well get down to earth and recognize the truth that we have crowded together faster than we have learned to live together. The knowledge we have accumulated is as nothing compared with what we have yet to understand. We study the sun spots, measure solar heat, talk about the electric roof of the atmosphere and discuss forms of radiation in the most confident manner. But when someone asks us why the coffee in our cups runs uphill when we touch a lump of sugar to the surface of the liquid, we answer with a clumsy and unconvincing exposition covering in a general way the laws of capillary attraction.

We are mere infants in arms so far as the activities of the forces of Nature are concerned. This becomes apparent when we try to explain the causation of tornadoes, floods, abnormal weather variations, crop failures and static. We know that the temperature of the air is 60 degrees below zero at an altitude of ten miles. But there is only ignorance concerning the density and temperature of the air higher up Therefore we are at a loss to explain the aurora, magnetic storms and skip distance, or silent areas, in radio broadcasting. We hear about winds of space that blow ceaselessly from the sun and stars and that whistle past the earth's atmosphere at the speed of light—186,300 miles a second. These winds are really masses of radiation if we are to accept the new thought that light is not merely wave lines in ether, but comes in lumps of assorted sizes which have both mass and inertia.

Built on Thin Air

So it is true that, notwithstanding all our progress, very few of the important forces and factors that influence life have as yet been reduced to a science. We have even failed to reach any high degree of accuracy in forecasting the weather several days ahead.

We are unable to explain the evident influence of the sun's radiation on human health and well-being. An eminent observer at a recent congress of scientists said that the extra dose of radiation that reaches us from the sun near the end of each sun-spot cycle stirs the nervous energy and fosters unrest throughout the earth. The Russian upheaval of 1917, the French Revolution of 1789 and a long series of earlier insurrections all coincide with times of maximum sun-spot activity.

It is essential in laying plans for tomorrow that we keep in mind the truth that nothing has been devised by science to take the place of human instincts in business and social affairs. No one has revealed any satisfactory substitute for our ancient methods of judgment, trial and error in selecting a wife, a business partner or a political party.

One way to make a cemetery of our present civilization is to go ahead on the assumption that everything, including human nature, can be reduced to a mere matter of chemical analysis or mathematical solution. Our entire experience plainly indicates that we seldom start on any new road with a clear understanding of where it leads. It is now estimated that 2,700,000 families in the United States each own two automobiles. Who would have guessed such an outcome ten years ago?

We are prone to oversell an idea. This tendency to run to extremes has brought many reactions in thought and practice. It all goes to indicate the folly of being cocksure about tomorrow. So many of our ambitious generalizations are built either on thin air or faulty analogies. Supposing that we were to go in for the stabilization of commodity prices and foreign exchange through exercising control of the supply of money metals. Who can say what the ultimate results would be in case of such action?

We regulate the production of common articles like rubber and could just as easily regulate the production of gold. In fact, it is not an unlikely assumption that before long world leaders will create some form of international body to buy up gold mines and gold-bearing lands in the interests of everyone. This would make possible perfect control of the production of the yellow metal in such a way as to stabilize its value or purchasing power. Here would be a development practically revolutionizing current customs. Similar conditions of uncertainty are found on every side.

Feet on the Ground

None of this is presented to disparage the efforts of that most unselfish of all workers, the modern scientist. He has made possible our rapid climb to a plane of living never before approached. In the course of time his untiring studies will disclose hidden knowledge of unbelievable importance. He will uncover the secret of how plants catch solar energy and store it up for human use as food and fuel. Ability on the part of man to duplicate this one feat would change the whole complexion of our civilization.

We may well anticipate the charting of earthquake areas and the accurate forecasting of quakes; the saving of human lives by the millions through preventive medicine and the abolition of war; the rapid development of the magic art of catalysis to a point where the chemist will join hundreds of chemicals with other hundreds in the production of strange compounds; and the transformation of farming into a year-round business freed of crop failures through the introduction of measures that afford control of natural elements and other factors that now bring ruin. In fact one might confine his thoughts entirely to the realm of likely developments, carefully leaving out the purely fantastic, and still be able to present potentialities so great they are terrifying. We may well hope that such an epoch-making discovery as the secret of atomic energy will be delayed until man's moral development qualifies him to handle such power.

But the whole point of this story is to urge the necessity for keeping our feet on the ground. Though long-distance prognostications fire the imagination, they are likely to be wholly in error and have small value except as a medium of entertainment. Foresight is now a prime requisite of individual success in business. But the foresight I mean is that type which can correctly visualize a coming change of public opinion, an awakening of human consciousness or a radical departure in the methods of government.

Back of every great revolution in thought or practice is always a definite reason based on health, comfort, convenience, style or economy. The people who win are those who can first see the underlying truth and its ultimate influence on the course of industry. Even innovations of great public benefit are often opposed with such vigor that their realization comes slowly. But the advantage is with the fellow whose aims and plans make careful provision for all the effects of future developments. That is why our great leaders of finance seek to invest only in those corporations and industries where continuous research is encouraged, imagination exercised and current disclosures in science constantly scrutinized. They know that only through such action can coming trends be properly charted and a business be safeguarded against the dangerous element of surprise.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Parsons. The concluding one will cover new developments in the fields of science and engineering

New CHRYSLER "52"

$725

TO $795 F.O.B. DETROIT

-52 miles per hour
-5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds
-Full-sized Bodies, for adult passengers

YOU need only to glance at Chrysler's latest product—the new "52"—*and at its new, astonishingly low prices*—to realize that again Chrysler Standardized Quality has yielded more to the buyer than money has ever been able to buy before.

Examine and note the full size and roominess of its staunch, handsome body of wood and steel. Enjoy its ample seating capacity for adult passengers. Delight your eye with its grace and trimness of appearance, its luxury of appointment.

Here are flowing lines, beautiful hardware, luxurious mohair upholstery and every refinement of detail —combined in a car you will be proud to own.

Then ride in it—see how easily and smoothly it gives you 52 unvarying miles and more per hour. Enjoy the snap of its pick-up, 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds. See how smoothly it out-performs all others with which you may contrast it.

At new low prices Chrysler "52" advantages are obviously more outstanding than ever.

People everywhere are buying Chrysler "52" because demonstration proves that nothing else at these new low prices approaches it in dash and vim, charm and beauty, economy and dependability, quality and value.

Coupe, $725; Roadster (with rumble seat), $725; 2-door Sedan, $735; 4-door Sedan, $795; f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco system of numbering.

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Now Available for New "52"

The new Chrysler "Red-Head" engine, giving extra speed, pick-up and hill-climbing ability, assured by the use of high-compression fuels, is now standard in the Roadsters of the new Chrysler "52" and is available for all other "52" body types at slight extra cost. Any Chrysler dealer will gladly give you full particulars and an impressive demonstration of the "Red-Head" engine advantages

Thirteen Times the Man Power of Industry in Untiring *Unseen* Workers

How carefully you have chosen Motor Control decides how efficiently they are employed

It takes more than a "trip through the plant" to know the efficiency of production today—in any industry. A most important factor controlling costs does not show on casual observation.

What is the army of *unseen* workers—the "man power" of electric motors—doing? Thirteen times in number the total payroll of industry—and yet *they* work *unseen!*

When you install motors you merely put these *unseen* workers at their posts of duty. Spinning wheels and laboring machines merely prove their presence. How well they are employed, how completely their untiring strength and superhuman abilities are utilized to reduce costs—this, you cannot see. In industry today, much of this invisible "man power" of motors, already on the job and paid for, is loafing undetected

Can your plant afford to neglect such an opportunity to make outstanding savings—to check up on the efficiency of your army of *unseen* workmen? Look to your Motor Control! How carefully it has been chosen decides, once and for all, the extent to which you have taken advantage of the possible economies offered by electric power.

Ask for a survey of your equipment to make sure Motor Control has been chosen to fit the production jobs in hand. In the purchase of new machinery, in which motor and control are furnished by the machine builder, insist on C-H Control. The C-H trade-mark on ALL your Motor Control is your best assurance of efficient, dependable production.

Cutler-Hammer engineers are ready to co-operate with your plant men or consulting engineers in making a survey of your plant to see that Motor Control is correctly chosen for every drive More than 30 years' experience supports their recommendations and this service entails no obligation or expense on your part.

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.

Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus

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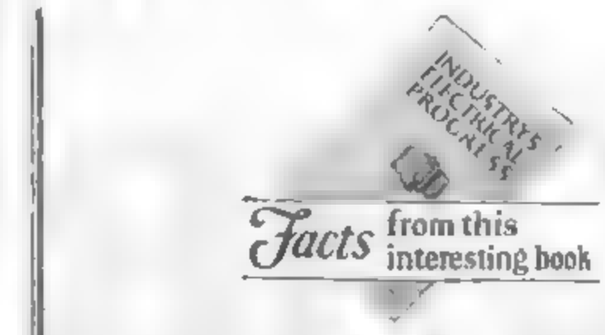

Facts from this interesting book

Report 962—The changing conditions on the discharge head of a gravel pump often caused the pump to deliver a greatly increased proportion of water, taking considerably more power from the line with practically no more gravel This condition was corrected by the application of a Cutler-Hammer Controller which permitted the adjustment of the pumping speed to the discharge head conditions Without reducing the amount of gravel handled, a 35 per cent saving in power was thus obtained

Report 3020—In a rubber tire plant, excessive wear and maintenance resulted from the operating conditions imposed on the tire making machines These machines were started and stopped continually, the motor being reversed twice during each cycle of the operation

Cutler-Hammer engineers dispensed with a troublesome brake used on each machine, and applied C-H Automatic Motor Control which interlocked the steps of the cycle. Operation was reduced to simple push button control, and the motor was stopped automatically by plugging. The unproductive part of the cycle (stopping) was shortened to such an extent, and wear on the equipment was so reduced, that the savings obtained paid for the change in a few months.

"Industry's Electrical Progress," this book telling the story of savings made in the careful choice of Motor Control points the way to economies too important to neglect. Write for your copy today.

For the more common motor applications, Cutler-Hammer engineers offer a standardized line of Motor Control apparatus What each type does, and how it can be used, is fully described in the C-H Catalog, which plant men use for ready reference. Thus the C-H trade-mark, wherever it appears, means the control has been properly chosen to fit the job in hand.

An example of such apparatus is the C-H 9586 A. C. Automatic Starter illustrated—one of the series of C-H "Across-the-Line" or "X" Starters. These provide for push button starting and stopping of motors and are fully enclosed for safety They protect motors against dangerous overloads, but are so designed that production is not halted by momentary current surges. These starters are great time, power and equipment savers and find scores of uses in any plant. Four pages in the C-H Catalog tell your plant men how, when and where they should be used

13

Thirteen times the Man Power of Industry hidden away in Electric Motors

The electric motors of industry today, totaling about 29,000,000 horsepower, represent the working capacity of 246,500,000 men or 13 times that of the 18,673,000 workers on industry's payroll.

CUTLER-HAMMER

Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

THE ADVENTURE OF BEING PAINTED

(Continued from Page 21)

the bloom of youth, the knowingness of the more mature—all these things are alluring. But I will admit that sometimes I find sitting to me a person without any of these qualities. Then I remember that a painter of the old times answered the request of an uninteresting man to paint his portrait by saying, "Who would want to paint you, since nobody wants to see you?" But this feeling comes very seldom. Most people in congenial surroundings, at the proper angle in a natural pose, with lighting to help the accentuation of their individualities, when the colors are glowing upon the palette and a new canvas stands upon the easel, can be talked with, brought out, played up to, and looked into, until they present an interesting problem for development and solution.

It is commonly thought that the age of achievement is the right age to portray. It is a good one. But the elderly person who bravely shows the richness of a full life is an appealing subject. So is the young man or the young woman of college age with the promise of life ahead—that is a subject that I care for. And the little child—ah, that subject is charming, but not an easy one. Energy flaming, repose absent, a fleeting, flitting subject that the painter must catch on the wing. I paint many children, and when I have caught a youngster I believe in stopping right there, lest further painting lose the freshness of impression. It has been said that it takes two people to paint a portrait. One to use the brush and the other to stand by with an ax to kill the painter at the proper moment. This is certainly even more necessary if the portrait be one of a child.

Frequently I have painted two or three children of the same family. I prefer to paint them in their own home where no unaccustomed surroundings can disturb them and where they are most likely to feel natural. I decide to paint the eldest first, so that the younger ones can watch the portrait grow. Invariably they become eager to be painted, and when their turn comes they often pose better than the eldest. Sometimes subterfuge is necessary. A little tot will hold a hard position better than an easy one. I had a tough problem with a double portrait of the two little children—a girl of three and a boy only fourteen months old. They sat back in a deep sofa. The little girl was made to understand that she was to put her arm around the neck of brother and keep him quiet while the painter man made his picture. This she did extraordinarily well, and in short order the boy was painted. At the next sitting the sister posed alone. At least she made the attempt, but for her own portrait she could not pose at all. So brother had to be brought in again and, with sister thinking she was keeping brother in pose, the second figure was painted.

Catching Him on the Run

Randall, aged eight, and Betsey Alice, five, posed very well indeed, but Bruce Barton, Junior, having reached the self-determinate age of three, made up his mind to ride his velocipede around me while I painted him. Which he proceeded to do while I proceeded to paint. And in the end it came about that the portrait of Bruce, Junior, was the best of the three, again proving that our best is achieved under difficulties.

The easiest people to paint for are artists and those who know much about pictures. They sense what the painter is after and they appreciate what he accomplishes. They understand that the emphasizing of an individual characteristic may be a desirable thing to do, and that the losing of this or that may add to the beauty of the picture and intensify the likeness. They grasp the idea that the painter is trying to produce the true appearance of the sitter rather than to make a photographic delineation.

"What do your sitters talk about?" I am asked. The adventure of being painted loosens the tongues of all. The more they talk about themselves the better I like it. That gives me a better insight into their individualities. Bank presidents as a class are not interesting to paint. There are exceptions, and I am inclined to believe that the younger generation of them is much more vital than its older brethren. I used to think that bank presidents were chosen because of their poker faces—faces that would betray nothing.

What the Sitter Talks About

Stage folk and those in the creative arts are easy to portray. The actor's sense of effect is very helpful. Roosevelt talked about athletics and the pleasure of reading of the achievements of other people. Harding talked about his friends, in whom he evidently found his greatest interest. Frank Bacon talked about the kindness of the world toward him—and this in spite of the fact that until the last few years of his life, when Lightnin' became a tremendous success, his career had been a terribly hard one. Hoover, whom I have portrayed three times, was on the first occasion the most nervous sitter I had ever had. The second time he just took the thing for granted and kept busy at his desk. The third time he was more amenable and I was better prepared, because Will Irwin had told me that in college he roomed with Hoover. In the stories of their college life I had a real point of contact. For when I began to tell Hoover what Irwin had told me about him, the Secretary of Commerce was amused, and retaliated upon Bill with yarns about his former roommate.

Schwab was a very easy sitter, talking about a great variety of things and outlining for me his busy life. Wellington Koo gently asked questions about American art and the processes of painting and told me about his little boy and his hopes for the child. Margaret Deland talked about her unfitness for a portrait—sweet woman that she is—and about her dog and her flower garden and her husband. Then from the manuscript that she was writing she read me sections that had to do with an artist character, to find out if he said things that an artist would say. Helen Wills asked endless questions about an art education, for she is bent upon an art career. General Pershing chatted about the Latin Quarter. This was the second time I painted him. The first time was at his headquarters at Chaumont in the closing days of the war, when, after assuring me that the light was impossible, he straightway forgot me completely as he received verbal reports from a continuous line of officers. When he was obliged to leave, he took notice of me and came around to see what I had been doing He said, "I never thought it could be done in so short a time and in such a light."

Admiral Sims was playing baseball with his children on the lawn of his house when I arrived at Newport. His very tall figure in uniform was standing behind the bat and he was wearing a catcher's mask that was boy's size. We began our sitting almost at once, and he occupied the time in telling me about those children of his, and of his admiration for the work of Fontaine Fox. Norma Talmadge told me about her parents, her childhood and her public. Gompers talked sarcastically about everybody in general. Borah simply answered my questions about himself and told me of the long hours he spent in preparing himself daily for his work in the Senate. Ambassador Morgenthau talked about himself. So did Bryan. McAdoo posed stiffly and enjoyed telling me of the many kinds of things he had accomplished.

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You can tint pure white lead paint to match any shade or color

In this present age of color, pure white lead paint plays a very useful rôle. It combines with its great beauty and tough elastic protection, the special advantage of being quickly tinted any shade or color to match, or harmonize with your rugs, hangings and furnishings.

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Eagle is inexpensive, easy to use, non-cracking. Ask your painter.

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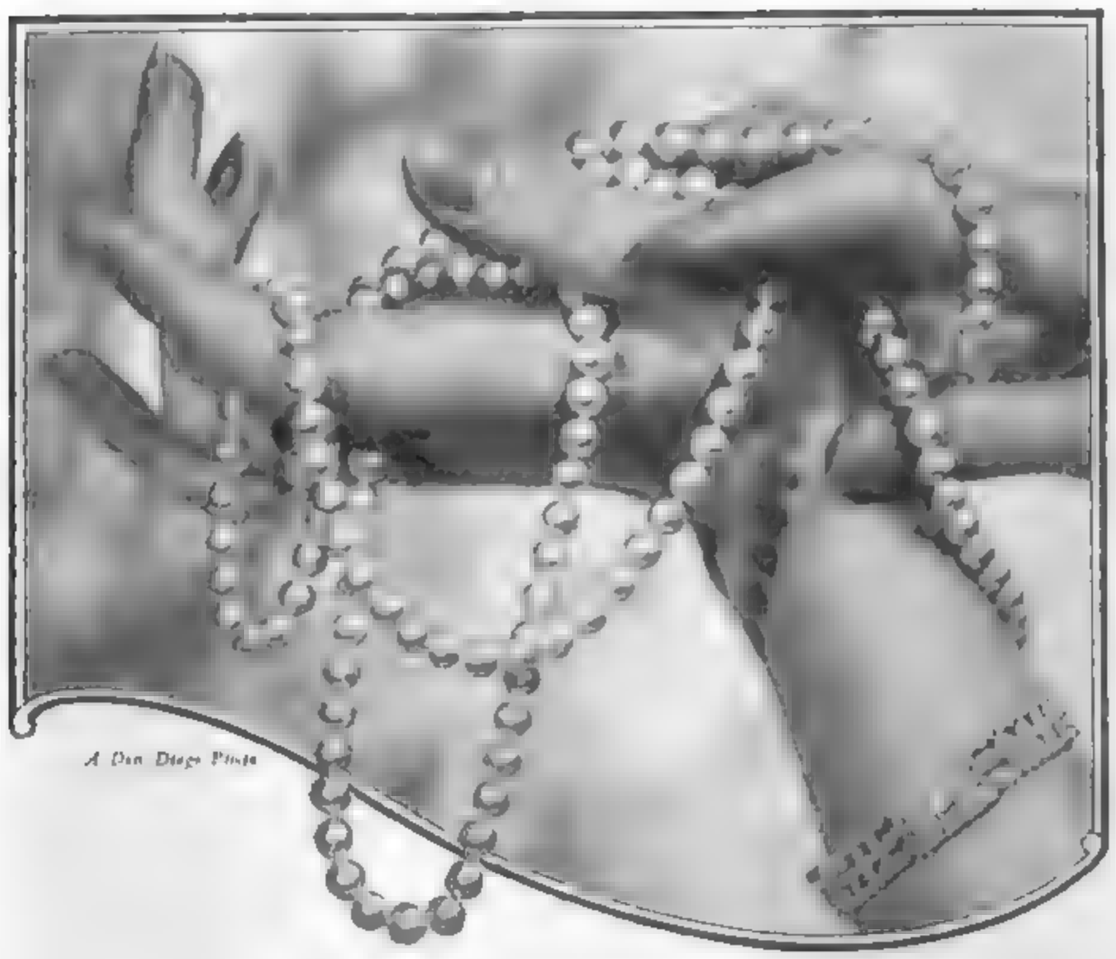

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NATIONAL TÉCLA WEEKS :: SEPTEMBER 1st *to* 15th

Smart-set young men surprise me by being keen about industry, disclosing the fact that they are determined to carve out careers in the business world. They sometimes tell me of their annoyance that their young women associates are inclined to drink too much at dances.

Smart-set young women talk about entertainments, and are interested to hear about my actor friends. I learn from them what actors they consider most adorable and what they think of plays and sports.

One young person told me when she arrived for her first sitting that she had been dancing all night and had just managed to get in a Turkish bath before she came to the studio.

"How often do you do this?" I asked her.

"Oh, all the time," she answered.

"Are you always as pale as you are today?"

"Oh, yes," she said. She had taken her place on the model stand, and I noticed that all the color of her face seemed to have been supplied by a lipstick and a touch of rouge on the cheek bones.

"It seems to me," I told her, "that I would better paint your flesh with the ivory paleness that it has, and frankly show the artificial color on the lips and the spots on the cheeks."

"That's all right with me," she declared. So the portrait showed her own pallor, the lipstick color and the rouge. It was like her, and she liked it.

A portrait of a young man whose cigarette was included in the picture is an overmantel in the family dining room. His grandmother alone objected to the cigarette, but it was inseparable from him.

With or Without Wrinkles

Christmas, birthdays and wedding anniversaries are among the best excuses offered for the wish to be painted. After one pleasing portrait has been introduced into a home it is usual for others to follow. Whatever cements family life and creates family tradition is certainly of use, and a portrait performs that service to the nation.

It has been said that American history would have been only half what it is without Gilbert Stuart, Rembrandt Peale and the rest of the portrait painters of the Revolutionary times.

I have discovered that if the ugly features resemble a man's forbears, the possessor of them is invariably proud of the fact and wishes those uglinesses perpetuated.

"You won't paint the wrinkles, will you?" asks the woman sitter. And it is not necessary to do so. To eliminate wrinkles, the lady's face is turned toward the light. Then the shadows in the wrinkles disappear. This eliminates wrinkles, but it makes painting a much more subtle performance. Wrinkles have something to do with the expressing of character, but a woman once said to me, "I don't want to show character. I have a lot more character than any woman should have."

One of the desirable things in the portrait of a man is to show character as much as possible, and aside from an undue amount of jowl, most men are quite content to be painted "wart and all."

I found Maréchal Foch's face lined with an incredible number of wrinkles. But his flesh was warm and his vitality astonishing To paint in all the wrinkles would be to indicate a man very much older than he. Consequently it was for me to give the impression of those wrinkles without painting them all. That produced a better likeness of the man than if I had photographically reproduced the multitude of lines.

Averse to Being Prettied

Of course most women prefer the softening effect of a full light upon the face. Sometimes, however, a woman wants the wrinkles in her picture.

Not long ago I went to the imposing home of a small boy to paint him in his familiar surroundings. There were three sittings on three successive days. His grandmother was visiting there and was an interested party to the work. During the sittings she told me she had been painted twice in Paris by a well-known painter, and that the two paintings had been made for her two eldest daughters. She complained that the painter had "prettied" her, to her great disgust.

"Will you paint me for my third daughter as I really am?" she asked me. I did paint her as she really was—with the wrinkles, with her double chin, and with her fine firm mouth that showed her seventy-two years. At the second sitting she and her daughter declared that I must not touch the face again lest I lose something of the rugged accuracy of it. I suggested a few modifications that I had in mind to smooth and relieve the severity of the face But, no. I was not permitted to make a single change. When the truth-demanding lady parted with me she, with unusual promptness, handed me her check, and standing in the doorway she inquired, "Do you ever alter a portrait?"

"Certainly," said I. "When you make up your mind that you want me to paint on this portrait again, I will be happy to do so."

"It is not that," she said. "I wouldn't have you change that for worlds. But I was wondering if you would be willing to paint my face again into those two portraits that I had painted in Paris." I threw up my hands and gasped "Kamerad!"

Mrs. Sherman, Photographed from a Painting by Joseph Cummings Chase

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Model 35, illustrated, six-tube One Dial Receiver, $65
Other Receivers, $80, $90 and $1
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Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

It helps the hard journey back to health

WHEN THE MIND, freed from the dungeon of fever, is still chained to a weakened body—that's the tough part of being sick.

Those tedious days of convalescence pass more quickly with pleasant entertainment—friendly music. The ambition to be well again is stimulated.

In homes where there are children, a second radio, installed upstairs, becomes almost a necessity. Even when there is no sickness, it quiets youngsters after an exciting day—helps them to go to sleep.

Think of it! Just one turn of a single dial filters from the air whatever kind of music your mood pleads for; quick or slow, stimulating or soothing; jazz, voices, old songs, a violin. That is Atwater Kent One Dial Radio.

You must know an owner of Atwater Kent Radio—there are more than one million such owners. Before he bought, he listened to many sets, compared, sought the advice of others—and then chose.

Listen to his. See how amazingly the pure, natural tone and volume create the illusion of having the musician or speaker right with you in the room.

If you have experienced the confusion of several dials, turn the Atwater Kent One Dial and hear all the stations within range come in one after the other.

And believe him when he tells you that Atwater Kent Radio is so finely made that it never gives trouble—never fails.

Because so many buy it, the price is low.

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies and in Canada.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING: The Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Daylight Time, through:

WEAF . . . . New York	WGN . . . . . Chicago	KSD . . . . . St. Louis
WEEI . . . . . Boston	WCAE . . . Pittsburgh	WWJ . . . . . Detroit
WRC. . . . Washington	WGR . . . . . Buffalo	WCCO. . Mpls.-St. Paul
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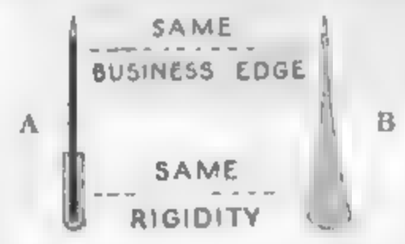
Music Cures

In hospitals, they have discovered the curative value of music. It quiets restless nerves, soothes pain, brings sleep; actually reduces or quickens heart beats and lowers temperature. Many doctors are recommending Radio as a vital help in the sick room.

The Singing Shave
–a new note in blades

THE new Ever-Ready Blade shaves like a song. And *you* can't help singing with joy. Keen? Why the new Ever-Ready is *super-keen*—the toughest whiskers are wafted away before they can put up a fight!

Sharpened by 3 miles of diligent honing, perfected by 1800 feet of careful stropping, Ever-Ready is not only scientifically true, it is structurally right.

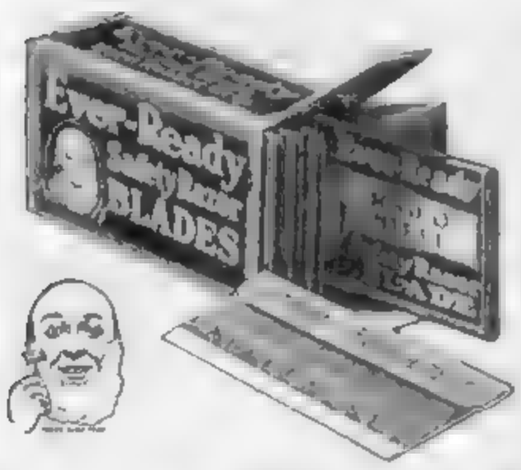


Compare the cross-section of Ever-Ready Blade (A) to the barber's razor (B).

Made of heavier steel—the Ever-Ready Safety Razor Blade takes "the keenest edge in the world"—and holds it. Reinforced with a rigid backbone, it has the insistence to down the resistance of the toughest beard.

Because we control the uniformity of the steel and the uniformity of the edge—each Ever-Ready in each package is uniformly perfect. *No bad blades—ever!*

Try this symphony of shaving luxury. Let your cheeks bask in the harmony of Singing Shaves. This offer makes it easy:—



Mail us twenty cents today to cover mailing cost and we will send you a miniature "grip-full of shaving aids"—containing the standard Ever-Ready Razor with Ever-Ready Radio Blades, and two other shaving requisites. This trial is strictly limited—better write today.

Ever-Ready Radio Blades sold everywhere, 35 cents a package. Ever-Ready De Luxe Razor, $1 complete.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ever-Ready Blades

PHILADELPHIA'S FEW

(Continued from Page 14)

who would laugh most at the idea that certain names stand for conservatism and aristocracy based upon family instead of vulgar dollars, would be the old pirates who accumulated those dollars in the first place!"

The core of New York is change. Social traditions have no more chance of enduring, unchanged, than have the dignified and often beautiful mansions of Fifth Avenue which, though not old at all, are being torn down in swift succession. In their places giant structures pierce the sky so that a dozen millionaires may live where only one lived before.

A traveler who leaves this city of incessant movement, where every day machines shriek out their demolition of walls built only thirty years ago for permanence, and journeys south two hours by train, will find himself surveying Philadelphia with surprise. In New York it is only the present that counts. In Chicago it is the future. But in Philadelphia it is the past.

The social structure of a city is not a thing apart from its commercial life. If society were merely a parasitic growth which fastened itself upon the sturdy plant of everyday life, it would not be worth considering. But it is an indigenous part of the plant itself, and through its variations of leaves and blossoms one may learn much about the roots of the plant and about the soil in which it grows.

It is, for instance, impossible to exact respect for social traditions from people whose eyes can see no physical landmarks. If some night by magic every building and every monument throughout the world which was erected before 1900 could be destroyed, within twenty years veneration for the past would almost cease to exist. Philadelphia, knowing this, guards her symbols of a splendid past with as much zeal as a commercially active city can exert. She also suspects, subconsciously, that if every family of distinction whose prominence seems securely built upon historical and cultural foundations were to lose their money overnight, another generation would laugh at the idea of accepting their social dicta as laws. For although some of this group are not rich today, the majority possess fortunes substantial enough to keep the balance of power among their allies.

Ice Cream and Terrapin

"It's amusing to speculate on the differences there might be in Philadelphia society today if the soil of Pennsylvania hadn't happened to contain such colossal wealth," suggested a resident whose name carries the glamour of prestige continued over many generations. "I've sometimes thought that it was due to this factor, rather than the Quaker influence, that we were so self-sufficient and contented."

"Smug is the word!" declared his wife, who is not a native of the city of peace.

"I shall be nonresistant and agree with you. Let's admit we are smug. Personally I think there is much to be said in favor of smugness. It's certainly a more comfortable attitude to hold than dissatisfaction."

"More comfortable for you, perhaps, but more irritating to the outsider."

"Saving your pardon, my dear, we are not vitally concerned with the point of view outsiders hold about us. But to go back to what I was saying, I think this self-sufficiency you damn as smugness has its origin in a circumstance which, so far as I know, is unique in America. I mean the circumstance of so much wealth being acquired by a considerable number of the population without their actually engaging in commerce or trade. In New England, for instance, they had to work much harder to get their money. I think this effort has resulted, as in New York, where competition has always been so sharp, in a certain brittle, hard and metallic quality of mind. Brilliant, perhaps, but not sympathetic. In the old South the land itself yielded money easily, and as a result the typical Southerner was easy-going and very charming. Now, in our state the two conditions merge and each becomes modified by the other."

He fixed his silent wife with a firm eye as he concluded, "Think how much better we live than the Bostonians, for instance! If you don't believe it, just compare the food which has been named for the one city as against that for the other. Baked beans and codfish cakes as contrasted with Philadelphia ice creams and terrapin! On the other hand, we live with more thought to the future than the Southerner. We are neither brittle nor too easy-going."

A Society Controlled by Men

"And what about New Yorkers?"

"Oh, they don't live at all! They don't know the first thing about real comfort. They're always rushing around, always in a hurry. Men get old and women hard. We accomplish just as much in our own way. . . . Have you any idea how many powerful industries are located around Philadelphia? People who think we're sleepy in a business way are always amazed when they learn the extent of our commerce. But because we have had so much wealth for so long we don't get excited about it. We are more matter-of-fact, more tranquil."

"And this business tranquillity extends to social matters?"

"Of course. Doesn't the New Yorker's hecticism in business hours extend to every other moment of his day? And we are even more susceptible down here, because Philadelphia society is run by men."

A gasp of surprise and indignation was emitted by another feminine auditor, but the speaker's wife came to his defense.

"He's right about that. I remember when I came here as a bride, an old gentleman took me in to my first dinner party and said, 'Now, my dear, I may as well warn you, society in New York is controlled by women, in Boston by cousins, but you must always remember that in Philadelphia it is ruled by men!'"

She went on: "These were the days when the Three Musketeers could make or break a newcomer. They were three men of fashion whose opinions were taken with the greatest seriousness. I don't think there are any people today who take their place, do you?" She turned to her husband.

"No, there aren't. That sort of personal leadership passed out with the cotillion. But the Philadelphia Club still exercises social discrimination."

He explained that this association, whose members are drawn from the most representative families, has power which, so far as he knew, was unique in any Northern city. To be known as a member is not only sufficient guaranty of one's own social standing but carries the right to decide as to the merits of any aspiring outsider.

The controlling board of this powerful body is similar to and more or less interchangeable with the board of governors of the Dancing Assemblies around which fashionable life in Philadelphia has centered for almost two hundred years. When these balls were started, in 1749, they were simple affairs which began at six in the evening and ended at midnight. The subscription ticket cost forty shillings, which included the right to attend, with whatever lady one chose, about sixteen parties each year, as they were given every Thursday during the winter and early spring months.

But although the entertainment and refreshments were of the simplest and the invitations were often printed on the undecorated backs of ordinary playing cards, there was nothing democratic about the spirit of these occasions. Only those people who were considered of the aristocracy were invited, and it was expressly ruled that no wife or daughter of mechanic or tradesman would be admitted.

This tradition of exclusiveness has extended throughout the better part of two centuries, even though the balls have grown fewer in number, until now there are only two each winter and they are much more elaborate. It cannot be said that there are no exceptions to the aristocratic principle laid down by the founders, but on the whole these exceptions are few.

"With the result," said a rebellious member of the younger generation, "that the balls are so dull that I wouldn't go to one if I possibly could help it, and neither would any of my crowd. The older people seem to like them—the place fairly reeks with moth balls and camphor. In fact, some of the clothes are so old-fashioned they look like fancy dress. We prefer the Benedicts' and the Midwinter balls—they're not so exclusive and are lots more fun."

Nevertheless, another member of her group paid tribute to the prestige which the Assembly balls still carry, by saying, "Well, I agree that I don't want to go to them. But I'd certainly hate not to be able to go!"

Another sign of the social power which Philadelphia men wield is to be found in the Rabbit, that exclusive club on the banks of the Schuylkill River, all of whose members are male, most of whom are excellent cooks! One of the most desired of debutante functions is a dinner given here. The party will be informal and gay, and some or all of the dinner may be prepared and served by the aproned hosts.

The stranger to whom this outline of men's dominance had been given, finally asked, "How do you account for it?"

"Philadelphia men really enjoy society! That's the whole story in a nutshell. The only reason women run things in other places is because men won't. Your true Philadelphian, though, can plan a dinner as well or better than his wife, invite the right people, seat them correctly and probably tell the cook just how to prepare the terrapin. That, incidentally, is our symbol of a real party. If you tell someone you've had terrapin, they'll say, 'Oh, it was a formal dinner, was it?'"

His wife said, "Men do their part in seeing that their guests enjoy themselves, too, more than they do in other places. You are always just as conscious of your host as of your hostess here, whereas in most cities the hostess has to do it all, and you sometimes go away from a party not certain whether her husband was there or not."

A Social Dead Line

This contention that Philadelphia society is ruled by men is especially interesting when one considers the remarkable youthfulness and good looks which women there retain long after their contemporaries in other cities have begun to show signs of time's ungraciousness. Nowhere are women's complexions fresher or their figures more supple, or do they combine more delightfully their mundane and intellectual interests. They have been noted for their charm ever since Philadelphia became a town of sufficient size to attract visitors who might compare them with their rivals in the world outside. The daughter of John Quincy Adams declared, during the period when Philadelphia was the seat of our Government, that the women of Boston might be more highly educated, but those of Philadelphia were easier in their manners, more gracious and more desirous of pleasing. A contemporary foreign visitor wrote, "The young women of Philadelphia are accomplished in different degrees, but beauty is common to all."

Whether the reins of leadership have stayed in male hands because they have been held so tightly and competently or whether women have been clever enough to delegate power which also carries responsibility with it, is hard to know. The results, however, have been beneficial both to women and to society as a whole.

When one said "society as a whole," one meant, up to a dozen years ago, a clearly defined group. Nowhere in our country were the boundaries more definite or marked in whiter chalk. There was even a geographical division which applied so vigorously to the location of one's town house that fashionable Philadelphians would have chosen, and many times did choose, to live in narrow, uncomfortable houses in the only neighborhood they considered the right one, rather than to go outside the pale and have more space and more attractive surroundings.

Not very long ago, while this rule was still in effect, the mayor of the city and his attractive out-of-town wife took everyone's breath away by choosing to reside beyond the firmly established boundary line of Market Street, which separated the elect from the rest of the world.

It is said that one of the smartest of the young men then prominent in society tried to compliment her one evening on her courage. He sat next her at dinner in one of the most exclusive houses, and he explained to her how remarkable he thought she was.

"Because you're really a pioneer!" he exclaimed. "You know all these people"—he looked around the table at his friends—"and yet I hear that you also go out with the others. I mean people who live above Market Street!"

Philadelphia's Suburbs

She regarded him with wide-open eyes. "But I can't see any difference!"

Her refusal to accept the traditional lines of demarcation which had been based on the fiction of distinctions almost as definite as if drawn on the basis of color or race, was considered very daring at the time. Since the war, however, a great many more people have decided that to regard society with toy spectacles one lens of which is green and the other red has in it elements of absurdity.

One transplanted Philadelphian, who enjoys reminiscing about his native city, told of the excitement created many years ago when the new opera house was built above Market Street: "There were people who declared they wouldn't go to the finest opera in the world if they had to go to that neighborhood to hear it. Of course, they got over that after they saw that all the leaders of society went."

Fortunately even those people possessing social second-sight as to the invisible lines which bounded certain residential neighborhoods in the city, did not exercise this power so greatly in choosing places to live in the country. Nowhere in America are there more delightfully situated country places than those near Philadelphia. More and more there is a tendency on the part of the well-to-do to give up their town houses and live for most of the year in the country. When they come in to late parties they either stay at a hotel or at a small flat they may have rented for the winter months. One after another narrow old-fashioned residence is being torn down and replaced by a tall apartment house or an office building.

The charm and comfort which have always been said to typify Philadelphia life are expressed much more convincingly in the country homes than in the stereotyped city dwellings of a generation ago. Many of these old houses were inconvenient, dark, and far from attractive. But anyone who motors out into the country and observes one after another of the spacious and beautiful places in which most fashionable Philadelphians live today will be convinced that a new social order has begun.

They have worked out, among other things, a better balance between work and recreation than people in any other city of the United States. This must also be attributed to the dominance of society by men. The typical American male enjoys both work and play when he can find the right kind. But in most places he either takes no thought for the occupations of leisure and therefore gets stale, or he takes so much thought that his so-called pleasures, whether they consist of playing golf or bridge or rushing through dinner to go to the theater, become burdensome.

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¶ Here's the MIDDISHADE case. Tell it to the judge--and you're the judge. Every *fadeproof* MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suit must live up to the law of "Satisfactory Wear".

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This knocker almost seems to say "Come in". Even hardware can be inviting if it is Good Hardware—Corbin

Welcome to a home where the hardware works as well as it looks. Where locks can be depended on. Where hinges work quietly, smoothly. Where windows open as easily as they close. Where bolts and latches hold securely—yet operate with no trouble at all.

That's the way your hardware *should* work. That's the way it *will* work—if you give your home the hardware it deserves—which is to say, Good Hardware—Corbin.

An illustrated booklet (S-8), that will tell you all about this Good Hardware, awaits your request.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia

"The sheer physical discomfort of getting into the country when you live in New York is an irritation to the proverbial tired business man," declared a discouraged Long Island commuter. "In Philadelphia you can motor through a perfectly beautiful Parkway, without going through all these slums, and what is more important from the standpoint of nerves, without that hideous ordeal of being held up by the traffic all along the way. I'm sure I'd be a different person if I could lead the life my friends in Philadelphia lead. It's a wonder to me that some of these efficiency experts don't try to figure out the relation between a man's business success and his state of physical well-being, and then between his physical well-being and what he does after he leaves his office."

Plain But Never Common

One gets the impression that Philadelphians are not tied to their offices so securely as their neighbors in Manhattan. This impression is not based upon anything so tangible as the actual number of hours spent there nor the amount of work turned out, for the residents of the Quaker City would deny that they lagged behind in these matters, but it is evident, among other ways, in their conversation, which includes a wider range of subjects, particularly those requiring cultural and historical knowledge, and much less often touches on business when the occasion is social. One feels that the true Philadelphian is much freer mentally than the typical New Yorker, to whom business is really more absorbing than anything else.

Of course, this attitude of freedom is sometimes exaggerated, as in the case of a young Philadelphian who resigned his position in a brokerage house the other day.

"But why are you leaving?" he was asked.

He answered in all seriousness, "Because I found that my work was interfering with my hunting."

Three or four times a week during the season a crowd of young Philadelphians get up at six o'clock in the morning and ride out to the Business Man's Drag Hunt. By eliminating the vagaries of a live fox they are enabled to enjoy an hour or two of sport, then go home, bathe, dress, and breakfast, and arrive at their offices in the city by half-past nine.

There are more hunt clubs around William Penn's city than there are in the proximity of any other metropolis in our country. Radnor is perhaps the most fashionable of them all, and a hunt breakfast at one of the near-by country places will bring out a great many of the smartest of the younger crowd.

"We make a distinction, though, between being smart and being fashionable," declared a member of the older generation. "What I mean is, that although many of that crowd are very well-born, some of them are not, but often the least aristocratic are the smartest. They have money, and the women are chic, and the men hunt and have fine stables and good packs of hounds. If hunting's all you live for, of course, those things count."

A stranger who goes from one hunt club to another, and who learns of the great excitement occasioned by the horse shows which mark important days on the social calendar, will get the impression that every man and woman sound of limb and purse spends all day in the saddle. As a matter of fact, the actual number who enjoy this sport is small in proportion to the total who make up society. Nevertheless, they form a nucleus which will be of increasing importance in the new social pattern. One of the reasons for this importance lies in the very accusation of the upholder of the traditions. She insisted that not all of the number are descended from the families who for so many generations formed the old social order built upon prejudice and power. But the more vigorous descendants of these same venerated families find virtue in that which she condemns.

"New blood is the thing we want!" one of this group maintained. "The hunting field is the last place where effeteness is welcomed. I'm not going to hunt with anyone just because my mother was a cousin or something of his mother, if someone else has a better pack of hounds. If he's a good sportsman that's enough for me."

Some of the disapproving older generation who see their younger members becoming intimate friends with people whose names are not on the sacred roster, console themselves by saying, "But after all, my dear, the ——'s, whom my niece and nephew are so devoted to, have always been plain people, but they were never common."

The distinction between these two adjectives is one of great importance in determining Philadelphia's attitude toward aspiring outsiders, or, as they are sometimes termed, strugglers.

By plain people they mean people who, whether rich or poor, have always lived simply and respectably, but without pretensions to social position. Sometimes, after generations have existed in this manner, a boy will come along who has a genius for making money, and after he has accumulated a fortune he may desire to become part of the world of society. Or a girl may marry into an old family and then find herself unacquainted with the friends and relatives of her new husband, even though she has been born and brought up very near them geographically.

Even the most conservative of the older crowd do not consider plainness per se as an insurmountable barrier. They do object strongly, however, to that which they call commonness.

"The keynote of common people is pretense," said a member of the Philadelphia Club. "Common people, for instance, say they're going to retire, when they mean they're going to bed. What is worse, they are apt to talk a lot about money. If they build a new house they will tell you how much it cost, long before they tell you who its architect was. If they buy a picture, they may not even know who painted it, but they are sure to know—and tell everyone—what it cost."

He told a story which, he declared, illustrated perfectly the difference between plain people and common people.

Rheumatism de Luxe

A man who had come from good plain stock had worked his way up to a position of wealth and importance in the community. After the pressure of business had lessened, he became a collector of various art objects, and, in time, a discriminating one. He was well liked by men who considered their own lineage more aristocratic, partly because he was a collector, but more because he was so absolutely simple.

On one occasion when he was entertaining a number of people at his splendid country house, a young woman of the kind the narrator terms ordinary came up to him. Her father was also a self-made man, but he tried to conceal the fact, and the daughter had acquired a manner full of affectations and pretensions which she vainly thought would deceive the world as to her humble origin.

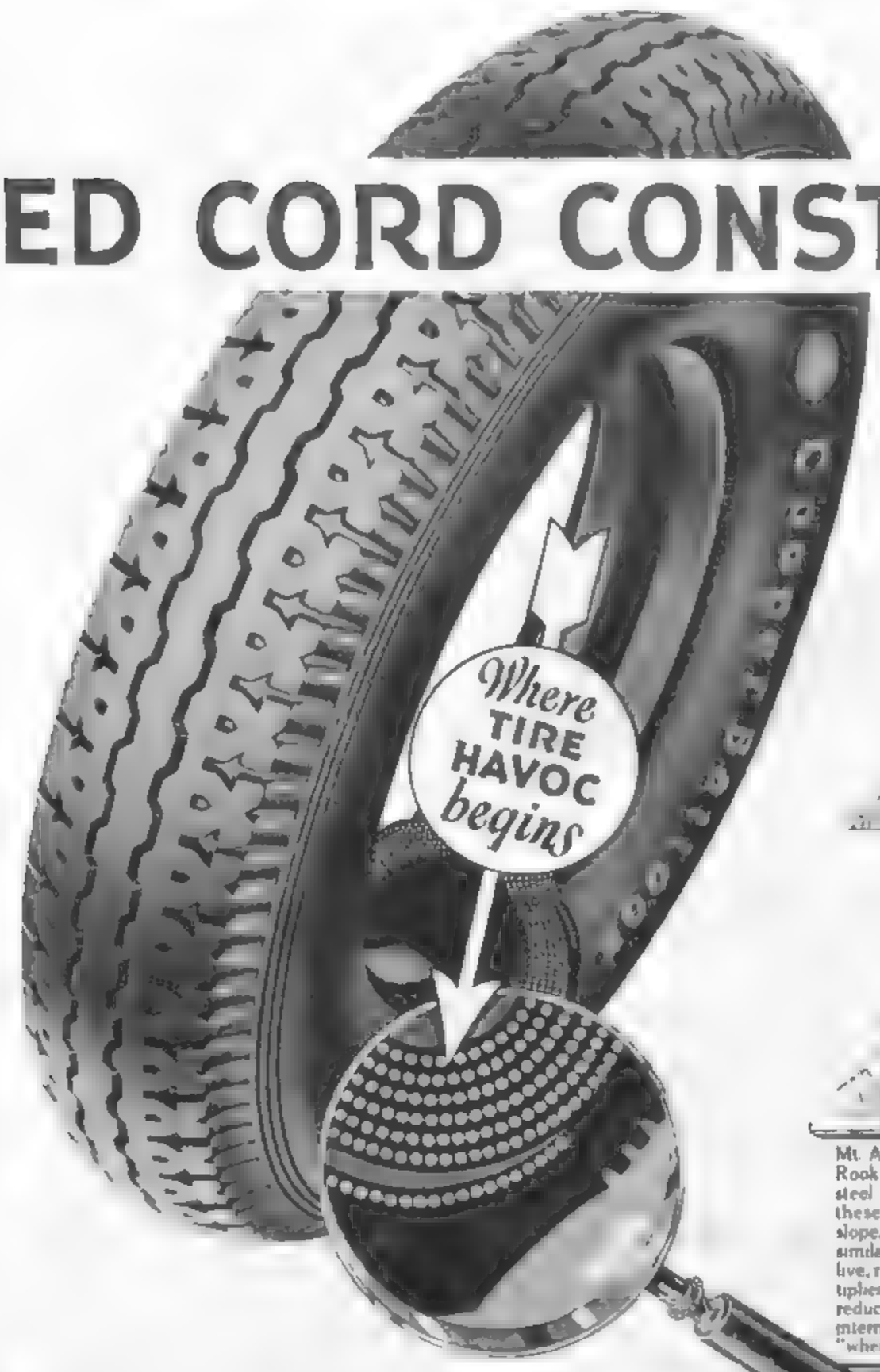
In her gushing manner she went up to her host, who, unable to walk, sat in a chair with an outstretched foot resting on a low stool in front of him.

"Oh, I am so sorry you're laid up!" she said. "I know how painful it is to have ——" she paused, then deciding apparently that "rheumatism" was too plebeian a word, she ended, "I know how painful it is to have gout! My father and grandfather both suffered terribly from gout!"

The invalid fastened his shrewd eyes upon her. "I haven't got gout! And your father and grandfather didn't have gout. We aren't any of us stylish enough to have gout! I'm lame because I got chilblains when I was a boy, going barefooted to school through the snow."

(Continued on Page 148)

ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION



Mt. Adams Incline, Cincinnati, (the world-famed Rookwood Pottery at the crest on the left.) Huge steel cables armored for strength daily carry these heavy cars of humanity up the steep slope. Each individual cord in Cooper Tires is similarly armored with a protecting cushion of live, resilient rubber. This new construction multiplies the inherent strength of the carcass reduces riding heat eliminates disastrous internal friction. It fortifies the vulnerable point "where tire havoc begins"

Rugged, Built-In Strength
that takes roads as they come

NO Cooper Tire ever asked a favor of any road. In the long grind of a cross-country tour . . over good roads . . bad . . over sun-baked pavements . . rut-creased detours . . mountain paths . . city streets . . Coopers take the roads as they come.

For Coopers are armored to meet the road on its own terms. Cooper Armored Cord Construction defies the shocks and the bumps. It dulls the edge of vicious blows and smothers them. To bruising jolts that send ordinary tires to destruction this new construction presents a wall of cord and rubber all but impenetrable.

Your next tires should be Coopers . . Long Service Coopers . . Heavy Duty or Balloon. The Cooper dealer near you will be glad to show you what the extra built-in strength of Armored Cord Construction means to you in the reduction of your tire costs and tire troubles.

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Chieftains!

SCOTTISH Chieftains were supreme in the Highlands of the country that gave us Golf. So are MACGREGOR *Chieftains* supreme today in Golf Clubs.

The three beauties shown above form a *matched* Uni-Set of MACGREGOR Chieftains—Driver, Brassie and Spoon—so perfectly matched as mates that you will feel no difference between them, except that of distance or loft. They are so perfectly matched in *balance* that you will play each of them with exactly the same stroke—with exactly the same confidence—and with the result you should expect. Your rhythm is not disturbed, no matter which club the shot may call for. Each Uni-Set is delivered in a special carton of the MACGREGOR plaid design.

This marvelous model has aptly been called "Chief of the MACGREGOR Clan." It is a beautiful club that sets a new standard in the craft of club construction. The Chieftain is easily distinguished by its solid ivory back-weight, which is so distributed as to give the utmost rhythm of swing.

Other models, also furnished in Uni-Sets, are: Master ($45 the set); Klaymor ($45 the set); Sport ($36 the set); Go-Sum Yardsmore ($36 the set); and Peerless Yardsmore ($36 the set). Chieftains are $60 the set. Ask your Professional or Dealer to show you these different MACGREGOR Uni-Sets. Always buy *all* your golf clubs in sets hereafter—that is the way to improve your game, for then there is a uniformity of fit and feel to each club. Write us for illustrated folders describing these Uni-Sets in detail. Complete catalog of entire line free on request.

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY CO.
Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

MACGREGOR
COURSE-TESTED GOLF CLUBS

(Continued from Page 148)

"Now, do you see," concluded the conservative, "why we like him and dislike her? To undiscriminating eyes they might appear to be the same kind of people—that is to say, they are both *nouveaux riches*. But he stands for the kind of fundamental things all of us stand for after all. And even if his polish isn't quite up to standard, that of the next generation will be—and it will be honest *patine* and not veneer too."

As in all other cities, the rich man who is outside society in Philadelphia is often asked to coöperate in charitable and philanthropic enterprises which are the pet schemes of people of more secure position. Sometimes the outsider whose wife cherishes social ambition uses his donation as an entering wedge, but on the whole there are an unusual number of public-spirited citizens whose desire to improve conditions in the city is entirely disinterested. There are any number of splendidly run charitable institutions which are due to the generosity of men who may possess fortunes, but who are content to lead quiet lives of which comfort and not fashion is the keynote. Some of these men are of Quaker stock, and so it seems natural that they should possess both simplicity and unostentatious kindliness of heart. Since the days when young William Penn, a convert to the Quaker faith, persuaded King Charles to pay the crown debts he owed with a grant of land in the New World, the influence of the Friends has been evident in all the activities of Philadelphia. Not all the early settlers were Quakers, because the unusual religious freedom which Penn granted drew people of diverse faiths to the new colony. But like draws like, and the majority of early settlers differed little from the Friends in their practices of thrift and industry and their belief in justice and tolerance and peace. They were markedly different from the New Englanders, who sought religious freedom for themselves and then persecuted members of other faiths. They were different from the Dutch traders and merchants of New Amsterdam. They were less different from the English who settled Virginia and Carolina in their mode of living, for they, too, liked comfort and regarded a country estate as a gentleman's right, but they were more provident than their Southern neighbors and less interested in amusements.

Even today the theaters of Philadelphia lag far behind those of other cities. The tourist bent on entertainment deplores the lack of smart restaurants and the dearth of night clubs.

Even the hotels are more quiet and more sedate than similar hostelries in other cities. And these things are also the result of the same influence which two centuries ago closed a little theater where the first Shaksperean representation in the United States was given, on the grounds that it was "encouraging idleness, and drawing great sums of money from weak and inconsiderate persons."

To be sure, Philadelphia learned shortly after that to enjoy the frivolous pursuits of leisure, when the British Army was stationed there and the city's capture was the occasion for all manner of balls and fêtes and amateur theatricals. Nevertheless, he feels that gayety is a private and not a public affair. Among friends, whether they number a dozen or twelve hundred, no one will be lighter of heart nor will more thoroughly enjoy himself. But he prefers to do so when he is not in the presence of strangers, and to him there is no reproach in the criticism of the tourist.

"If we want jazz and shows and night clubs we can go to New York in two hours and get them," a young Philadelphian said the other day. "In the course of a winter we usually see all the good new plays over there and we know the best restaurants, and so on. But for us it's only an occasional holiday, and not, thank heaven, a part of our everyday life!"

In somewhat the same spirit some of the richest of Philadelphia's citizens go to New York or Newport to give their largest and most splendid private parties. None of these people would live anywhere else, nor, indeed, do they want to change their own city, for the very things which cause them to leave it now and then are the things which endear it to them as a place of permanent residence.

Philadelphia is the most tranquil of cities, and its tranquillity is all the more impressive because one feels the presence, below the surface, of such tremendous power. It seems sometimes like a serene and beautiful woman who has long since discarded her Quaker garb for more fashionable garments, but whose gray eyes, beneath her smartest hat, are always calm.

AMERICANA

(Continued from Page 35)

the flood victims in the lower Mississippi valley. By unanimous vote of the business men the entire amount was turned over to the Red Cross."

"The brand of Americanism that really is 100 per cent appeared in the unanimous action of the organized farmers of Pulaski County, Arkansas, in pooling their surplus corn and soy beans and donating the pool to flood sufferers. The scarcity of seed in the flooded areas naturally has increased the price of that which is available, and by holding their surplus Pulaski farmers could have reaped a handsome profit."

Similar aberration encountered in a Keokuk dispatch to the Des Moines Register:

"There will be no memorial picture, no piece of statuary in Keokuk Senior High School as the gift of the Class of 1927. Instead, the class has voted to donate the fund to the Keokuk chapter of the Red Cross for the relief of flood sufferers in the Mississippi basin."

Triumph of the caste system in one of its citadels as reported in a West Point dispatch to the Newark Evening News:

"Cadet Hans W. Holmer, of Medford, Oregon, who was appointed to the Military Academy from the regular Army, and Cadet Harold A. Kurstedt, also a former enlisted man in the regulars, finished one and two respectively in the class of 209 cadets graduated today. Cadet Holmer was star man three of his four years. This means that he maintained a general average of 92 per cent or better in all subjects for those years. He was a cadet lieutenant, a rifle and pistol expert and was assistant business manager of the year book, the Howitzer. Kurstedt has been a star man twice, was a cadet captain and an A man on the wrestling team for two years. Twelve other former enlisted men of the regular Army or National Guard graduated in the class. Among these, Cadet John A. Schwab, of New York City, was a cadet captain and one of the Point's crack poloists, and Cadet John R. Lovell, of Ottumwa, Iowa, was a member of the football squad for three years and captain of the boxing team."

Sinister behavior of a Federal Cossack as revealed by the Associated Press:

"Discharge of Private Jack A. Kibbe, of the Thirtieth United States Infantry, yesterday at the expiration of his enlistment revealed the fact that as a result of the voluntary suffering of Kibbe and several other soldiers the dengue-fever rate among American troops in the Philippine Islands has been reduced from 80 per 1000 to less than 20 per 1000. Kibbe responded to a call for volunteers to undergo inoculation with the fever germs so that army doctors might study the progress of the disease and develop methods to combat it. He is a native of Copperhill, Tennessee."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 28

career—sawing a woman in two. The woman was placed in a coffin, with her head and feet projecting, and Garstine sawed the coffin in two, to the lady's evident amusement.

What a marvelous act! Sawing a woman in two! What a wow to finish with! But how in the world was it done?

The idea preyed on his mind. He would lie awake at night picturing the act. Sitting in his dressing room between shows, he would litter the floor with diagrams of coffins, crosscut saws and women. He would forgo his meals to muse upon his great problem. He grew feverish, lightheaded with musing. He kept muttering, "I can do it! I will!" His eyes had a wild look. His work suffered; half dollars dropped all over the stage as he walked about.

The solution came to him during a sleepless night, after he had put on five shows. He sprang from his bed with a strange cry, "I will do it! I have my finish wow!"

He spent the morning in a carpenter shop constructing the box.

At the first performance he made his announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I shall now endeavor to present for your approval my world-famous and sensational act of sawing a woman in two. This act is attempted by but one other magician in the entire world—the supreme wonder worker, Garstine the Great. May I ask some lady to volunteer? I shall put her in this coffin which you see before you, and saw her in two."

Amid much giggling a comely girl was pushed forward by her school friends.

"Are you willing to be sawed in two, mademoiselle?" inquired Wisby.

"Sure," said the girl, snickering.

"Then kindly place yourself in this coffin." He opened the sides and top of the coffin, proving to the audience that there was no possible place for her to escape. Her head protruded through a hole at one end of the coffin, her feet appeared through the opposite end. He closed the coffin. The girl's face smiled at her friends; her feet wiggled gleefully.

"I shall now take this crosscut saw, which you may inspect, and saw through the center of the coffin, thus sawing the lady in two. Is there any objection on the part of the law?"

There was no objection. The audience quivered with excitement.

Wisby the Wizard then sawed the lady in two. There was quite a lot of trouble about it.

—*Morris Bishop.*

ME—GANGSTER

(Continued from Page 4)

politician and he never failed them. He was good that way; but for his drinking, folks used to think he was a fine man. But I could have told them a few things, I guess!

After he quit the docks his hands got softer and whiter and he was not as strong as he used to be, though he was still a bad fighter and stronger than most men. He was a battering man. Whatever he did, he did with all the strength he had. He used to work mighty hard election days. I remember the first time I ever saw his picture in the paper. He had his best suit on, and a white collar, and somebody wrote under the picture that he was a self-made man and boss of the gas-house district. They said there was a lesson to be learned from his square chin. Knowing what I do now, I still laugh at that. He was self-made, all right!

Anyway, we lived better after he got himself into politics. One night the captain of the police station came to our house. He had locked my old man up in the old days, but he came to our house now and was mighty nice and friendly. I hid in the hall and heard what they said, and the old man sure told him where to get off.

"You'll split with me, un'erstand?" the old man growled. "You been skimmin' the milk too long. If you don't like it, you'll get a chance to go to the sticks on night duty!"

I guess I was a pretty smart kid in some ways. I knew what my father meant. I knew that Moriarity and Clancy kept their saloons open Sundays and that they ran big crap games and card games upstairs. I knew that was against the law too. But laws are no good if the cops are fixed. Now that the old man was a politician, he could fix the cops.

Pay Day for the Boss

That gave me confidence, because I knew the cops would be afraid to arrest me. I would get the old man after them, and he would go after them too—not for me, but on account of my mother. Even the captain himself was scared of the old man, because he promised to come to the house every Thursday night and pay money he had collected for protection.

When I saw how everybody was grafting I began to open my eyes. It was a cinch that my foreman on the docks was in cahoots with the truck drivers that hauled those cases, and they must be in cahoots with the men that checked in the loads at the other end. So I decided to find out what was up and get more money for myself. That was what my father had done; anybody could see that.

I had a little pal named Danny Critch, and I told Danny we could make some money together. He was willing, so we fixed it up for Danny to follow one of the trucks and see what became of the stuff they carried and how it was checked in at the place they delivered it. Danny found out. It was checked in just the same as I wrote it on my paper. I guess there was a crooked receiving clerk. What Danny discovered meant that we had to go farther than just following the truck, but Danny was all excited about the crooked work and was willing to keep trying.

The Road to Easy Money

He even got into the building where the stuff was stored and found out that it was only a warehouse where lots of merchants kept their stuff till they were ready to use it. I am older now and can realize what suckers big merchants are apt to be. Just as soon as ten cases came in, it was put down on the books as twelve, and nobody knew the difference until an inventory came, and then it was too late to trace the missing cases. But it was not too late for Danny and me. We knew that they stayed right on the docks when the trucks left, and it was up to us to find out what happened to them after that.

We sneaked out of the house for three successive nights before we learned anything, and then we learned a lot. We saw a big truck go to the docks and load the extra cases aboard. Danny and me hooked on behind and rode across town a ways to another old warehouse. Then we hid and saw the cases unloaded and taken inside. It was all done in the dark and we had to keep back for fear of being caught, but we heard the cases being ripped open inside the warehouse and after a while the dock foreman himself came out and walked away. He had been in the truck all the time and we never knew it.

Danny said he had been there to sell the extra cases and get his money, and that he had the money on him. Danny was seventeen and I was just going on sixteen, but we

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were both pretty game. "He stole the money," Danny whispered to me, "why shouldn't we steal it from him? I'll bet there's a hunnerd bucks on him!"

In those days $100 was a fortune to me. Afterward Danny and me had as much as $20,000 at a time, but that was later, when we got the gang organized. I was a little scared at first, but Danny told me there was nobody around and we could do it so that the foreman never would know who pulled the job. Just as though he was going to prove we could, he picked up a cobblestone and we sneaked up close behind the foreman. Danny heaved the stone and it took the man on the back of the neck. He went down like a sawed tree, and I admit I was scared stiff, but I would not let Danny see it, so we ran up and went through his pockets. That was how we got started on big money. We found a roll of bills and I stuffed it into my coat.

"He'll be all right," Danny whispered as we left the foreman on the sidewalk. "He'll come right out of that and get up and go home."

There was not any trouble about getting away. Nobody was around and Danny and me just walked fast around a few dark corners and finally went into our back yard through an alley that ran behind it. Right at the corner there was a street light and we stopped there, in the shadows, and counted the money. What a surprise! The foreman had carried more than $2000 in bills! So much money scared us. Where could we hide it all? But we were both pretty game, I guess, even if we were kids, so we each took half and said we were pards and never would tell a soul, even if we got arrested.

"But we won't git pinched," Danny whispered; "not with your old man being a politician. I should say not! Maybe we better go around and give the cops a little dough just to stand in right."

But I said no. Nobody would ever know we did it, I said, and that was the best way. I never trusted cops. I do not now. Then Danny sneaked home and so did I, but I did not sleep that night. I was too excited thinking about all the money we had and what I could do for Mary with that much money. But, after all, I was getting afraid to spend it. People might get suspicious over it and think I did that to the foreman. I had to be mighty careful, I could see that.

From Father to Son

It must have been three o'clock in the morning when I heard the door of my father's room open. He came into the hall and started down the back stairs. Then I heard a soft knocking at the back door, and you can bet I was scared. I thought sure I was caught, and jumped out of bed and began dressing so that I could run.

I had more than $1000 in my clothes and knew I could go a long ways off on that. I wished I could reach Danny first. By the time I had slid into my clothes I heard the old man coming back upstairs, so I sneaked into the hall and hid in a corner. He would go right to my room and drag me out to face the foreman, I thought, and while he was at the door I was going to sneak past him and down the front stairs to the street. But he never stopped at my door at all. He went to my mother's and stood there listening for quite a long while. I guess he wanted to be sure she was asleep.

I hardly breathed as I crouched there in the dark hall. I could just see my father. He had put on an overcoat downstairs and the bottom of his nightdress showed under it. I could see his bare ankles too. After a while he went downstairs. Then I knew it had nothing to do with the foreman, and after that police captain had come I was always interested in learning more about my old man, so I crept down the stairs after him. He went into the dining room and left the door open just a little, so that he could hear anything outside in the hall. I got close to the door and listened. Somebody was there, because the old man was talking harsh to him. Mostly the old man did talk harsh to people that came nights.

"You can't pull that racket on me," I heard him say. "I'll give you a tossing you'll never forget." Then he began to swear, and I pitied the poor guy in the room with him. But you can imagine the scare I got when the fellow answered and I heard his voice. It was the foreman! The same guy me and Danny had dropped and robbed. I was just going to run when he started talking. I waited and listened.

"I tell you they did, boss!" he said, his voice kind of whiney. "I never knew a thing was comin'. You gotta believe me. I've always played square, ain't I? How many times have I delivered the goods right like I said I was goin' to? I was on my way here when they rolled me, boss; honest I was!

"I collected about twenty-one hunnerd for the stuff. I had it in my pocket and I hadn't got over two hunnerd yards from the warehouse when they dropped me from behind. The guys from the warehouse found me and got me straightened around. We didn't say nothin', of course -here, look at my neck! Ain't that proof? They got me with a cobblestone!"

A Job With More Leisure

The old man snorted and swore some more, but I could have laughed right out loud. The foreman never even suspected me and Danny. We had it all our own way and my own old man was in on the deal for the stolen cases! Wasn't he a smart old guy? I thought. But he would find out that his son was no fool!

He was in with the politicians and the police and the crooks too! I could see that. He made a lot of money. He would have to. Two thousand dollars in a night just from one man. And he thought I was working for six dollars a week! I sneaked back upstairs, thinking about how my mother worked and how she dressed, and how I worked and how the old man was rolling in money. I hated him for that. I could hardly wait for morning to tell Danny all I knew.

Danny met me on the corner about seven o'clock while I was on my way to work. He wanted me to quit the job and just try to find easy ways of making money, but I figured I was too smart for that. If I did not go to work that day the foreman might think there was something wrong about it. So I went. I had to laugh at the crooked foreman. His face was a sight and the back of his neck was all swollen. I guess he scraped his face when he fell, after Danny hit him with that cobblestone. No wonder.

All the men were winking behind his back, because some of them did not like him very well and thought he had got into a fight. But they were afraid of him, because he could fire them if he liked. It seemed to me that everybody—even the laborer—was trying to hide things from other people. Already I guessed there was some boss that was even bigger than my old man.

It made me laugh to think how I had it over them all. Danny and me knew just what had happened. We were the only ones that did. One of the other foremen asked our boss what had happened, and I heard him say he fell downstairs while he was walking around at night. That was a hot one!

At noontime I saw Danny again and he had more ideas. He said I was crazy to work. He told me if I listened at the old man's door I would learn all kinds of ways to make easy money, and if we ever got caught, all I had to tell the captain was what I had heard between him and the old man. So that night I told the foreman I was sick of the job and was going to work somewhere else. I nearly laughed in his face when he told me never to say anything about the missing cases, and gave me an extra twenty dollars to seal the bargain. But he asked where I was going to work and I had to say something, so I said I was going to work for Clancy, who ran the saloon.

The foreman seemed surprised, and I knew he would tell my father, so I went to Clancy and thought I would see how much

(Continued on Page 152)

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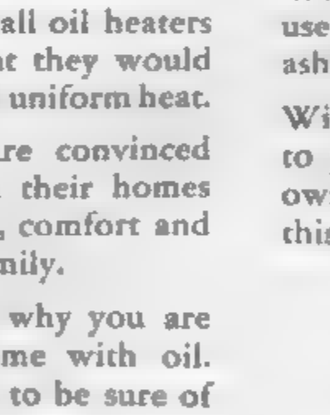

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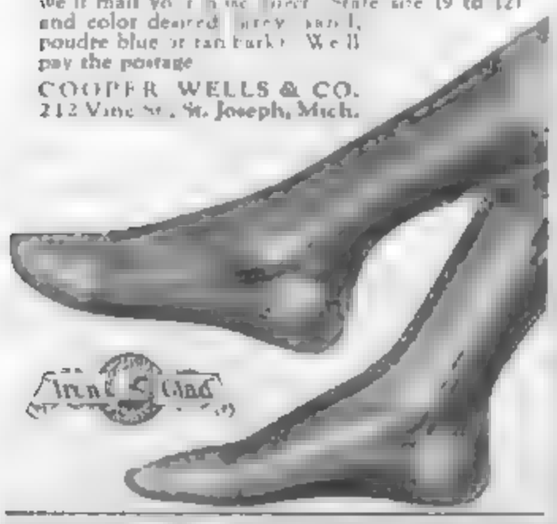

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(Continued from Page 150)

pull my old man really had. Clancy ran a pool room on the horse races upstairs over his saloon and I was sure he was one of the men paying the captain money for protection. I told him he had to hire me, and he grumbled a little, but he gave me a job marking up the names of race horses on a blackboard. Then I told him he had to tell the old man that he asked me to come there to work. I was getting smart then, and I said: "That won't hurt you any with the old man, Clancy"; and it worked, because he winked and said I was a smart kid.

I never really worked there. There was another kid to whom Clancy paid eight dollars a week, and he did all the marking and errands. I just hung around. Clancy never paid me any money, but I did not want any, because I had nearly $1200 hidden away behind the cupboard in my room and I was using that. About that time I noticed that all the kids in the neighborhood wanted to stick around me and Danny. They knew they were pretty safe as long as they were with me. No matter what we did, the cops never bothered us much. They pretended to chase us, but they never really tried to catch us.

I found out a lot about men during the next year. Mostly they are afraid of their jobs. The cops on our beat had a soft thing as long as they caused no trouble, and they made a pretty good thing out of Clancy and Moriarity. There was a house down the street that the kids used to whisper about. It had red shades on the windows and men used to go there a lot at night. Lots of times we used to wait there and pick up young fellows that were not smart and had drunk too much. We would walk them down toward the gas house and then Danny would hit them on the chin and we would take their money. Sometimes we did not get much, but other times luck was better.

There was a woman that ran the house, and once she stopped me on the street and asked me if I wanted to make five dollars. I said yes, and she sent me three blocks away to a little store. She gave me a note and I handed it to the man running the store. He told me to wait. After a long time he came back and handed me a little package. I slipped the package into my pocket and started to take it back to the woman. On the way a stranger stopped me and began to talk. Right away I knew he was a strange cop. I never knew just how I spotted them, but I did. I could always tell. I acted like a dumb kid, but all the time I knew that he was after the package, and I schemed out a way to get away from him. It was easy to see that if the cops wanted the package, the woman would pay a lot more than five dollars for it. Finally I waited my chance, then I ran.

Jim Murphy's Kid

The stranger chased me, but I led him through an alley and climbed over a fence. That way I lost him. After that I went to the house with the red shades, because I did not want to go where the woman was waiting for me. I was afraid they would be watching her too. Looking back, I have to smile at some of my kid tricks. I guess I could just smell easy money ever since I was born.

She was at the house and she was glad to see me. Right away she wanted the package. "Have you got it, sonny?" she asked, her voice kind of shaking.

"Sure, I got it," I said; "but not with me. A fellow stopped me and took it away from me. He told me to tell you that he would give it back if I brought him some real money."

The woman swore—lots of women on our street did that—and finally she asked, to herself, "How many people have I got to be paying?"

I never said a thing, but she went out of the room and after a while came back with an envelope. It was sealed up.

"Take that to him and bring the package," she growled, swearing again. I went out.

Down the street a ways I opened the envelope. There was fifty dollars in it. Five ten-dollar bills. I put them in my pocket and went back to the house. She met me and I told her I would give her the package after I got the five dollars she promised me. She gave me the money, but she swore some more and said I did not deserve the money, on account of being caught.

It was quite a while later that she learned who I was, and then she only laughed and said I was "Jim Murphy's kid, awright!" Danny laughed himself sick over the way I had worked it, and we found out afterward that the strange cop who had stopped me was a Federal dick and chasing up drugs for the Government.

I knew my father was wise to what was going on in the different places, and I was pretty sure that if I ever really got caught he would have to fix it, on account of my mother. That gave me confidence, and when I remembered how the men on the docks worked I always decided more and more I never would be fool enough to do that; I never would be a laborer.

Thus far I have tried to tell things exactly as I remember them in a kid sort of way. But it was not long before I began to see the kind of fellow a man was just by looking at him. Most of the fellows along the street talked big and did little. When you see a fellow with close-set eyes and a long nose, or one with a chin that sticks way out, you can bet he is a crook. But most of the time he is yellow. Danny and me were going along making good money when I learned that lesson. We met a fellow named Fletch, and he started to tell me about the easy money we could make robbing the fruit store on the corner. We decided to do it the next Saturday night. I never liked that Italian anyway—not since he got me caught with the apple that first time.

A Lesson in Physiognomy

Most of the people on the street paid the Italian their bills on Saturday, and so he always had the most money on hand then. So the three of us went there to rob the place about three o'clock in the morning. We got in through the back window and it was dead easy. But we had to be quiet, because the Italian lived over the store and might be listening.

We went all through the store and did not find the money, and we were about to quit, when the Italian came down the stairs carrying a candle. It was easy for Danny to hit him, so he did. Of course, the candle went out, and we all got on top of the Italian before he knew what was up.

Fletch pulled a gun, and that was the first time I ever knew he had it. He stuck it in the storekeeper's face and threatened to kill him if he did not tell us where the money was. The wop told. We got about $300 and then beat it right out the front door, after Fletch had soaked the Italian again so we could get away.

The next morning the papers told about it, but there was no clew that tied us in on the job. I must admit I felt pretty big after that. It proved me and Danny were men, anyway. But I did not like the idea of that gun. Always, in the back of my mind, there was a feeling that that was the sort of thing nobody could fix, not even the old man or his bigger boss. And I was afraid of the law when it got a chance to work.

I felt big after that store job, and so did Danny. We got $100 each and told Fletch to get rid of that rod and shut up. But he did not. That is why I know about men with close-set eyes and chins that stick way out. They are yellow.

Naturally the cops had to make a showing after the robbery, and they happened to pick up Fletch, because he had done time—he had a record. When they took him in, Fletch talked; they turned him over to the captain, and because he was yellow he talked.

That night when I got home the old man was waiting for me, and he was white and worried looking. He asked me what I knew about the robbery, and I told him nothing

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at all. He put on his hat and we walked over to see the captain. They asked me a lot of questions, and I was scared, you bet, but I never cracked a thing. Just said I knew nothing about the job.

All the time I was wondering how they suspected me, and it was not long before I learned. They brought Fletch in and he stood right up and told the whole thing.

"You can't put the collar on me!" he laughed. "Not with Murphy's kid in on the job with me! I ain't no sucker born the day before yestiddy! Do what you please. But make a pinch with me and I'll crack the works on the kid, here. I know a few things about Moriarity and Clancy too!"

He looked right at the old man and winked. Anybody could see that he felt pretty safe. I never said a thing, and when they brought Danny in, he never said a thing either. We were there almost all night and finally the old man took me home. I thought he was going to beat me up, but he never said a word. His face was white and his forehead was all wrinkles, like he was thinking very deep. When we got home I lit a cigarette and sat down to take whatever was coming. Nothing came. The old man waved me off to bed without a word. I never slept much that night, and the next morning I ducked out without breakfast. I thought I ought to meet Danny and we would both take some money and go away for a week or so.

But Danny wanted to beat up Fletch. He said the captain had to let the rat go, and now that he was free he would hold it over my father's head that we were in on the store job. Danny was mad. I showed him that we could do nothing like that without bringing about a lot of talk and suspicion. We went to a little restaurant for some coffee, and while we were there one of the detectives from the station came in and sat down with us. We did not like that, but pretended not to mind.

"The captain says he wants to see you, kid," he said to me. "I guess you two better go down together. Don't get me wrong; it ain't a collar. He just wants to tip you off to a couple of things. I'd get right down there if I was you."

At first I figured we ought to beat it, but there was no sense in that, so Danny and me went down. The captain took us in his private room and told us we better lay low and do nothing at all for two weeks. He said the Fletch matter was a serious one and might cause a whole lot of trouble for us, but if we would stand pat and keep quiet for two weeks he thought he could handle it all right. We finally promised and shook hands with him. I never let on what I knew about him and the old man dividing up the collections. I would save that, I figured, until I needed it as a last shot.

The End of a Loose Tongue

Danny and me left the station house and walked down the street. We were feeling pretty big, having shaken hands with the captain and heard him admit he was protecting us. Of course, it was on account of the old man, but even at that I had a thing or two on the captain that he did not know about. We wondered how he was going to keep Fletch quiet. When we got down to Clancy's place, we went in. Clancy came along the bar and caught my coat by the lapels. He pulled me close; whispered something. At first I thought I was wrong in what I heard, but when I asked him to repeat it, he did:

"They got Fletch last night. Bumped him off down near the gas house about four o'clock this morning. He had just got out of the can. The inside story is that he's a stool pigeon."

I pretty near fell down when I understood. They had killed Fletch because they were afraid he was going to talk. I knew that. Even the captain was in on the scheme. Maybe he had given somebody protection just for doing the job.

All I could think of was the old man's white face, with the wrinkles on his forehead, and the quiet way he took me home. After all, Fletch would have had something on my father, too, because the captain would have talked to free himself.

My old man was quite a hard guy, I could see that. He was a fighter and he did not know how or when to quit. But I knew I had better watch all guys with close-set eyes and chins that stick out in front of their faces. And I was mighty thankful my old man was a politician.

Danny Critch was a great help in a fight, because he was dead game and used to like to fight. But he never was very smart at figuring things out in advance. I mean by that, he might fight too quick and take things into his own hands when that was foolish. But he got a queer angle on the killing of Fletch. He was afraid that maybe Fletch had got time to talk to some of his close friends before he was bumped off. If that was the case, as anyone could see, there might be people left that knew too much.

I never went near Fletch's body and I never talked about his being killed. I figured the best thing to do was just not pay any attention to the thing. But Danny was different. He wanted to go over into Fletch's neighborhood and see what he could find out. I figured that was foolish, but he thought we better know, because some of Fletch's pals might bump us off if Fletch had got a chance to talk to them.

Back Talk for the Captain

It was right about that time that I noticed I was getting like older fellows along our street; like the fellows that I used to see at night when I was more of a kid. I was always looking over my shoulder and I never felt right among strangers. I always wanted to know just exactly who was around me. That feeling came over me more and more as Danny talked about Fletch's pals. Even if Fletch had only mentioned the fact that he had something on me, that would be enough to make his pals think I might have bumped him off. They might go to the police and tell what they knew, and then what? I might be arrested for a crime that my own father did!

I told Danny to wait till I could talk with my old man. I went right to him and asked if he had heard about Fletch. He said no. Then I told him that Fletch had been killed and I was afraid they might blame me, because I was suspected of being in on that store job with him.

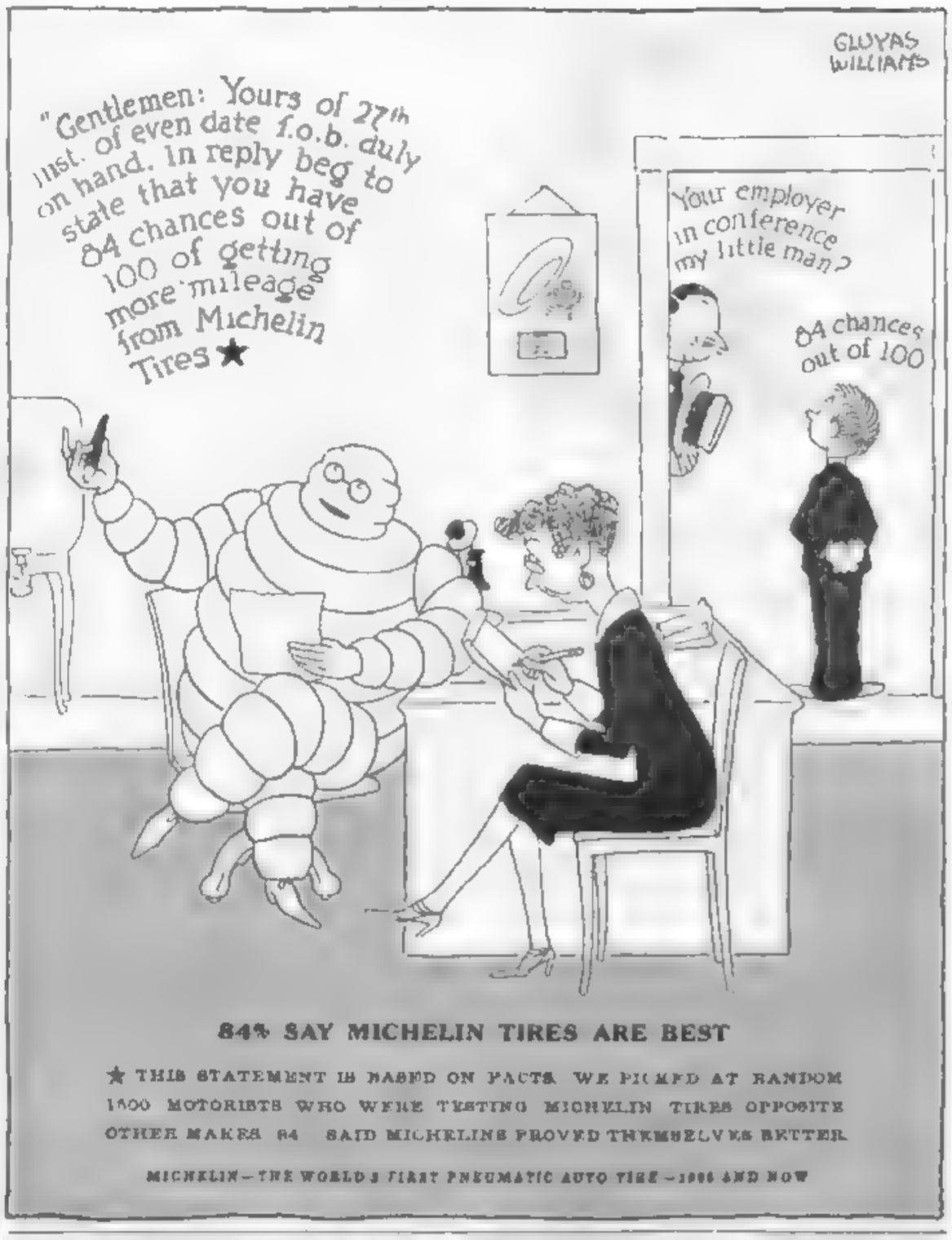
"If they let him go and he got a chance to talk to his pals before he was killed," I said, "they might blame me."

"The captain's got too much sense for that!" the old man snapped, sudden-like. "He'd never give that rat a chance to squawk!"

I never said a word, but I knew from what he said that the old man had fixed it with the captain to have Fletch killed. The detective that had taken me to the captain said something later on that proved I was right. He was talking about the crime and he said that Fletch had been found down near the gas house. He was all crumpled up against the wall of a vacant warehouse and he was shot through the head.

"He was in a fight—a gun fight," the detective told us, "with some crook pals of his. We found his gun beside him with one shot fired, and we hold at the station house another gun we took off him when he was first pinched. He was a gunman. When a guy like him gets the bump nobody cares. It'll all die out in a day or two."

But he did not fool me—not after my old man said the captain would not be fool enough to give Fletch a chance to talk to friends. I knew they had marched Fletch from the station to the gas house and bumped him off. If they had not, where did the second gun come from? That was a laugh. It was a police frame-up. The cops had killed Fletch and planted another gun on him after he was dead. Not only that, they had planted some stolen jewelry on him, too, and said that he was killed in a fight over dividing up loot with somebody. Nobody cared much about Fletch, so the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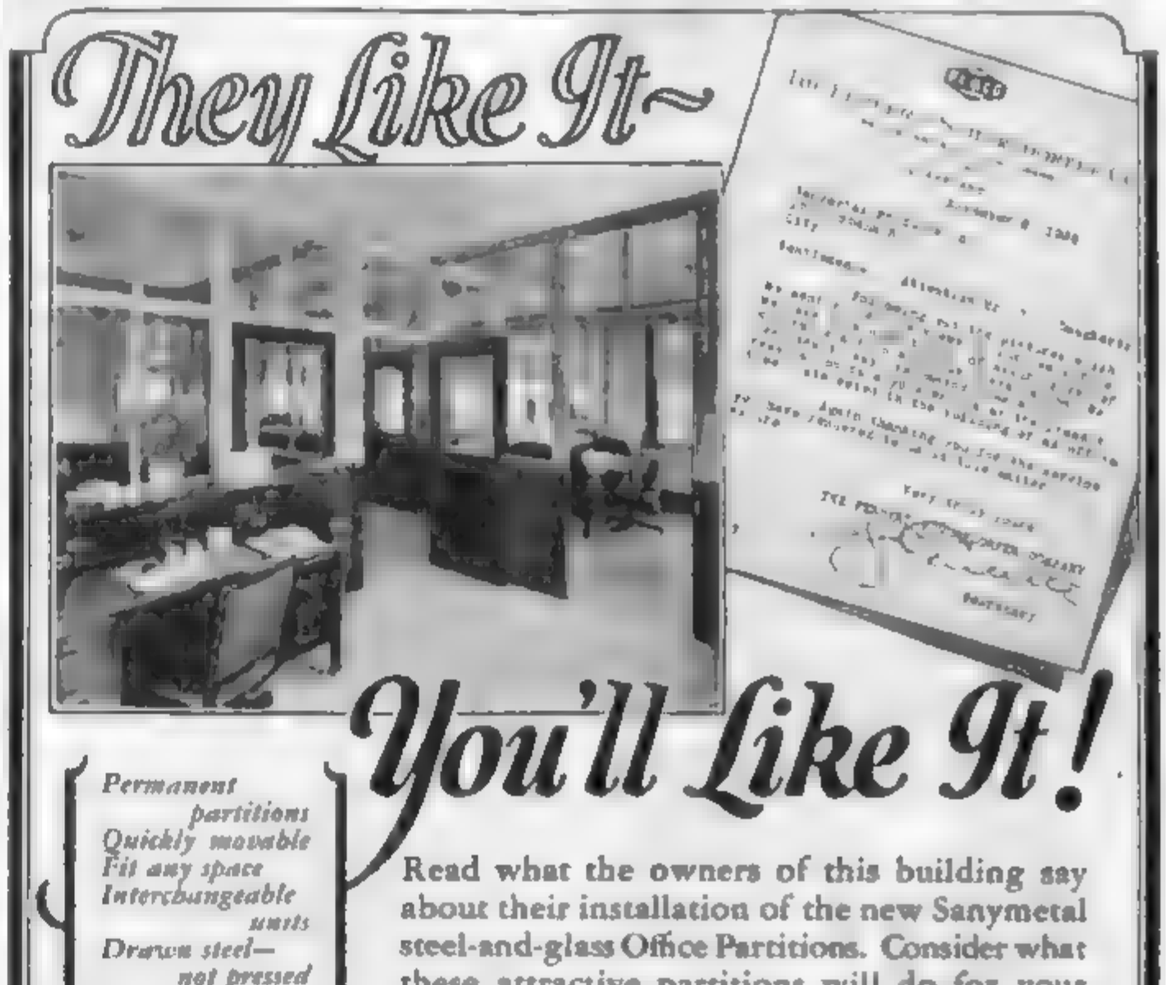

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matter died out, except for some talk in the papers and a half-baked investigation by the district attorney's office.

After that I just laughed at everything, until Danny was shot at over on another street. Then I knew it went back to Fletch and we better not laugh. They almost got Danny and he had to be mighty careful, but he would not leave town. Danny was like my old man in that fighting way. Once get him started and he would fight an army. The captain called us into the station again and talked with us and tried to find out about who shot at Danny. He told us he was our friend and that he had proved it and that we ought to talk to him. I guess we would have talked if we could, but we did not know anything to talk about.

He did not believe us. "You'll go over there and take a shot at somebody and then we'll have the papers shouting about a gang war and the district attorney stirring up the Fletch case again," he said. "It will be better to let me handle it. Tell me all you know and I'll keep you safe, and quiet up a bad mess as well."

Danny swore he did not know who shot at him. The captain was doubtful and worried. He asked us to promise not to start anything, and I did, but Danny said he would shoot the first guy that looked at him crooked.

"You got a rod on you?" the captain asked.

"I certainly has," Danny admitted; "and I'll bust hell out of any guy that crosses me sudden."

"You give me the gun," the captain said. "I can run you in just for having it."

"And you'll run me out mighty quick after that," Danny grins. "You and me are buddies, all right, but no bluff goes. You got a rod in your kick all the time. Would you go without it?"

That was pretty raw talk to a captain, but I could see Danny knew what he was doing. The captain just licked his lips a lot and drummed on the table with his fingers. At last he asked us to promise not to do anything until he could find out what the lay of the land was. We promised that. We said we would not go over into the other district for a week.

In Right With the Bosses

The very next day the detective met us on the street and winked at us and said that things would work out all right. This detective was the captain's right-hand man. He never said a thing more, but the following day we heard that a fellow over in the other district had been arrested for a job he had done more than a year before. He was tried quick and got seven to ten years in the can.

It was a week before the dick told us that he never committed the crime of which he stood convicted, but was a friend of Fletch's and was probably the guy who had bumped Fletch off. We knew that was a lie, but it was a good way of telling us that the captain had framed the fellow to avoid trouble for us. He was probably the one who had shot at Danny, and the captain had reached him through stool pigeons.

That was two big things my old man had ribbed up, and Danny and me could see he was sure in right with the big bosses. Other people could see it too. The captain and the detective and the smart kids that knew there was more to Fletch's death than came out in the news, all were convinced that my old man was in right. There began to be talk about his running for alderman.

Before long there were fellows coming to me from all over our part of town. They all wanted to play the game with me. It was then that Danny got the idea of making up a gang, so that we could tell them all what to do and then make them split with us for protection. I was still pretty young, but I was dead game and felt safe enough with the old man riding around in carriages and talking about buying an automobile. Every saloon where we went the drinks were set up free, because we were who we were.

Danny always carried a gun, so I finally started lugging one. I wanted everybody to know that we could not be double-crossed, and lots of times we let on that we really had a gang and knew all the tricks that were pulled by guys from that part of town. On account of the old man being a politician, the bluff worked. But at first it worked in a bad way. Some fellows from down near the lower end of the district pulled off a holdup on a gambling house uptown. There really was a gang uptown and they came down after us. I was supposed to be the downtown leador, but I never knew a thing about the holdup.

A Boomerang Bluff

Danny and me were standing on the corner outside Clancy's one night when seven fellows dropped off a trolley car and came toward us. We watched them, and it was a good thing that we did. At that time of night strangers were not seen around there much, and those that came were watched mighty close. These fellows acted queer. They sort of spread out around us and closed in. Danny got suspicious first. A fellow does get that way after a while. When you are always thinking of all the things that might happen to you, it seems that everything that happens is one of them.

Danny went for his rod and the other gang saw him. Right away guns were out and bullets flying. It was my first time in a gun fight and I was scared blue. But I yanked the gat and fired back, not taking time to aim at all. Danny grabbed my arm and we jumped back into Clancy's place and raced out through the back way. From there we started down the alley back of my house, but the uptown gang was sore and ready for trouble. They had come there to bump me off, because they thought I had engineered the robbery up in their district, and they were hopped up too. They trailed through the alley after us, shooting as they came.

If you never heard the way a bullet sounds when it whoops past you, I am not the one to describe it. It just kind of hisses, and all the time you are afraid you will trip while you are running. One of the bullets clipped against the brick wall of a tenement and then tumbled as it flew on. That is the worst noise I ever heard. Maybe that is because you hear it at such a time. It just shrieks at you.

Danny and me ran as fast as we could and both of us emptied our guns back at the gang. But we did not aim. Nobody got hit all night, though there must have been fifty shots fired. We got to the back fence where Danny and me had split up the takings on that foreman robbery and from there on we were pretty safe, but scared, you bet. We got over the fence and down into our yard, and then went into the house through the old cellar door. We heard the gang in the alley, and even after we had disappeared they fired a few shots just to let us know how tough they were.

The papers were full of the thing next day, but there never was a mention of Danny or me. Nobody seemed to know we was in on the fracas, but we knew a lot of men did—all the men in Clancy's at the time we chased through there knew us. They never caught any of the gang that came after us, but word of the thing reached my old man and he called me in the next night and told me he was convinced I was going to the bad and had made up his mind to send me away to a school where I could learn right from wrong. I told him I would not go, and we had hot words. He asked if I carried a rod, and I told him yes and had it on me and that if he wanted to be sure about it he might just try beating me again.

Anything might have happened, because we both lost our heads and swore a lot at each other, and I let him know how much I knew about him, though I never cracked about Fletch or the foreman, only about the captain. He got fighting mad. He jumped up and started after me and I ran

(Continued on Page 158)

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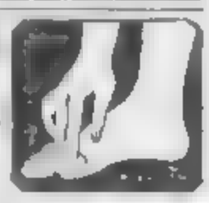

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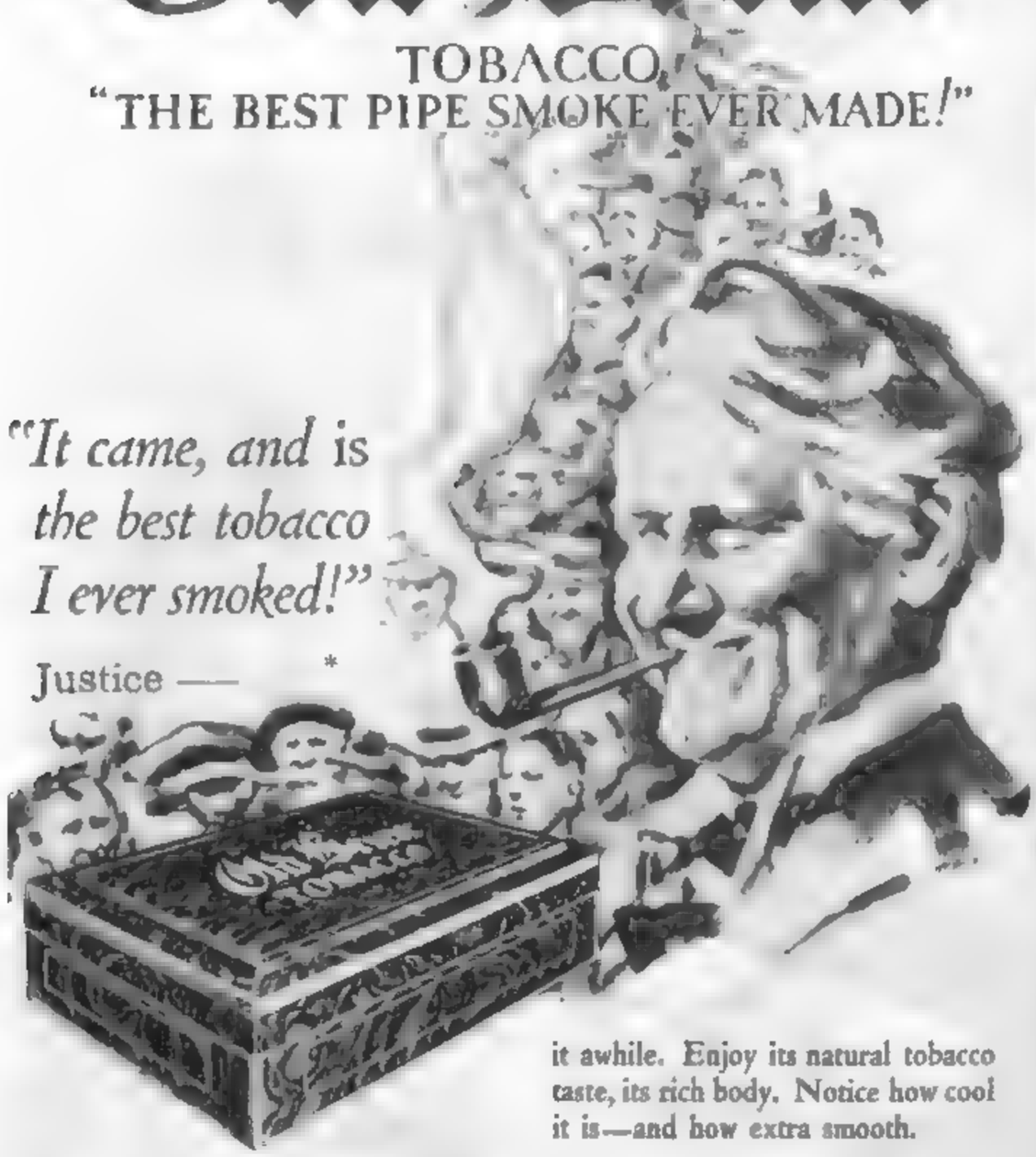

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Index of Advertisers

August 13, 1927

	PAGE
American Chain Company, Inc.	136
American Safety Razor Corp.	144
American Stainless Steel Company	160
American Tobacco Co., The	36
Armstrong Cork Company	34
Artcraft Studios	152
Atwater Kent Mfg. Co.	143
Auburn Automobile Company	55
Barrett Company, The	1
Bauer & Black	70
Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Co.	97
Boott Mills	133
Bowes Seal-Fast Corp.	152
Briggs Manufacturing Company	132
Bristol-Myers Co.	42
Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co.	105
Buick Motor Company	80, 81
Bunte Brothers	128
Cadillac Motor Car Company	64
California Packing Corporation	II Cover
Campbell Soup Company	29
Certain-teed Products Corporation	73
Chevrolet Motor Company	50, 51
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway	114, 115
Chicago Solder Company	116
Chrysler Sales Corporation	139
Clark, Frank C.	154
Coleman, Watson E.	152
Colgate & Co	IV Cover
Cooper Corporation, The	147
Cooper, Wells & Co.	152
Corbin, P. & F.	146
Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co., The	148
Crofut & Knapp Company, The	46
Curtis Companies Incorporated	109
Cutler-Hammer Mfg Co., The	140
Cyclone Fence Company	119
Delco-Remy Corporation	102, 103
Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc.	75
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph	72
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	67
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E I.	54
Eagle Picher Lead Company, The	141
Elgin National Watch Company	127
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation	120
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company	98
Everedy Co., The	118
Fairbanks, Morse & Co.	90
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	68, 69
Fisher Body Corp.	39
Fleischmann Company, The	47
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	150
Food Display Machine Corporation	154
Frigidaire Corporation	49
Fuller Brush Company, The	83
Gets-It, Inc.	133
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	61
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B F.	92, 93
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	58, 59
Graham Brothers	60
Haartz Company, J. C.	94
Hart & Co.	154
Harvey, O. P.	154
Hershey Manufacturing Company	106
Hollingshead Co., The R. M	95
Homeland Tailoring Co.	152
Hood Rubber Co.	117
Hookless Fastener Company	87
Houbigant, Inc.	65
Hudson Motor Car Company	76, 77
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	33
Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc.	45
Insurance Company of North America	91
Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver	131
Joliet Macaroni Company	152
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	138
Kohler Co.	130
Lacey & Lacey	154
LaSalle Extension University	152
Lee Tire & Rubber Company	135
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	119
McCaskey Register Company, The	104
Merchandise Department G E Co	78
Michelin Tire Co.	153
Middishade Co., Inc., The	145
Moto Meter Company, Inc., The	86
Multnomah Hotel	152
Murray Corporation of America, The	125
National Steel Fabric Company	110, 111
Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co.	40
Norwich Pharmacal Company, The	96
Oak Specialty Co	152
Oakland Motor Car Co.	122, 123
Oil Heating Institute, The	151
Palmolive-Peet Company, The	62
Paramount Famous Lasky Corp.	52
Pathé Exchange, Inc.	113
Pennsylvania Railroad	107
Pennzoil Company, The	159
Pet Milk Company	III Cover
Phelps Chemical Co., The Charles H.	150
Postum Company, Inc.	43
Process Engraving Co., Inc., The	154
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Real Silk Hosiery Mills	44
Rhamstine, J. Thomas	154
Rhodes Mfg. Co.	133
Sanymetal Products Co., The	153
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	154
Schrader's Son, Inc., A	63
Seaver Williams Co	118
Servel Corporation	88
Shaler Company, The	129
Sikes Company	89
Snider Preserve Co., The T A	101
Standard Laboratories, Inc.	154
Swift & Company	31
Técla Pearl Corporation	142
Three-in-One Oil Company	137
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	57
Toledo Chamber of Commerce, The	157
United States Rubber Company	84, 85
United States Tobacco Company	156
Universal Pictures	38
Vacuum Oil Company	41
Wanamaker, John	126
Wander Company, The	134
Watson Company, John Warren	112
Williams Co., The J B	158
Williamson Candy Company, The	53
Wurt Company	155
Wyoming Shovel Works, The	71

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Today their business is one of the most widely and favorably known in the automotive industry, and the Champion Spark Plug Company is by far the largest manufacturer of spark plugs in the world. It manufactures and sells approximately 45,000,000 spark plugs a year.

In the beginning these Stranahan brothers had only their idea, their energy, their intelligence, and their faith in their plan. They came to Toledo because they were seeking a place in which effort, thought and enthusiasm can grow into success. Recognition of Champion quality came quickly, and today the Stranahan brothers have the satisfaction of seeing their product used as equipment on practically every car open to spark plug competition from Ford to Rolls-Royce. This is equally true of European-made cars including Fiat, Citroen, Bugatti, Minerva, Austin, Mercedes, Daimler, etc. Like preference is shown by car owners, and Champion spark plugs are an outstanding item in the stocks of all classes of trade serving the motorist.

In their tireless search for materials and methods to improve their product, these brothers have given to industry one of the real, scientific contributions of the last decade—the discovery of a new mineral, Sillimanite, by a Champion mineralogist. It is used in Champion spark plugs exclusively.

Equally aggressive in merchandising, they have made Champion spark plugs a familiar automobile necessity in every spot on the globe where there is an automobile. Two out of three motorists the world over use Champions.

These brief facts reveal the measure of Toledo leadership daily expressed by "Bob" Stranahan and "Frank" Stranahan, as they are familiarly known in this city and the automotive markets of the world. These facts also picture what Toledo offers to all men of vision, courage and industry who come here to avail themselves of a city-wide spirit of cooperation and mutual helpfulness, and such material advantages as

The third largest railroad center in the United States.

One of the few natural harbors on the Great Lakes.

Closeness to center of population.

A nationally recognized school system.

A municipal university of first rank.

A greater percentage of home-owners than any other city of like size.

An art museum endowed with more than ten million dollars

Moderate climate the year 'round.

Stores, churches, manufacturing sites and facilities—a comprehensive, fully rounded and intensively developed, progressive community of more than three hundred thousand people.

The Industrial Department of the Chamber of Commerce is prepared to furnish complete facts and information about Toledo, and offers assistance to businesses both large and small. Give it the opportunity to explain Toledo in terms of benefit to you. Your inquiry will be held in strict confidence if desired. Address The Toledo Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

The Toledo Chamber of Commerce

In business
FACES that are FIT
inspire confidence

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams!"

YOU can't say of a man, "He's no business man! Look at his baggy trousers, his rumpled hair, his sallow skin!" But you can, and often do say: "I like him. His eyes are clear, his skin is smooth and clean." For these outward things are excellent indications of an alert and orderly mind.

And to insure that look of fitness that comes with a well-conditioned skin, millions of men demand Williams for the morning shave. For Williams Shaving Cream—pure, mild, free from coloring matter—does far more than make shaving remarkably smooth and easy. It thoroughly cleanses the skin pores—tones up and conditions the skin texture—and leaves your face with a buoyant, youthful fitness.

87 years of research and specialized study have gone into the preparation of Williams. Ask the drug clerk! He'll tell you: "*Oh, yes—sometimes they change . . . . but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say **Williams Shaving Cream** *please!*

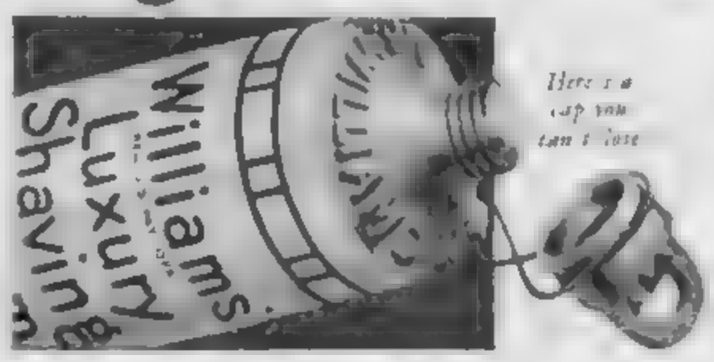
FREE TRIAL SIZE

Write "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 48A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

(Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

If you don't like to bother with samples, buy from your nearest drug store; two sizes, 35c and 50c



Here's a cap you can't lose

Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

(Continued from Page 154)

around a table and reached for my gun. I was only going to scare him with it, but he grabbed a heavy glass thing from the table and threw it at me. It went right over my head and I laughed and started for the door—then I stopped.

My father kind of cried like he was hurt, and forgot all about me and ran toward the door. Then I saw it, too, and I saw my father fall on his knees and heard him say, "I never meant it! I never meant it!"

My mother was on the floor and her head was bleeding where the heavy glass thing had hit her. I forgot everything then. I went right down beside my father and we both cried. That was a funny thing. It was the first time I ever saw my father cry, and all of a sudden I knew how much I loved my mother.

"If she's hurt bad, I'll kill you," I told him, and he went right on crying, and after a few seconds he shook his head and said, "If she is, kid, I'll kill myself!"

Then I knew we both felt the same, and we lifted my mother up and laid her on a couch and I got water and we bathed her face and she came to. She never complained a bit. There was a bad bruise on her forehead and the old man kept bathing that and telling her he never meant to do it.

"I'd rather have you mean that, Jim," she said in weak tones, "than talk about sending my boy away."

"I won't send him," the old man said through his tears.

"Is it true—about the captain, Jim?" she asked him then. He did not answer and she looked at me. I never cracked a thing either. I knew she had been listening outside the door, and heard what I told the old man. After a long time she sat up and rubbed her hurt with her red hand and said, "I guess it is true. I'll be going to bed."

The old man tried to help her, but she pushed him aside and went out into the hall. He dropped into a chair and put his face in his hands. I went to the buffet and got a stiff drink. Then I set the bottle near him, just to show it was all jake with me. He did not take a drink. It was the first time I ever saw him refuse.

I went out to find Danny, because I felt shaky. When I met him he said we would have to get a good gang and go uptown and really pull off a job that would make them see we were not the kind that you can fool with. The uptown people were supposed to be swells and it made Danny sore to have them run a gun fight on us.

All I could think of was my mother and that bruise on her head and the way the old man sat so still and refused to drink. I felt queer way down deep inside and I had the courage of a lion, or of fellows like Coky Nott, the hop-head, who was weak as a cat when himself, but game enough to get a cop's gun away and kill him after he had been in the house with the red curtains on the windows. Coky had gone to the chair, but I was no hop-head, and, anyway, a man that kills a cop is crazy and ought to get the limit. I just told Danny we would get the gang together next day and do our stuff. After all, we could not let those bums come down there and shoot us up, without any comeback. That was the way the gang started, and the next thing I will tell is what happened after it got started and we went uptown to show those gunmen just where we stood.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

August 13, 1927

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

Nostalgia—*Eleanor Mercein (Mrs. Kelly)* 5
Sic Semper—*Day Edgar* 10
One Wonderful Lesson—*Horatio Winslow* 12
Take My Advice—*Richard Connell* 16
Matter of Uhlenhuth—*Thomas McMorrow* 18

ARTICLES

Me—Gangster—*Charles Francis Coe* 3
One Man's Battle—*Corporal Joseph E. Rendinell and George Pattullo* . 8
Philadelphia's Few—*Maude Parker* 14
A Cook's Tour—*George Rector* 15
The Adventure of Being Painted—*Joseph Cummings Chase* 20
The Next Few Years—*Floyd W. Parsons* 27

SERIALS

The Coeducation of Peter White (Conclusion)—*Jesse Lynch Williams* . . 22
White Hands (Third part)—*Arthur Stringer* 24
The Moccasin Telegraph (Fourth part)—*Hal G. Evarts* 30

MISCELLANY

Editorials 26
Short Turns and Encores 28
Americana 35

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Golf Clubs of STAINLESS STEEL Win Enthusiastic Reception·

Scarcely a year ago the first American-made golf clubs of genuine Stainless Steel were offered to golfers. Today practically every well known maker of golf clubs offers not only separate irons of Stainless Steel, but complete graduated sets of Stainless Steel clubs.

And the response has been tremendous! Golfers want clubs that are nick-proof under ordinary play—clubs that will not rust—clubs that are always easy to clean—clubs that are tough, strong and sturdy—that will not lose their pitch or accuracy. Golf clubs of genuine Stainless Steel fill this need—it is the ideal metal for golf irons.

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Your golf professional or sporting goods store will be glad to show you golf irons by leading manufacturers—made of *Genuine Stainless Steel.*

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Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

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With Perfect Assurance

PET MILK in your baby's bottle will provide the assurance at every feeding time that his food is pure and clean and easily digested. The quality of the milk gives the assurance.

Pet Milk is pure milk. Not a thing is added. Not a single food element of the milk is removed. It comes to the nursery in a sealed, air-tight container, sterilized—absolutely free from anything that can disturb digestion or impair health. It is as easily digested as mother's milk. These qualities are the essential requisites of safe, wholesome, health-building food for your baby. Pet Milk always has them.

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(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
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What would your dentist think

of your reasons for buying a dentifrice?

Would he agree··or smile ··or laugh··or scold?

Your dentist knows just one reason for using a dentifrice, and it is a good reason.

That is, to keep teeth *clean.*

Clean teeth are likely to be healthy teeth in a healthy mouth. And they are likely to be pretty teeth.

Your dentist would agree with you if you told him that you used a dentifrice to keep your teeth *clean.*

Your dentist might smile if you told him certain other things you thought your dentifrice was doing.

His smile would cover up his thought—"Oh, well, it's harmless for you to believe that; and if believing it helps you to brush your teeth faithfully, I shan't bother to tell you better."

If you told your dentist you were afraid of contracting some dreadful disease of the teeth or gums and expected your dentifrice to make you immune to it or to check its advance, he would probably laugh at your belief that any dentifrice was a cure or could replace dental surgery.

But your dentist would frown if he found that you had delayed treating a real dental trouble until it had grown serious—delayed because of your misplaced faith that a dentifrice could cure you.

He would have a right to be angry; just as a physician would be angry who found that a patient had been pinning faith to charms or amulets to relieve a real progressive disease.

Keep your teeth *clean.* Use a dentifrice that is made to do this one thing and do it well. If you have any reason to think that your teeth need medicine, go to your dentist at once. Let him treat and prescribe for *you.*

KEEP YOUR TEETH

CLEAN

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no ugly mental

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